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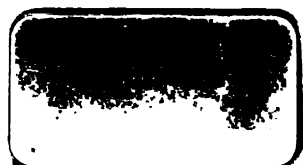
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THE
NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.

SEPTEMBER 1865.

ART. I.—*An Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy, and of the principal Philosophical Questions discussed in his Writings.* By JOHN STUART MILL. London: 1865.

WE cordially welcome this book, in the interest of thought and free discussion everywhere, but especially in Scotland. Its publication marks an epoch in the history of British philosophy. The very title must at once bespeak the attention of those in both parts of the island who read in order to reflect, associating as it does the greatest Scotch speculative intellect of the century with the greatest living English one, in discussions which, in the end, more than any, regulate opinion indirectly, if not directly, in morals, theology, politics, and on the methods of scientific research. It is moreover a sign that those who are anywhere seeking for a better reasoned conception of this mysterious life of ours look at present for their nourishment with a peculiar expectation to the now fully published logical and metaphysical writings of Sir William Hamilton. And in the present lull of philosophy in Scotland, which has followed his departure and that of Professor Ferrier, we, at this northern end of the island, should be grateful when one so calm and candid as Mr. Mill occupies the otherwise vacant place in the Scotch discussion of ultimate questions that has been going on for considerably more than a century. It is a place to which, by Mr. Mill's hereditary Scotch connexion, as well as on more important grounds, he is well entitled. His new book is a formidable summons to Scotland to resume, with all the advantages of its lucid exposition and criticism, that effort to re-think more deeply answers to questions of undying interest, which those who have guided thought from the chairs of the Scotch universities have been conspicuously engaged in since

2 *Mr. Mill's Examination of Sir W. Hamilton's Philosophy.*

David Hume proposed them—an effort which cannot be long abandoned by any community without a loss of its intellectual power.

Mr. Mill is now the acknowledged representative of systematic philosophy in England. He is the recognised successor, in this latter part of the nineteenth century, to the intellectual throne occupied in their day by Hobbes, and Locke, and Hartley, where he rules in a spirit of large eclectic moderation, to which Hobbes and Hartley, at any rate, were comparative strangers. Probably no other Englishman now living has been so influential, with the most influential portion of the community, in gravely determining well defined conclusions upon the most important subjects, and in promoting a strictly scientific manner of reaching them. His writings on logic, political science, and social toleration, have been forming a new public opinion in these last twenty years. Now, for the first time, he appears as an author in metaphysical philosophy, giving to the world the results of his matured thought, at a time of life which we believe pretty nearly corresponds to that at which Locke produced his "Essay," Kant his *Criticism of Pure Reason*, and Hamilton his *Dissertations on Reid*.

Mr. Mill is distinguished by obvious marks from three great men, who may be said pre-eminently to share with him the distinction of educating English mind in this generation. Mr. Carlyle, Mr. Tennyson, and Mr. Maurice have in common, each with a marked individuality, reflective genius of the suggestive or poetical type. Mr. Mill has scientific clearness, and a power seldom equalled, of presenting transparently revelations that are drawn, it must be added, from less spiritual depths of our being than is habitual to these contemporaries, and accompanied, too, with less of the emotional inspiration which contagiously communicates itself. His literary action, not less intrepid, is every way of a calmer and less fiery sort than Mr. Carlyle's. As an excitement to reverential love and faith, or to a Pascal-like awe in the meditation of the intellectual and moral mysteries of life, most feel, we should imagine, that his writings are less powerful than those of Mr. Tennyson, Mr. Maurice, and, we must add, those of his Scotch contemporary Sir W. Hamilton. With Sir W. Hamilton, nevertheless, Mr. Mill is to be classed as one of our two great contemporary systematic reasoners about the nature and methods of knowledge, and the laws which should regulate belief; while they are distinguished as leaders of what are commonly regarded as opposed and rival schools of philosophical doctrine. They are accepted representatives of the two contrasted methods of interpreting the world in its ultimate relation to our knowledge, which philosophy has presented throughout its history, and the discussion

of which has been said to be its history. Whether this ought to be said we shall consider by and by. Here, at the outset, we note distinctive marks in the aims of the two leaders whose respective answers to the principal questions of all philosophical inquiry are in this volume placed side by side and compared. These marks may be pondered by those who want to appreciate the human interests which this otherwise purely intellectual discussion concerns; for it is their broadly distinguishable intention, as much as their metaphysical formulas, which gives to such systems power.

The spirit which seeks to conserve faith in God, free-will, and other supersensible realities, is to be found working in Sir W. Hamilton, amid a crowd of learned references to the grand historic past of speculation, and by means which have for their avowed end the promotion of intellectual activity as in itself a good thing. Mr. Mill, on the other hand, is inspired with the hope of intellectual progress in the future, and on this behalf he struggles for present freedom of thought from the bondage of assumptions imposed as necessary by the past. In Hamilton a reverential intellectual conservatism animates a series of discussions, dogmatically confined round a centre of supposed necessary principles or intuitions, which are assumed to be given originally to our weak, because finite intelligence. Mr. Mill encourages intellectual movement in any direction to which we are conducted by experience, consolidated by inviolable mental associations, and animated by expectancy. With Hamilton the most important questions are assumed to be finally foreclosed. With Mr. Mill all questions are always open questions; what is yet to happen may modify our answers to them; the human race is on a hopeful voyage of discovery—any whither. The Hamiltonian starts with propositions, believed by him to be universally necessary; the disciple of Mr. Mill declines to admit the claim of any proposition to eternal universality or necessity. And yet each writes in large letters, on the very front of his philosophy, that whatever knowledge can be attained by or attributed to man is essentially finite and relative.

Of these two tendencies, which, it may be asked, is likely to regulate the future among men, or, especially and more immediately, among Englishmen and Scotchmen, in matters of physics and politics, art and education, morals and theology? Which is even now regulating it? On what side should we range ourselves in this contest?

These questions are sometimes put in a spirit which betrays entire ignorance of what philosophy is. It is not certainly as leaders of opposite sects, for one of which we seek a party triumph, that we are now about to look at Sir W. Hamilton

and Mr. Mill, and to hear what each says on matters which thinking persons are trying from age to age to think over again, and to express more truly, but at each stage with a large remainder of error and indistinctness. We regard them, on the contrary, as strong individual thinkers, full of speculative curiosity, who are struggling to attain each for himself the good point of view for amending or harmonizing common, inarticulate, and unreflective opinion, but whose very individuality and individual environment of circumstances occasions that one-sidedness of mental vision from which none of us is free. The history of all genuine philosophy is the history of a discussion, cessation from which is the collapse of intellect and of social progress, while its immediate result always leaves plenty of room for a fresh effort to think more clearly and express more felicitously. It is the history of a continued controversial dialogue, by which the mental vitality of society is sustained, but in which every man, and every nation, has a way of thought and expression different from every other. We do our part, now and here, if we help to keep the discussion going, taking our own, however subordinate, place in its perennial course; and, if it may be so, contributing something to correct the thought or expression of preceding interlocutors, by help of the sides of a common truth which respectively they hold up to view. It is in this zigzag course that truth in any department has gradually moved forward, and that it has been assimilated in each new age or different nation, by the imperfect faculties and languages of men.

We have spoken of Mr. Mill as, in this book, virtually an interlocutor in the controversial dialogue in which certain Scotchmen, of a more than European range of influence, have been engaged for more than a century—to the benefit of Scotland and the world, as it may be hoped. This Scotch discussion in philosophy—on a wide scale, and with European consequences at any rate—was set agoing by David Hume in 1738. In him this part of the island first took its place among the manifestly intellectual communities of Europe. Subsequent Scotch philosophical discussion, as indeed German too, is an attempt to crack the hard nuts of Humism, or to protest against its conclusion that when cracked they are all found to be empty of real knowledge within. Thomas Reid was the first among us to undertake this task. The sagacious Glasgow professor spoke on the side of conformity to unanalysed common conviction, and in opposition to Hume, who had spoken for philosophical dissent from unreasoned beliefs in things of ever-during interest. This earnest and energetic expression of the common consciousness, by Reid and his associates, was, however, so little critical, that it looked like an interpola-

tion by unreflective opinion in a great philosophical debate. Hume made Reid and his friends suspicious of Locke, and frightened them into a misunderstanding and reversal of the still more subtle philosophical teaching of Berkeley, from all which we are only now recovering. After Reid and Stewart, the next to take a conspicuous part, speaking from a new point of view, was Thomas Brown, the Edinburgh Professor of Moral Philosophy, whose early death cut short a career of brilliant promise, but in whose comparatively crude fragments, consisting of pamphlets and of rapidly written and posthumously published lectures, we find traces of a more ingenious conception than Reid's of Hume's critical questions, along with less of the modest wisdom for which Reid is admirable. The succeeding great interlocutor in the zigzag, alternative course of this Scotch philosophical dialogue is Sir W. Hamilton, contemptuous of the fences which Brown tried to set up against some results of the phenomenalism that he received so largely into the working premises of his philosophy, and ready to transfer for discussion into the Scotch arena the principal propositions which Kant and his greatest successors in Germany had introduced into modern thought,—propositions then very strange to British philosophical controversialists, but which his power has since put into wide circulation. And now Mr. Mill appears.¹

Mr. Mill recognises in the works of Hamilton the most powerful agency on the conservative or conformist side of British philosophy, and thus naturally they have more than any others on that side attracted his candour and courage. The Hamiltonian he regards as the latest form of the Reidian theory; and "by no other of its supporters has that theory," he thinks, "been so well guarded, or expressed in such discriminating terms, and with such studious precision. Though there are a few points," he adds, "on which the earlier philosopher seems to me nearer the truth, on the whole it is impossible to pass from Reid to Sir William Hamilton, and from Sir William Hamilton back to Reid, and not be struck with the immense

¹ Since this was written, critics of Sir W. Hamilton, as well as of other late and living British philosophers, have been crowding in. Professor Masson's *Recent British Philosophy* (London, 1865) places its author, already eminent in literary criticism, among those in this country who are entitled to guide metaphysical opinion. The *Exploratio Philosophica* of Professor Grote (Cambridge, 1865) affords rich and fresh philosophical feeding, in a volume over whose pages one breathes the pure love of truth, and is attracted to sympathy with intellectual enterprise, whether conducted by Hamilton or Ferrier, Mr. Mill or Dr. Whewell, or our countryman, Professor Bain of Aberdeen, and which we especially welcome as an emanation from the University of Cambridge. And Mr. Stirling, whose *Secret of Hegel* (London, 1865) has suddenly revealed a strong man watching and working among us, now threatens Hamiltonism with war to the knife.

6 *Mr. Mill's Examination of Sir W. Hamilton's Philosophy.*

progress which their common philosophy has made in the interval between them" (p. 107).¹

Mr. Mill explains that the subject of his book is not properly Sir William Hamilton, but "the questions which Sir William Hamilton discussed." And he justifies his undertaking by expressions regarding the importance of these questions, which, as coming from a man of affairs, and not an academic pedant or monastic recluse, may carry weight among those who would drown the voice of "metaphysics" and its perplexing questions by the din of daily human life. "England," says Mr. Mill, "is often reproached by Continental thinkers with indifference to the higher philosophy. But England did not always deserve this reproach, and is showing, by no doubtful symptoms, that she will not deserve it much longer. Her thinkers are again beginning to see, what they had only temporarily forgotten, that a true Psychology is the indispensable basis of Morals, of Politics, of the Science and Art of Education; that the difficulties of Metaphysics lie at the root of all Science; that these difficulties can only be quieted by being resolved, and that until they are resolved, positively if possible, but at any rate negatively, we are never assured that any human knowledge, even physical, stands on solid foundations" (p. 2).

It is an arduous business to gather together in an orderly way "the questions discussed by Sir W. Hamilton," along with the exact Hamiltonian answers or solutions, from the lectures, and the fragments of essay, dissertation, and annotation, over which they are scattered, and in which they are brought forward in various forms of expression. Mr. Mill has reproduced them, according to his own interpretation of what they are, and in his own lucid and interesting manner, but not, we think, in an order which gives distinct prominence to the salient features, and keeps the subordinate parts in their due relation to three or four great centres of discussion. We shall here offer a generalized summary of the questions into which these two great minds have thrown themselves—a sort of map of the territory of Philosophy as it has been occupied in the Scotch discussion which Hume initiated, and which Mr. Mill is now maintaining.

The questions of Intellectual Philosophy may be assorted in two principal groups.

I. The first group gives rise to METAPHYSICS. Here are some specimens of them:—What is this conscious life, on which we entered when we became conscious, and on which, as by a new

¹ A comparison of Dr. Priestley's "Examination" of the Philosophy of Reid, Beattie, and Oswald (London, 1774), with Mr. Mill's "Examination" of Sir W. Hamilton's Philosophy (London, 1865), suggests a similar remark.

birth, we enter in a deeper sense when, as in asking this very question, we begin to reflect? Is it hollow and transitory, void of all reality, and soon to be dissolved; which we may enjoy as it lasts after its fashion, but looking on the whole all the while as a lie? Or is there something real in what now is, and conducting, too, to another and more awe-inspiring reality, of which we have glimpses in the very objects we are now conscious of, and anticipations in the faith which carries us beyond them? In a word, what shall we say about what we commonly call our Knowledge? Does it penetrate to the real existence of what we say we know; or does it leave us in the dark, being after all no real knowledge? Should our habitual state be a consciousness that we know the universe in which we find ourselves, and may we dispense with mere faith or trust? or should it be the doubt which paralyses trust? or should it, intermediate between the two, be a trust which acknowledges that we neither know all nor are ignorant of all? These and like questions are those in debate under cover of controversies about the relativity and finitude, as distinguished from the absoluteness and infinitude, of knowledge; the relation of our knowledge, or of any knowledge, to what really exists; the reality of matter, and what we should mean when we say that space and matter exist and are external to us; the reality of mind, and what we should mean when we say that mind exists; the beginning and ending of matter or mind; whether they, or indeed existence in any form, absolutely began or will absolutely end, and what we can know or may believe about such Beginning or Ending. What, in short, shall we say about the Eternal Stream of Existence, a part of which, in passing through, or rather in constituting, our personal conscious experience, appears somehow to connect us with the whole?

Metaphysical questions, more or less of the sort condensed in this last one, and discussed by Sir W. Hamilton and Mr. Mill, may be conveniently arranged in three subordinate groups:—

1. There is a long list which circulates round the terms “natural realism” or “dualism,” with their correlatives “consciousness” or “perception,” and especially “consciousness of matter.” We may conveniently keep these together. They all refer to the “stream of existence” as it is in the act of passing through and constituting our primary or immediate conscious experience. Is there, they ask, anything “external” behind what we are immediately conscious of? or is this very immediate consciousness itself the ultimate thing, behind which we cannot go, and behind which there is nothing of a different essence to go to, however much more there may be of a like sort with the phenomenal stream itself, in our own past or

8 *Mr. Mill's Examination of Sir W. Hamilton's Philosophy.*

future conscious experience, or in the past, present, or future conscious experience of other sentient beings? The Hamiltonian Consciousness of Matter may be taken as a peg on which to hang questions under this first head, also discussed in this book by Mr. Mill. In themselves these might indeed be so treated as that answers to them should include the whole range of metaphysics.

2. It is better, however, to keep separate, as a second group of questions, those which may be said to circulate round the terms "common sense," "testimony of consciousness," "necessary beliefs," "necessary truths," "intuitions" (in one of the two meanings of this word¹), "universal postulates," "*à priori* principles," etc., in the works of Sir W. Hamilton and others; and to which Mr. Mill adds, "law of inseparable association" and the "psychological," as distinguished from the "introspective" method in metaphysics. It is through what these terms refer to that our present or immediate consciousness, transient as it is, is connected inferentially with manifestations of existence which have been or which are to be. The controversy about Necessary Truths is thus the nucleus of this second group.

3. A third group of questions rising beyond, and yet involved in the two preceding ones, refers to the limits which mark the culmination or apex of that knowledge which, beginning as an immediate consciousness, expands, in the form of belief, beyond this narrow area, so as to embrace in inferences what is past and future. This group may be said to circulate round the Hamiltonian Theory of the Conditioned and the Unconditioned. Here we ask whether knowledge, or knowledge and belief, is co-extensive with existence? Is there Being beyond Knowing; or is existence dependent on a consciousness, so that if consciousness is not, existence cannot be? What, in short, is the relation of "knowing" to "being?" Is our knowledge in the last analysis a relation? Is all knowledge as such necessarily a relation? Is existence essentially a relation? If there be extra-conscious existence, how should we demean ourselves towards it? Do we owe it any belief in default of all knowledge; and should such belief about it in any way modify our manner of thinking of, or believing in, the physical or moral matters which concern human life, and are contained in human science?

We have thus three groups of metaphysical questions, the first concerned with Existence as we immediately know, per-

¹ That is, the meaning to which Mr. Mill confines it, according to which it includes general principles which consciousness is supposed to attest, and not mere face-to-face conscious intercourse with phenomena,—a usage which seems to confuse some of his reasoning.

ceive, or are conscious of it ; the second, with Existence as it is immediately knowable or believed in ; and the third, with the Unknowable or Unconditioned,—the due study of this last enabling us, according to Sir W. Hamilton, as well as Mr. Mill, to eliminate from human discussion ontological abstractions, which men have in vain sought to make matter of science, and by which their conceptions of what is within their range have been grievously perplexed. These three groups of questions, we say again, are so connected that the first set cannot be fully answered until the second and third are answered. Notwithstanding, they ought to be distinguished ; and the metaphysical works of Sir W. Hamilton, as well as the metaphysical portion of this book of Mr. Mill, may be broken up, and the pieces re-arranged, as they attach themselves to the first, second, or third of these groups.

II. Besides these three groups of metaphysical questions, philosophical discussion connects itself with a body of questions in LOGIC. The metaphysician meditates upon the stream of consciousness, as *our branch* of the Eternal stream of Being. The logician seeks to construct a mechanism which may assist us in forming conceptions and beliefs about what is not actually present in the conscious stream, and cannot be adequately imagined even ; and also in applying to the increase and extension of our beliefs, those universal assumptions which are the special matter of examination when we are under the influence of the second group of metaphysical questions. The formal construction of science, and the methods of actually constructing it, rather than its ultimate basis, structure, and apex, is the problem of Logic. And this gives rise, in the book before us, to a series of questions which may be thus assorted :—

1. An elaborate system of rules and formulas, to which we are told the mind must conform when it is developing or extending its conceptions, and abridging, with the aid of language, what it believes in, has been transmitted (latterly under the name of Logic) from the days of Aristotle. What is the worth of this imposing intellectual machinery ? Does it display to us the laws of our intellectual life ? Does it assist in making that life more available for its main intention ? Questions concerning the philosophical worth of the Aristotelian or Scholastic Logic, and the soundness of the interpretation of the thinking and ratiocinative nature of man, on which this logic is rested by Sir W. Hamilton, are the subject of a series of chapters by Mr. Mill.

2. Sir W. Hamilton is conspicuous in the history of nineteenth century philosophy as an innovator, on a great scale too, upon the traditional formulas or framework which scholastic logic offers for unelliptically expressing our thoughts, for testing

their verbal consistency, and for securing methodical arrangement in what we are supposed to know. He has constructed a framework that is new, and which advances the claim that it is simpler and every way more scientific than the old one produced by Aristotle? Shall we accept it as such; or if not, has it any legitimate place? In what manner, in short, shall we dispose of the Hamiltonian Analytic of Logical Forms? Questions of this sort occupy some more of Mr. Mill's chapters.

3. Several since Bacon, Mr. Mill himself recently the most conspicuous in Britain among the number, have pressed the claims of a logical organon or mechanism for testing inferences, that is more comprehensive in its aims than either the Old or the New Formal Analytic. These last confine their help to the business of putting into ratiocinative order judgments which are assumed to be already proved; they give us no guarantee for the validity of the assumption, nor any additional resources for increasing the number of legitimate beliefs regarding the universe of which we have immediate but transient glimpses in consciousness. Can a Real Organon of this sort be constructed; and, if so, of what power towards promoting the interpretation of Nature? Mr. Mill only touches these questions in this book; and it can hardly be said that Sir W. Hamilton has done even so much anywhere in his writings. While Hamilton, in his *Logic*, was chiefly employed in amending or re-constructing a set of logical forms,—the framework for elaborating what we are assumed to know, Mr. Mill's *Logic*, elsewhere expounded by him, is a system of devices for securing that beliefs in facts of which we have no immediate consciousness, shall be accepted as legitimate or fully proved only when they are shown to be virtually specimens of our more general belief in the uniformity of Nature.

These four last pages contain a programme of matters professedly discussed in Mr. Mill's "Examination" of Sir W. Hamilton's philosophy, and which should be re-discussed in any adequate review of his "Examination." The question of the Freedom of Will,—the vindication of which Mr. Mill regards as "the central idea" of the Hamiltonian system, and "the determining cause of most of Sir W. Hamilton's philosophical opinions,"—although, on account of its ethical relations, it has a chapter apart in Mr. Mill's book, belongs partly to the first, but especially to the third of our three sets of metaphysical questions, and receives its solution,—or rather dismissal, according to Sir W. Hamilton,—in his general dismissal from philosophy of what is necessarily unknown or unconditioned. And the "Theory of Pleasure and Pain," however interesting in itself, lies aside from the path we mean to follow in this article.

The whole history of intellectual philosophy is the history of attempts, by a series of strongly individual minds, of very various temperament and genius, and occupying different points of view, to re-think more deeply than their predecessors, answers to the foregoing groups of metaphysical and logical questions, as well as to present an amended expression of the questions themselves. Scotch philosophical discussion, as initiated by Hume, was employed about all the three *metaphysical* groups. Under Reid it was characteristically a discussion of the first of the three, in the form of a criticism of the theory of a Perception of Matter by means of representations or ideas, and of the consequences of that theory. Brown was engaged in re-thinking Reidism, in order to attain an interpretation of some of its principles of common sense, especially regarding Causation, more assimilated than that of his predecessors to our phenomenal experience, and which was, in fact, more akin to that of Hume. Hamilton has been the first in Scotland to put forward metaphysical questions of the third group so as to deepen and intensify those of the first; while he may be said to have introduced the first and second group of the *logical* questions as a new element in Scotch philosophical discussion, which had previously ventured (as in the cases of Hume, Stewart, and Brown, and that incidentally rather than systematically) only logical questions of the third group.

We are obliged to confine ourselves in this article to the Metaphysical questions discussed by Sir W. Hamilton and Mr. Mill. We inquire what truth and active thought have gained by Mr. Mill's "examination" of Sir W. Hamilton's Metaphysics; what amendments of permanent value he has suggested in the Hamiltonian manner either of putting or of answering such questions; and what sort of resuscitation of the philosophical spirit among us, in what tone, and with what applications, may be expected to issue from what he has written.

First of all, we find pervading Mr. Mill's manifesto certain formidable charges against the Metaphysics of Hamilton. Among the most important of these are three—

(1.) *General want of symmetry, and especially a frequent inconsistency with itself.*—Two radical and nearly connected inconsistencies are reiterated, viz., the inconsistency of what it teaches about Consciousness of Matter on the one hand, with what it teaches about the Relativity of knowledge on the other; and its inconsistency in bringing back under the name of Belief what it rejects under the name of Knowledge.

(2.) *Misrepresentation of other philosophical teaching.*—The special misrepresentation alleged is that the majority of philo-

sophers are said by Hamilton to "have been wont to play fast and loose with the Testimony of Consciousness; rejecting it when it is inconvenient, but appealing to it as conclusive when they have need of it to establish any of their opinions."

(3.) *Unsubstantiality and irrelevancy in its highest and most characteristic doctrine*, viz., the Relativity of knowledge, under the Law of the Conditioned.

These are charges which, with dignified courtesy, and with a candour that shows itself in profuse quotations from the writings arraigned, Mr. Mill in many forms urges against the Metaphysics of Sir W. Hamilton. Without doubt they are grave ones. A system that is radically inconsistent with itself, hopelessly incoherent and disjointed, which builds itself upon a false interpretation of other systems, and in which the highest distinctive principle is hollow and illusory, seems hardly to justify Mr. Mill in the complimentary language which he applies to its author. Let us see, however, how the matter stands.

A preliminary remark, applicable to the Logic as well as to the Metaphysics, seems to be called for with regard to the charge of internal inconsistency, which Mr. Mill so reiterates, and which he illustrates by the above major, and by very many other minor instances. The critic of this philosophy ought not to forget that the printed exposition of it is contained in two sorts of documents—(1.) those published by Sir W. Hamilton in his lifetime and under his own eye; (2.) those published since his death in 1856, with all the necessary disadvantage of posthumous publication. The larger portion of the extant "Works" of Hamilton is posthumous, comprehending, in addition to the four volumes of "Lectures on Metaphysics and Logic," with their remarkable appendices, various fragments of unpublished Dissertation suggested by what Reid has written. Seven Dissertations appended to Reid's works (one of them unfinished), with a body of annotations upon the text (published in 1846); certain metaphysical and logical Discussions and their appendices (published collectively in 1852); and a very few annotations on the works of Stewart (in 1855), contain, we believe, all the philosophical writing that was published by Sir W. Hamilton himself. The chronological order in which these works, of both classes, were written must also be cared for by the critic. Mr. Mill has not, we think, enough adverted to all this, when he brings his charge of incoherence against the published exposition of the Hamiltonian philosophy.

But apart from this consideration, charges of want of symmetry, and even of inconsistency, may be plausibly supported against every profound philosopher with whose writings we have any acquaintance. This may be explained by the nature

of the objects the philosopher is conversant with, and the hardly surmountable difficulty of keeping the all-embracing conceptions with which he deals steadily in his mind, while they are struggling for adequate and exact expression. The "totum teres, atque rotundum" philosophy, as professed by imperfect man, is necessarily shallow; and what Bacon, in his *Advancement of Learning*, says of divinity is true of metaphysics (which is speculative theology under another name),—"As for perfection or completeness in divinity, it is not to be sought; for he that will reduce a knowledge into an art will make it round and uniform; but in divinity many things must be left abrupt." "Plato," Mr. Grote remarks in the Preface to his great work on that philosopher and his contemporaries—"Plato would have protested not less earnestly than Cicero against those who sought to foreclose debate, in the grave and arduous struggles for searching out reasoned truth; or to bind down the free inspirations of his intellect in one dialogue, by appealing to sentence already pronounced in another preceding. Of two inconsistent trains of reasoning, both cannot indeed be true; but both are often useful to be known and studied; and the philosopher who professes to master the theory of his subject ought not to be a stranger to either. . . . I recognise such inconsistencies, when found, as facts—and even as very interesting facts—in his philosophical character."

Another remark occurs. A large part of what Sir W. Hamilton has written, and also of Mr. Mill's examination of what he has written, consists of attempts to interpret what other philosophers mean in what *they* have written. The ambiguity and changes in human language, even the most exact and philosophical, must perpetually produce this deposit, so apt to create discussion and controversy; and besides this, independent minds, each imperfect, necessarily conceive many of these problems differently. The exercise of trying to think what other philosophers have thought, exactly as they have thought it, is itself an important aid to reflection, when it does not run into pedantry, nor withdraw the mind of the critic from the truths written about. But we shall not, in what follows, spend much time in trying to settle the many still open questions about the exact conceptions which the great minds referred to by Mr. Mill and by Sir W. Hamilton, were labouring to express.

We must now face the most formidable-looking charge of inconsistency with itself which Mr. Mill brings against the Hamiltonian metaphysics. The reader may turn back to our three groups of metaphysical questions to see what it is. Mr. Mill virtually says that Sir W. Hamilton's main answer to the first of these groups of questions contradicts his main answer

to the third group,—these two answers being, moreover, the two fundamental principles or discoveries in the metaphysical part of his philosophy. The Hamiltonian doctrine that we have a perception or consciousness of Matter, is alleged to be irreconcilable with the Hamiltonian doctrine that we cannot have Absolute knowledge. To the doctrine of relativity, Mr. Mill very emphatically professes his own adherence, speaking of it as the fundamental truth in all philosophy and intellectual culture. Only he thinks that Sir W. Hamilton conceives it in a way in which it quite loses its importance, and that by maintaining a consciousness of the primary qualities of matter he altogether does away with it.

We venture to think that if Mr. Mill had examined more patiently the nature and tendency of the doctrine that we are conscious of Matter, we should have heard less about a contradiction, which looks so fatal on the surface.

But here is the contradiction very much as Mr. Mill takes it up.

In dozens of places Sir W. Hamilton describes the human manner of knowing what are called the primary qualities of matter, as a "consciousness," or "perception proper;" a direct, immediate, absolute knowledge; a knowledge of them "as they are in themselves," and not merely as causes which produce effects in us. When we have sentient intercourse with what is extended and solid, we know Matter, he says, not through the medium of its effects, but as it is in itself. We are percipient or conscious of extended and solid objects, and not merely of sensations caused by them in us. On the other hand, when we have sentient intercourse with objects as coloured, or sonorous, or odorous, we are conscious only of the sensible effects which external objects produce in us, and not of an external object as it is itself or absolutely. But then, in dozens of other places we find Sir W. Hamilton energetically asserting, and seeking to prove, that we cannot know any object at all absolutely or in itself. Of things absolutely or in themselves he says we know nothing, or know them only as incognisable. All that we know, or can know, is phenomenal of the unknown. All our science of Matter is ultimately a Nescience.

These two sets of passages, Mr. Mill argues, are irreconcilable. We cannot know matter as in itself solid and extended; or, if we can, it can no longer be said that all Absolute knowledge is impossible to us; we have, at any rate, this Absolute knowledge of the material world, and may have it of a great deal besides; we are not kept down to the humble, tentative habit of mind which he and Sir W. Hamilton both profess to foster.

When we first read this charge of radical contradiction,

which is so many times repeated by Mr. Mill, we were surprised that he should have presented the particular *proof* which he does present of Sir W. Hamilton's surrender of the one-half of his metaphysics, in the statement and vindication of the other half—his surrender of the law of the conditioned, in order to maintain our consciousness of matter—or, at any rate, that he should have confined himself to this proof, when so much more, of a like description, lay as ready to his hand. Why, we asked ourselves, does Mr. Mill not found this charge of inconsistency with relativity of knowledge, upon the Hamiltonian doctrine, that we are conscious, directly and absolutely, of our feelings when we are feeling them, or of our thoughts when we are thinking them, or, in short, of any of our conscious acts and states when we are conscious of them, as well as upon the Hamiltonian doctrine that we are conscious, directly and absolutely, of solid and extended phenomena, when we are in sentient intercourse with them? Being conscious, without a medium, of unextended and unsolid feelings, while we are percipient of them, is as much knowing existence absolutely and in itself, as being conscious, in like manner without a medium, of phenomena of extension and solidity, while we are percipient of them. A consciousness of *both* is maintained throughout Sir W. Hamilton's writings. Nay more, a consciousness of our feelings, when we feel them, is maintained by Mr. Mill himself. Both the philosophers say that we have a direct, conscious, face-to-face perception of our own sensations and other feelings *while they last*. How then does the assertion that we are percipient, directly and not through a medium, of phenomena of solidity and extension, contradict the principle that all our knowledge is relative, when the assertion that we are percipient, directly and not through a medium, of the phenomena of sensation or emotion or intelligence does not? The former of these two assertions may be objected to on some other ground perhaps, but surely not on this—and by Mr. Mill.

A passage in the twelfth chapter of Mr. Mill's book first admitted light for us on his meaning, and so far relieved a seeming inconsistency in Mr. Mill himself. In that chapter we find this sentence:—"It is evident that our knowledge of mind, like that of matter, is entirely relative; *Sir W. Hamilton indeed affirms this of mind in a much more unqualified manner than he believes it of matter, making no reservation of any primary qualities*" (p. 205).

Now, we ask Mr. Mill to produce one passage that Sir W. Hamilton has ever written which supports the assertion contained in the words we have put into italics. Where does Sir William say, expressly or by implication, that our conscious knowledge of matter, or any of its qualities, is *less* relative than

our conscious knowledge of mind and its qualities is? Where does he say that we have an absolute knowledge of the primary qualities of matter, in any other sense than that in which he says that we have a like knowledge of a feeling of pain or pleasure in our own minds while it is being felt, or of an act of consciousness while it is being acted. On the contrary, he says, with a steady uniformity of conception, that in perception we are equally and simultaneously conscious of the percipient act and of the extended or solid object; of the subjective sensation and of the external perception. Both are alike relatively known; both are alike accidents or manifestations of unknown existence; both are alike phenomenal of that unknown; and yet, in a sense, both are alike irrelatively, presentatively, directly, immediately, absolutely, in a word, consciously known. However inexplicable it may be, and however at variance with the assumptions of preceding philosophers, and with the ordinary manner of speech, he describes both as alike involved in the stream of our very conscious experience, and that in spite of the apparent contrariety of extension and solidity to thought and feeling. That the solid and extended portion of our conscious experience is also somehow believed to be contrary to and independent of that portion of it which consists of mere sensations and other feelings, or of intelligent and voluntary acts, is indeed also held by Sir W. Hamilton. Just now, however, we are speaking only about what we are phenomenally conscious of; not about the beliefs to which what we are thus conscious of may somehow give rise. Sir W. Hamilton begins with what we are thus conscious of in our sense-experience. He finds, as indeed Mr. Mill and everybody else does, that we are conscious of phenomena which form the connotation of such words as "extension," "solidity," "externality," etc. He calls *that* a consciousness of matter. Whether he sufficiently analyses the connotation of the words "extension," "solidity," "externality," etc.; and how we ourselves ought to describe the portion of our experience which gives rise to them, are questions about which a great deal has to be said, which perhaps Sir W. Hamilton did not say, or did not try enough to say well. But all that is away from the proposition on which Mr. Mill founds this charge of radical inconsistency against the Hamiltonian metaphysics.

A host of passages, as well as the whole analogy of his philosophy, leave us no room to doubt that when Sir W. Hamilton describes our primary knowledge of extended or solid objects as direct, presentative, immediate, absolute, in a word, as conscious knowledge, he means to distinguish it from those other phenomena in consciousness, which are what he calls *representative*, and in which we are not conscious of the solid and

extended percept, but only of a mental image or representation of it, not numerically different from the conscious act or state itself. In this representative consciousness, Mr. Mill would say that the distinction of subject and object is merely "nominal" and "metaphorical" (see p. 216); but, in the Hamiltonian philosophy, this so-called nominal or metaphorical difference of subject and object is the only recognised difference between them, *save and except in the case of external perception*, which has the wonderful peculiarity of receiving an object, believed by Hamilton to be numerically different from the act, into the same relation with itself that the so-called "nominal and metaphorical" objects of our other conscious states bear to them. It is this which makes "external perception" so unique a phenomenon throughout the Hamiltonian metaphysics. It had been taken for granted in British philosophy that only sensations and other "mental states" could get into that relation to consciousness which, in *their* case, Mr. Mill calls a merely nominal or metaphorical relation of subject and object; and that "external objects" could be known only through our consciousness of the sensations which they excite,—as past objects are known through our consciousness of the mental states of remembrance which they leave behind them. Sir W. Hamilton was the first boldly to say that this is not so; and that our sensations actually introduce the external phenomena which they illuminate into the very current of our direct conscious experience.

Mr. Mill, apparently overlooking all this, naturally finds a tissue of inconsistency in what Sir W. Hamilton has written about consciousness. For instance, he is startled (p. 112) by finding him say that "consciousness comprehends every cognitive act," and proceeds to argue from this that "we can have no knowledge of the past or of the absent," and to make a difficulty in the Hamiltonian explanation that "all our mediate cognitions are contained in our immediate." We see no inconsistency, or even obscurity, in the Hamiltonian meaning here. Every cognitive act is a conscious act; inasmuch as we cannot know without an object of which we are conscious, although that object is (in every case except external perception) what Mr. Mill calls a "nominal" or "metaphorical" object. The *object* in consciousness, when we remember the past, or imagine the absent, is the *act* of memory, or the *act* of imagination. But the object of which we were conscious in the previous perception of that remembered past was the very *external reality itself*, which then and there started up in the stream of our conscious life. In memory we are conscious of an object that is not self-contained, but that has something behind it; our prior sense-perception

of the object now merely represented in a consciousness of the act of memory was, on the other hand, objectively complete, inasmuch as nothing knowable by us lay behind it, as its standard of representative accuracy, or as its cause. It was itself *the thing*, at least the only thing of which we could have any positive knowledge; as a percept, we could not refer it to any *previous* presentation, which we can and do in the case of mediate objects we remember, but which are not themselves in consciousness at all.

"The past reality," Mr. Mill strangely remarks (p. 114), "is certainly implied in the present recollection of which we are conscious; and our author has said that all our mediate knowledge is contained in our immediate, just as knowledge of the outward object is contained in our knowledge of the perception. If, then, we are conscious of the outward object, why not of the past sensation or impression?" Now, where, we ask Mr. Mill, has Sir William Hamilton said anything to justify the assertion which we have printed in italics? Where does he say that a past event is contained in our consciousness of its representation in memory, in the same way as an extended and solid object is contained in the sphere of our sense-perception of it? A large part of what Hamilton has written was meant to enforce the distinction between these two, and to say on the one hand, that consciousness experiences, as immediately as it does our own feelings when we feel them, the solid extended phenomena that are present in sense; while, on the other hand, it receives into this immediate experience only the mental acts or states which *represent* past or absent events, not the past or absent events themselves.

So far from regarding consciousness as a kind of evidence that is incompetent in a conditional knowledge, Mr. Mill himself puts it prominently forward, "if only we can obtain it pure" (p. 126), as emphatically the one kind of evidence that is beyond dispute. We ask our readers to ponder the opening pages of Mr. Mill's ninth chapter, including the long quotation from Sir William Hamilton's lectures (pp. 128-31), which Mr. Mill accepts as "one of the proofs that, whatever be the positive value of Sir William Hamilton's achievements in metaphysics, he had a greater capacity for the subject than many metaphysicians of high reputation, and particularly than his distinguished predecessors in the same school of thought, Reid and Stewart."

Some of the remarks which Mr. Mill appends to this long quotation disclose his own misconception of this chief article in the Hamiltonian metaphysics. "The facts (of consciousness) which cannot be doubted, are those," he says, "to which the word *consciousness* is by most philosophers confined,—the facts of internal consciousness; the mind's own acts and affections.

What we feel we cannot doubt that we feel. It is impossible to feel and to think that perhaps we feel not, or to feel not, and think that perhaps we feel. What admits of being doubted," he adds, "is the revelation which consciousness is supposed to make (and which our author considers as itself consciousness) of an external reality" (pp. 131, 132).

Now, the part of Hamiltonism we are here considering, and which Mr. Mill puts in contradiction to the Hamiltonian doctrine of the Absolute, is exactly what he here describes as "the phenomena of consciousness considered simply in themselves." Sir William implies that these phenomena are of two obviously distinguishable kinds,—some solid and extended, others unextended and unresisting; and he further (but this is beyond the present question) implies that there is nothing except unknown substance transcending the one of these two sorts of phenomena, and nothing except unknown substance transcending the other. As phenomena, he professes to take both as they are given in our sentient experience. It is true that, in addition to this their merely phenomenal and transient character, they have another aspect, the result, according to Sir William Hamilton, of an instinctive and inexplicable "testimony of consciousness" to something more than what is merely phenomenal and transitory, *i.e.*, something permanent in their character; the result, according to Mr. Mill and others, of our experience of how they behave themselves—in a word, of mental association, and afterwards inductive comparison. In this second relation,—not as mere transient phenomena in consciousness, but as phenomena believed to have certain relations to what is out of transient consciousness,—the solid and extended phenomena are believed to be external to and independent of our being conscious of them; while the unextended, unresisting thoughts and feelings, are believed to depend on our consciousness of them. But this alleged "testimony of consciousness" regarding these two sorts of phenomena, of both of which we are conscious, might conceivably be reversed. The solid and extended phenomena we might have instinctively believed to be phenomena of ourselves, and the unextended and unresisting feelings and thoughts to be external to and independent of ourselves; or we might have believed both to be external; or both to be internal. In short, the phenomena given to consciousness are one consideration; the *immediate* inference of consciousness about them (as Sir William Hamilton puts it), or the *mediate* inference we draw concerning them (as others suppose it to be), *viz.*, that *some* of the phenomena of which we are conscious (*e.g.*, sizes, shapes, solid objects, etc.) are the manifestations in us of something that is independent of us; while *others* (*e.g.*, feelings, thoughts,

etc.) are manifestations of ourselves,—is another and different consideration.

But we must look at the Hamiltonian doctrine of consciousness of Matter as a whole, and not merely in the one aspect in which Mr. Mill presents it. It is in many respects the most ingenious, internally complete, and original part of all that its author has uttered in the Scotch philosophical discussion; and it is to be gathered only by a careful collation of passages situated in widely separated parts of his writings. It is not to be confounded with Reid's doctrine, which is only a deliberate statement of the unanalysed sentiment, while the Hamiltonian doctrine is strictly reflective and critical. It contains three principal elements. First of all, there is the assumption that Matter, in its primary qualities, is a portion of our properly perceptive or conscious experience. Then there is the recognition (through aid of physiology and psychology combined), of that qualified Matter which can thus appear in the very current of our direct conscious experience, as being only our own animated organism, or what is in physical contact with it, and as not being any of the distant objects which encompass us in the ambient space. Lastly, there is the assumption that we are mysteriously obliged to believe that the primary qualities—which we are thus as conscious of, while they are present to us in our organism, as we are of feelings while we are feeling them—are (unlike the feelings) qualities of a something that is “contrary in existence” to ourselves, but which is nevertheless present in our consciousness.

The *first* of these momenta we have been trying to make clear in the last few pages. We regard it as a distinct and important contribution by Sir William Hamilton to the theory of Matter previously common in this country. Except Berkeley, we know no other philosopher in these islands who begins by acknowledging that Matter, whatever it may turn out to be, is at any rate that which we find in our proper conscious experience—that consciousness is not a mere medium for *representing* an extended and solid world which exists behind it,—and that there is nothing *behind* the proper objects of *sense*-consciousness, these being the very things or realities themselves which we call material, external, extended, solid. This was so far Berkeley's teaching, and it is virtually Hamilton's. Berkeley and Hamilton may, notwithstanding this agreement, differ in regard to what we are bound to believe respecting the material phenomena which thus visit consciousness; that belief forming the third above-mentioned element in the Hamiltonian doctrine. As for Reid, we cannot discover that he was within sight of this “consciousness” of material phenomena, so suggestive of ulterior speculation, or that he

meant to say more than that our belief in Matter is due to instinct, and not to fallacious reasoning about representative images.

In this first element of his complex doctrine of Realism, Sir William Hamilton, as it seems to us, brings the question back—or rather forward—to the reflective point of view at which Berkeley had contemplated it more than a century before, but from which intervening British thinkers had been scared, partly by David Hume, but also by certain infelicities of statement in Berkeley's own writings. Yet while he takes the purely reflective or philosophical, as distinguished from the vulgar, and also from the imperfectly philosophical point of view, Sir William Hamilton pauses, we think, in the work of analysis before he has sufficiently surveyed what his stand-point enables him to command. He does not enough analyse what Space, and Matter, and Extension, and Externality mean; or what is meant by the belief on which we all act—that what appears in consciousness as extended and external, practically continues to exist when we are not conscious of it. He puts our belief in the *permanence* of that which appears in the senses too much on the same footing with our immediate consciousness of the transient sense-appearances themselves, which suggest the belief; and he seems to forbid criticism alike of the belief and of the meaning of what is believed, by calling it all “a fact of consciousness.” And yet these are the very questions which the recognition of the passage of Matter through our sense-consciousness suggests to reflection.

What we have called the *second* element in the Hamiltonian doctrine, is an avowed critical and reflective modification of Reid's uncritical “common sense” judgment about the objects we perceive. Reid says that “when we see the sun and moon we have no doubt that the very objects which we immediately see are very far distant from us and from one another. We have not the least doubt that this (what we see) is the sun and moon which God created some thousands of years ago, and which have continued to perform their revolutions in the heavens ever since” (*Reid*, p. 298); and he accepts this belief as its own sufficient authority. Sir W. Hamilton reverses this doctrine, and denies that we see the sun and moon in the heavens, or that any human being ever saw or ever will see them. In fact, according to Sir William, no two persons ever see the *same* thing. We do not and cannot see, or have any other sort of sensible intercourse with any part of the material world, except the nervous organism of our own bodies, and what is immediately in contact with that. When we are “conscious of matter,” we are conscious of that matter which we animate; and which, when animated,

is illuminated by the various sensations of taste, smell, sound, or colour, of which we are also, and simultaneously, conscious. Feeling and Extension—Mind and Matter—the Ego and the Non-ego, are as it were fused together in an animated organism; and what we are properly conscious of, when we are conscious of an extended object, as distinguished from a mere sensational feeling, turns out, after physiological and other experiment, to be a portion of that small mass of matter of which our bodies are composed. The introduction, so to express his doctrine, of *this* small portion of the space occupying universe (whatever "space" and "extension" mean, of which again), into the current of a human consciousness, on a footing of entire equality with sensations and other feelings, of all which we are notoriously conscious, opens the only way to that indefinitely numerous body of *inferences*, which includes the sun and moon, "very far distant from us" in the heavens, and also the entire circle of our conclusions in the physical sciences. Of all these inferred objects we have of course only a belief or mediate consciousness, for we cannot *see* an inference with the eye of sense. But we are sensibly conscious of what we afterwards discover by reasoning to be a small spot of extended matter contained in or in contact with our animated organism; and from this sense-consciousness, combined with our tangible and other experience, we infer what is visible and tangible elsewhere, *e.g.*, in the sun and moon, or wherever our inferences extend.

Mr. Mill has no doubt (p. 111) that this part of the Hamiltonian teaching is correct, "and a great improvement upon Reid." We can accept it only in the light of the meaning to be put upon the terms Matter, Space, and Externality, in the propositions which express the *third* element in the Hamiltonian theory of perception. And to these we now proceed. Consciousness is here alleged to give testimony to the *meaning* of the material or sense appearances which pass through it; to tell us how we should interpret and define them. Consciousness, according to Sir W. Hamilton, testifies that what appears in perception is somehow external to and independent of our being conscious of it. Mere sensations expire when we cease to be conscious of them. The solid and extended *percepts* which our sensations reveal to us, exist, whether we are conscious of them or not. Whoever doubts this, according to him, doubts one article in the faith which is the common foundation of all speculation and action. He makes God a deceiver, and the root of our nature a lie. Now, the great majority of philosophers, by his account, have doubted whether phenomena, of which we are immediately conscious in our sensible experience, are in themselves external to and independent of consciousness. They regard these immediate objects

as only "ideas" or representations, behind which the otherwise unknown, external, and extended world lies concealed, or revealed only as their cause. And they do all this in the very act of acknowledging that nature or common reason teaches us something quite different from this, viz., that the very object of which we are sentient is itself the external object. They thus play fast and loose with this testimony of consciousness, and in denying its fallibility in this instance, prostrate its infallibility in every other. All this suggests questions which carry us a great way into a subtle and fascinating part of metaphysical analysis.

We are here obliged to leave Sir W. Hamilton, and to connect ourselves more with Mr. Mill, whose three chapters (xi., xii. xiii.) on the Primary Qualities of Matter, and on the Nature of our Belief in Matter and in Mind, we regard as the ablest in his book, and as among the clearest expositions of psychological analysis now contained in the English language. Sir W. Hamilton, we think, has served philosophy well in recognising the material world, as within the proper sphere of consciousness, in respect of its extension and solidity. In so doing he has no more contradicted his doctrine of our incapacity for Absolute knowledge, than he has done in recognising (with Mr. Mill himself) mind, in respect of its thoughts and feelings and actions, as also phenomenal within the sphere of consciousness. But he goes on to put a bar to ulterior questions about the definitions of extension, solidity and externality, by the shorthand assumption that they are qualities of that which is "contrary in existence" to us who are conscious of them. To tell us that we are conscious of extended and solid phenomena, and that consciousness testifies to their "externality," is to teach a creed which consists of abstractions, until by reflection this externality has been translated into our actual experience. We still want to know what externality means, what extension means,—what matter and space mean. We are conscious of sense-reality; but what, after all, are we to understand by this reality? Sir W. Hamilton has, we fear, left the answers to these questions too much in the shape of unresolved dogmatic formulas; Mr. Mill has ably tried to resolve them back into their origin in our mental history. In doing so, he has made his examination of Hamiltonism a partial solution of the problem which Berkeley alone among British philosophers did so much to state and solve; which the formula that we are "conscious of matter" suggests again; and which is now fairly precipitated anew, with Mr. Mill's acceptance of at least half of Berkeley's solution, into the arena of British philosophical discussion.

We must here explain our meaning, and try to settle the re-

lation of both Mr. Mill and Sir W. Hamilton to what may be called the Berkeleian problem, which is truly the main problem of all Reflective Realism; and which, as solved, or indeed as conceived, in one or other of two ways, is the turning-point of two great tendencies—the tentative and experiential, and the dogmatic or abstract, the former of which we in Scotland need to strengthen, and the other to educate more philosophically within its proper sphere.

With regard to this problem of Externality in the senses, the mass of mankind are ready to say that our very senses themselves teach us all that there is an external world, distributed throughout ambient space, and consisting of real things of various shapes and sizes, colours, tastes, and smells, which continue to exist in the state our senses show them to us, whether we are perceiving them or not, and of which our perception is a mere accident. As Berkeley puts it, it is "an opinion strangely prevailing amongst men, that houses, mountains, rivers, and, in a word, all sensible objects, have an existence, natural or real, distinct from their being perceived by the understanding." It is in this external or spacial existence that the reality of things consists; and any proposition which expresses doubt or denial of their independent externality—which affirms that "all the choir of heaven and furniture of the earth," have not any subsistence without a mind—which proclaims that "their being is to be perceived or known," is called unnatural, destructive of our sense of the vastness and glory of the material universe, and at the best an eccentric hypothesis, for which no evidence has been or can ever be alleged. This would be the sentiment of vulgar or unreflective realism, and—with some abatement on account of the secondary qualities of matter—it is expressed with emphasis and iteration in the writings of Beattie, Oswald, and even Reid, as its mouth-pieces in philosophical debate.

But this is not the language of Hamilton. With him, as we have partly said already, there is a sun and moon that are no doubt independent of human consciousness of them, but which we never see, and cannot, without a contradiction, be supposed to see. There is an illimitable space, though no part of it beyond our own animated organism is ever presented to our senses. The only material world which we ever come into direct intercourse with is this animated organism, and whatever touches that. The rest of the material world is for us a series of inferences. And even with regard to this infinitesimally small sense-given material world, as well as all the rest, when we are neither sentient nor concipient of it, and when no one else is so,—during intervals of all consciousness of it or about it, if any such there be,—it relapses, does not Hamilton mean to say, into

unconditioned, irrelative, merely substantial or potential existence, of which we can have only "a negative conception,"—whatever that may mean ?

Mr. Mill writes as if, in Sir W. Hamilton's system, the relation of perception and percept should correspond with that of sensation and its external cause, or of mental state and a supposed "object," that is out of immediate sense-consciousness. This appears in what he says in his review of Hamilton's account of the different theories on the belief in an external world. He can see no important difference between Brown and Hamilton ; he says that Brown's theory "cannot with any justness of thought or propriety of language be called a theory of mediate or representative perception" (p. 162). He supposes Hamilton to mean that representative perception is always a "knowledge of a thing by means of something which is *like* the thing itself" (p. 162); whereas all Sir William intends is, that Brown's doctrine of a mediate perception of the qualities of Matter, through "external states of mind," cannot give us what is "deserving of the name of knowledge," inasmuch as the external states are *not* known to resemble the qualities they are assumed to give us a knowledge of ; we not having, in the case of sense-perception, the previous presentative perception or direct consciousness of the things themselves, which makes a representative knowledge of them possible in memory, although impossible in sense. All this, on the part of Mr. Mill, is to reverse the fundamental principle of the Hamiltonian perception, according to which the external and independent percept is no more the *cause* of its being perceived than what Mr. Mill calls a "nominal" or "metaphorical object" (p. 216) is the cause of our being conscious of it. In this latter case, the object and the subject being identical, there is, by universal acknowledgment, no causal relation between them. In the former, although the object and subject are, according to Hamilton, "contrary in existence," there is nevertheless no causal relation between them, but an identity in the percipient act. We could not say that we had anything "deserving the name of knowledge," of our own thoughts or feelings, if we knew them only as the causes of mental effects which in no way resemble them. As little can we, Hamilton would say, have anything "deserving the name of knowledge" of qualities of Matter, if we know *them* only as the causes of effects in the mind which in no way resemble them.

But, after all, what means this externality or objectivity proper, which, according to Hamilton, consciousness attests with regard to percepts ? What is Matter when it is *not* perceived ? What becomes of percepts when our sensations are

withdrawn? How can an extended percept, for instance, continue to exist when the sensation of its colour is gone? What, moreover, do we mean when we say that what we perceive is extended or solid? Are Hamilton's solid and extended percepts only special groups of Mr. Mill's sensations, viewed in their relation to his "possibilities of sensation"? We have failed to discover a definite expression either of these questions, or of his own answers to them, in Sir William Hamilton's writings. The analogy of his philosophy would lead him to say that unperceived and unconceived Matter exists only potentially, or rather substantially; and that of this substantial existence we know nothing positively, except when contained in, and as it appears in its passage through consciousness. Matter would then present its positive or qualified side in our senses; and when it is in that predicament we attribute primary and secondary qualities to it. But when it ceases to be in that predicament, we have only its negative or unqualified side to deal with; it lapses as it were into unconditioned existence, from which it recovers only through renewed intercourse with a sentient and concipient mind. If this be a logical development of the implied meaning of Hamiltonism, in what except in name does it too differ from Berkeleyism?

The conception of "externality" or "external objectivity" is not so easily defined as uneducated dogmatism takes for granted. Man cannot act, cannot live, without assuming an external world, in some conception of the term "external." It is the business of the philosopher to explain what that conception ought to be. For ourselves, we can conceive only--(1.) An externality to our present and transient experience, in *our own* possible experience past and future; and (2.) An externality to our own conscious experience, in the contemporaneous, as well as in the past or future experience of *other minds*. Any objectivity one can positively conceive is dependent on mind; but it is not dependent on, nor indeed properly involved in, the present experience of the individual; nor is it exclusively dependent on, nor even properly involved in, his own individual mental experience, as Mr. Mill, we think, too much represents it. The tendency of the best modern ideas (so far including those of Hamilton), is towards a Reflective Realism, in which the entire spacial or external world is a unique modification (what its peculiarities are analysis has partly discovered) of conscious experience. The Universe, in this philosophy, is a universe of MINDS, which communicate with one another through sensible symbols. These symbols each mind can so modify in other minds, as that those others become conscious of the induced modifications, and are able thereby to infer their conscious causes; while all the minds,

and all their sense-given phenomena, are in an established harmony under Supreme Mind.

Any external or space-filling universe that is by us positively conceivable, is in this philosophy dependent on mind, because consciousness, as agent or patient, is that only of which we have experience. Our primary experience is a conscious experience. A conscious self is the only *unit* we can multiply in imagination. We can conceive phenomena as external in another mind, or as external to our own present mental experience; but we cannot conceive them aloof from all mental experience. It is only negatively, as unconditioned, in a word, as empty abstractions, that we can speak of percepts, when they are not perceived or conceived by us, or of phenomena when they are out of our conscious experience—unless, indeed, we conceive them, as in the conscious experience of another.

It is this conception of "externality," "materiality," and "spacial reality," to which the profoundest and most comprehensive modern reflection is now converging. It was dimly approached, under other forms, in ancient speculation. Nor can it be said truly that it is a mere assertion, unsupported by proof, and which proceeds on principles that disable us from ever working our way to a legitimate belief in anything beyond the charmed circle of our personal sensations and other feelings. Reflective Realism is only a change in the unanalytic manner of thinking about objects; a thinking them in a less abstract, because more comprehensive way. Let us look at some more of what it has to plead in its behalf.

It can plead, in the first place, that analysis has succeeded in resolving our experience of Space into an experience of unresisted locomotion, and of solid Matter into an experience of resisted locomotion. For nearly two centuries, but especially since the publication of Berkeley's *Theory of Vision*, reflective analysis has been gradually resolving our spacial and solid conscious experience into an experience of successive non-resistances and resistances to motion, associated with the visual experience of contemporaneous modifications of colour by which the former is symbolized. In a late number of this Journal we discussed all this.¹ We there translated the abstractions

¹ See article on Berkeley's *Theory of Vision*, in *North British Review* for August 1864, in which visual phenomena are proved to be a system of symbols, and visual extension a language of contemporaneous signs, significant of our successive experiences of active resistance and locomotion, with which they are arbitrarily connected. The visual theory of Berkeley, by implication, analyses the conception of Space into a modification of the conception of Time; and in its doctrine of arbitrary but regular connexion of sensible signs anticipates the philosophical conception of physical causation as an established uniformity or association, the actual relations in which are discoverable through experience.

Space and Extension into a peculiar sort of experience of which we are conscious in the senses of touch and sight. The conception of the remoteness of an object, for example the sun, is the conception of a locomotive experience by us which could not be finished for thousands of years. The spacial vastness of the universe is the possibility of indefinitely protracted locomotive experience which it presents to us. Extension and space cease to be conceived as huge entities, independent of what we are, have been, or may be conscious of; they begin to be conceived of as possibilities of an experience that is familiar in consciousness. Extension and space are analysed into time, and time into consciousness of changes. All sensible phenomena, but especially visual, become a system of signs,—a language, significant of other conscious experience, not now actual, but which has been, or may become actual. Reflective Realism can thus plead that, in its doctrine of Matter, it is only a higher expression of the now common scientific conception, that nature is a language; our scientific and practical knowledge of Matter, so far as it goes, being an interpretation of the immediately sensible signs which constitute that language. In short, Matter is Mind embodied in and signified by the sense-experience of minds.

Reflective Realism can plead, in the second place, that it has no practical evidence of any other sort of externality than what resides either in our own past and future sensible experience, or in the present, past, or future sensible experience of other minds, *i.e.*, externality in time, or else externality in another spirit. What Matter is, out of all relation to human experience, is surely a frivolous discussion. We want to know, not about this mere abstraction, but about sensible Matter; as either contained in our actual conscious experience, or as inferrible from that experience, in the form of actual and possible conscious experience, pleasant or painful, in ourselves or others. When Matter is conceived as a system of regularly ordered sensible signs, by means of which we can foresee the sense-experience of ourselves and others, all that we have practically to do with it, or that we can positively conceive about it, is represented in the conception. Sensations, percepts, or whatever else we please to call them, are then phenomena in consciousness, which have this peculiarity, that they are reliable signs of other sensible phenomena, or groups of sensible phenomena, of which we are not now sentient; and also reliable signs of the existence and action of other conscious agents. What proof have we of more than this in what we call Matter? Have we any evidence of an existence which should continue in the death of all conscious life, created and Divine? Can we mean

anything at all when we speak of the continued existence either of space or time after the annihilation of all consciousness? It is surely only through an illusion that any one supposes he can; at least we must continue so to believe until we are helped first to put meaning into the words, and then to find evidence for the reality of what they mean.

After what has been said, we need hardly add, as a third item in the pleading, that we have no practical need for the extra-conscious existence of anything that we apply language to; provided that, in whole or in part, it appears in and disappears from the current of consciousness in a calculable manner. The peculiar *calculableness* of these sensuous appearances and disappearances, not being due to us, does indeed suggest the very conceivable inference, that what causes them must be a conscious cause, able to calculate. And if we look with a human eye, and from a sympathetic heart, upon the sensible universe, can we avoid the conviction that, in being conscious of Matter, *i.e.*, of sensible order, we are constantly conscious of the signs of Mind—not indeed immediately conscious of any mind except our own, but immediately conscious of what we cannot but interpret as signs of other minds, more or less like our own, and of Supreme, All-pervading Mind?

Into this conception, according to our manner of thinking, even Sir W. Hamilton's sense-given Matter ultimately resolves itself, when reflective analysis is applied to Extension and Solidity. And to this result, at any rate, we are largely helped by the three singularly interesting chapters of Mr. Mill's "Examination," which we have already named. Yet Mr. Mill, we think, has not fully availed himself in these chapters of the philosophical resource against Egoism, which his own view of Self partly affords. At the end of his three chapters, we feel inclined to ask why he does not regard himself as the external universe, or rather the external universe as a general term expressive merely of the order in which a large portion of *his own* conscious experience appears and disappears—*i.e.*, the sensational portion of it; and those "possibilities," as he calls them, of which actual sensations are the signs. What is an "external" world of this sort other than a part of his own associated ideas, which, to a certain extent, he is able to foresee, but which provide no way to any other externality than the one which has its seat in himself, as he is to be, or has been? If this be so, is he not the universe? Must he not logically profess *Egoism*, the doctrine which Fichte is supposed at one period of his life to have believed? Let us see.

"Matter," says Mr. Mill, "may be defined a Permanent Possibility of sensation" (p. 198). This is his conception of the

externality and substantial reality of the universe that is transiently presented to our senses. As presented, it is *actual* sensation. As inferred, it implies actual sensations, treated as signs, and interpreted to mean *other sensations, or groups of sensation, not actually felt, but inferred to be conditionally certain, in the future sensible experience of the percipient*. These conditionally certain masses of possible, past or future, sensations, of which actual sensations are the signs, and in which actual sensations were, so to speak, wrapped up, constitute Mr. Mill's conception of External Object or Material Substance.

Our power to infer this sort of objectivity or material substance is, according to Mr. Mill, the physical result of laws of conscious experience "not contested by Sir W. Hamilton and other thinkers of the Introspective school"—(P. 190.) They are these two—our expectant faith; and the tendency of all invariable association to generate belief. Place one, he virtually says, with these two tendencies, in an orderly succession of sensational experiences; in other words, let a succession of sensations be excited in a sentient having these two tendencies; and let the sensations be so related, individually or in groups, that an immediate consciousness of one proves to be a sign of the future possible experience of others, or of a group of others, without a single instance to the contrary, and we are so constructed that we become not only unable to imagine their separation, but obliged to believe them inseparable. All that we can say in explanation and vindication of this constitutional tendency and its resulting belief or assumption, is, that it is natural, and that the belief is verified by every action, and by every result of action.

This perception theory of Mr. Mill, essentially Berkeleyian, differs in two respects, at least, from the corresponding part of Hamiltonism—(1.) According to Sir William Hamilton, the sensations introduce into, or rather reveal as already present in consciousness, something that is not sensational at all, viz., percepts or primary qualities of matter. The object of which we are sensibly conscious is, with him, not a sensation dependent upon a sentient, but an external percept independent of the percipient, and invested with qualities of extension and solidity which are not attributable to the percipient at all. According to Mr. Mill, our conscious experience in sense is exclusively of sensations, which are dependent upon the sentient; while they are, he would say, causally (*i.e.*, invariably and unconditionally) connected with other possible sensations, of which they are signs. (2.) Sir W. Hamilton's *percept*, in the absence of a percipient, becomes *unconditioned*—being disengaged, as it were, from the kind of consciousness which

constitutes what we mean by the terms "extension" and "solidity." The *actual sensation* of Mr. Mill, on the other hand, on the withdrawal of the sentient, becomes part of a group of *possible* or *potential sensations*; and that group of possible sensations is the "object" of his—merely mediate—perception, and the cause (in Mr. Mill's meaning of *cause*) of any of the *actual sensations*, which otherwise lie, as it were, latent in the group until they become actual. When I *see* an apple, for instance, part of the qualities of the apple (its colour, etc.) are in *actual*, and the others (its hardness, odour, taste, etc.) only in *conditionally certain* sensation. In short, Mr. Mill's object of mediate perception is much in the predicament in which, according to Sir W. Hamilton, our states of consciousness are when they are what he calls latent; or rather, in which chairs and tables are, according to Berkeley, when they are not perceived. They exist potentially, which amounts to this, that they exist practically, and appear when we expect them. But Sir W. Hamilton, Mr. Mill says, "did believe in more than this" about matter; while Reid, Stewart, and Brown, whatever they may have themselves supposed, did not. Sir W. Hamilton, he thinks, believed in a "perdurable basis of sensations, distinct from the actual and possible sensations themselves" (p. 198). And what, we may ask, is this "perdurable basis" other than "unconditioned existence,"—which is only a synonyme for the unknown?

The "perdurable basis" of Sir W. Hamilton—his substantial matter—we shall have to refer to when we are considering what he and Mr. Mill say about the Unconditioned. The "permanent possibilities" of Mr. Mill himself we cannot regard as adequate to express all that we mean, when we conceive sensible reality, matter, space, and externality. Mr. Mill's externality is, as it appears to us, an externality that must be confined to his own conscious history, and *its* possibilities in the past and in the future; unless he is willing to admit, as an essential part of his definition, the externalizing or projecting efficacy, as we may call it, of other conscious beings like ourselves. Otherwise, each of us may say that this externality amounts simply to a conditional certainty that *my* sensations have been, might have been, or may become such and such. For sensations, apart from *other* conscious Selfs, are not actual externally to me. As far as this *quasi* externality goes, *I* am the universe—that universe being composed of my actual sensations, and other feelings, and my mediately perceived possibilities of being sentient—these possibilities, as *quasi* external to my actual sensations at any given time, being Matter or Material Substance. This external world is merely a conditional certainty in my own personal history. It is the latent part of those patent trains of actual

associated sensations which make up my individual sentient life. This is not an actual, but only a potential externality; and potentially external only to my present sense-consciousness, not to my personal conscious life.

Externality proper is more than this, as indeed Mr. Mill seems to imply in his enumeration (pp. 206-7) of the marks (third mark) by which permanent possibilities of sensation are distinguished from "permanent possibilities of feeling." It has its seat in *another self*. It involves the conception of *actual* sensations and percepts, dependent on other conscious agents, as ours are on us, and contemporaneous with our own conscious experience. It is only as we are able to infer this conceivable externality, that we reach the complex conception of ourselves existing and being conscious in a universe, that is not merely dependent on and relative to ourselves. The working conception of and belief in externality implies the discovery, that we are not alone in this strange life; that we have recognised the sensible signs of companions who are living other lives like ours, and who are able to communicate with us, as we with them, through the medium of our respective sense-experiences. We have more than a prevision of conditionally certain sensations, which may hereafter be experienced by ourselves, but which are not yet actual in us. There is also a mediate perception or reasonable belief in sensations, and other conscious experience, now going on, contemporaneously with our own, in other conscious beings like ourselves. There is not merely, as with Mr. Mill, *conditionally certain externality in time*, but there is also *actual externality in spirit*; and these two combined convert a not-self, given or implied in all *self*-consciousness, into the not-self which daily enlarges and defines itself in our conceptions, under the accumulating inferences of science. That can only be a sham externality which leaves us in solitude, among associated sensations.

Consciousness of phenomena as dependent on a Self is thus the basis of human science and belief,—the groundwork or flooring, beneath which we cannot go in our analysis. It is that unity in our conscious experience which admits of being multiplied, and thus externalized in imagination and belief. Mr. Mill himself seems to feel that he has not given enough of prominence to the conception of Self in his definitions of Matter and Mind. These are defined by him as if the true conception of the Universe were that of a series of mere feelings, inclusive of sensations, so grouped and related to one another that an actual experience of one of the sensations is reasonably followed by belief in a great many others not then actual. Matter he defines as we have said, as "a Permanent Possibility of Sensation," and Mind as "a Permanent Possibility of thoughts, emotions, and voli-

tions as well as sensations. If these definitions were all that he had to say about Matter and Mind, Mr. Mill's last word in philosophy, as he now interposes in the Scotch debate, would be nearly the same as David Hume's first word in the same debate, a hundred and thirty years ago. But all that Mr. Mill says is not comprehended in his definitions of Matter and Mind. He goes far to provide the bridge which we have to employ when we realize an actual as well as possible externality, in the following passage, which we regard as philosophically the most important in his book :—

"Besides present feelings, and possibilities of present feeling, there is another class of phenomena to be included in an enumeration of the elements making up our conception of mind. The thread of consciousness which composes the mind's phenomenal life, consists not only of present sensations, but likewise, in part, of memories and expectations. Now what are these? In themselves they are present feelings, states of present consciousness, and in that respect not distinguished from sensations. They all resemble, moreover, some given sensations or feelings of which we have previously had experience. But they are attended with the peculiarity that each of them involves a belief in more than its own present existence. A sensation involves only this; but a remembrance of a sensation, even if not referred to any particular date, involves the suggestion and belief that a sensation, of which it is a copy or representation, actually existed in the past; and an expectation involves the belief, more or less positive, that a sensation or other feeling to which it directly refers will exist in the future. Nor can the phenomenon involved in these two states of consciousness be adequately expressed without saying that the belief they include is, that I myself formerly had, or that I myself, and no other, shall hereafter have, the sensations remembered or expected. The fact believed is, that the sensations did actually form, or will hereafter form, part of the self-same series of states or thread of consciousness, of which the remembrance or expectation of those sensations is the part now present. If, therefore, we speak of the Mind as a series of feelings, we are obliged to complete the statement by calling it a series of feelings which is aware of itself as past and future; and we are reduced to the alternative of believing that the Mind or *Ego* is something different from any series of feelings or possibilities of them, or of accepting the paradox that something which, *ex hypothesi*, is but a series of feelings, can be aware of itself as a series. The truth is that we are here face to face with that final inexplicability at which, as Sir W. Hamilton observes, we inevitably arrive when we reach ultimate facts."

—(Pp. 212-13.)

This passage, so far as our passive or sensational, as distinguished from our volitional experience is concerned, contains all that we care for as true in the Hamiltonian, or in any other doctrine of consciousness. It concedes an inexplicable con-

sciousness of Self. This implies *a* not-self, but not necessarily either *the* material not-self, or *the* spiritual or conscious not-self, these being gradually discovered in experience. To the "inexplicable belief" about Self, which Mr. Mill says is required to complete the conception of what Mind is, there is no analogue in sense-given phenomena viewed in abstraction from a consciousness. The only radical synthesis we can point to either among them, or among the feelings and thoughts and volitions which make up, according to Mr. Mill, our purely mental experience, is their common dependence on Self to which they are all alike consciously present.

Mr. Mill condemns Dr. Reid (p. 207), for alleging, against Hume's famous resolution of Mind into a mere series of feelings, that that deprives us of all evidence for the external existence of conscious fellow-creatures, God, and immortality :—

"By what evidence," he asks, "do I know, or by what considerations am I led to believe, that there exist other sentient creatures; that the walking and speaking figures which I see and hear have sensations and thoughts, or, in other words, possess minds? The most strenuous intuitionist does not include this among the things I know by direct intuition. I conclude it from certain things, which my experience of my own states of feeling proves to me to be marks of it. I conclude that other human beings have feelings like me, because, first, they have *bodies* like me, which I know, in my own case, to be the antecedent condition of feeling: and because, secondly, they exhibit the *acts*, and other outward signs, which in my own case I know by experience to be caused by feelings. I am conscious in myself of a series of facts connected by an uniform sequence, of which the beginning is modifications of my body, the middle is feelings, and the end is outward demeanour. In the case of other human beings, I have the evidence of my senses for the first and last links of the series, but not for the intermediate link. In my own case, I know that the first link produces the last through the intermediate link, and could not produce it without. Experience therefore obliges me to conclude that there must be an intermediate link, which must either be the same in others as myself, or a different one: I must either believe them to be alive or to be automata; and by believing them to be alive, that is, by supposing the link to be of the same nature as in the case of which I have experience, and which is in all respects similar, I bring other human beings, as phenomena, under the same generalizations which I know by experience to be the true theory of my own existence. And in doing so I conform to the legitimate rules of experimental inquiry. . . . We know the existence of other beings by generalization from the knowledge of our own; the generalization merely postulates that what experience shows to be a mark of something within the sphere of our consciousness, may be concluded to be a mark of the same thing beyond that sphere. . . . As this theory

leaves the evidence of the existence of my fellow-creatures exactly as it was before, so does it also with that of the existence of God. Supposing me to believe that the Divine Mind is simply the series of the Divine thoughts and feelings prolonged through eternity, that would be at any rate believing God's existence to be as real as my own. As for evidence, the argument of Paley's *Natural Theology*, or, for that matter, of his *Evidences of Christianity*, would stand exactly where it does. The design argument is drawn from the analogy of human experience. From the relation which human works bear to human thoughts and feelings, it infers a corresponding relation between works, more or less similar, but superhuman, and superhuman thoughts and feelings. If it proves these, nobody but a metaphysician needs care whether or not it proves a mysterious substratum for them. . . . As to Immortality, it is precisely as easy to conceive that a succession of feelings, a thread of consciousness, may be prolonged to eternity, as that a spiritual substance for ever continues to exist; and any evidence which would prove the one will prove the other" (pp. 208-11).

We shall not now examine the intended meaning of the doctrine of Hume which suggested to Reid the objection thus criticised by Mr. Mill. Reid, at any rate, supposed it to involve a denial of that belief in Self, which Mr. Mill, in the remarkable passage already given, presents as "the final inexplicability." If Mind be merely a series of feelings,—of "impressions and ideas," without any lawful belief in a personal identity involved in them, we cannot infer more than this of "other" successive feelings. We cannot represent as external what is not to be believed even as internal. The very words, "I," "self," "myself," "other selves," etc., must be abolished. Existence is analysed into phenomena, orderly it may be, but unconnected by any vital bond of Self, that "ultimate inexplicability."

One word as to the date of the commencement of our properly conscious experience. Mr. Mill (p. 214) conceives Sir W. Hamilton to be wrong in his statement that a "self and a not-self are immediately apprehended in our primitive consciousness." He thinks that we have probably no notion of either Self or Not-self in the *first* sensation that we experience, nor until after considerable experience of the recurrence of sensations, according to fixed laws and in groups. But where, we ask, does Sir W. Hamilton say that we are awakened to a necessary belief in a Self or a Not-Self, in the "first" sensation that we experience? What does he say inconsistent with the supposition that this conception and belief mysteriously rises up only after a series of sensations has been experienced without it? The belief in Self rises inexplicably, Mr. Mill himself allows. The belief in the spacial or material Not-self is partly

explicable, as we say, in agreement so far with Mr Mill, but not with Sir W. Hamilton.

We need not ask what either Sensation or Self is, before the sentient becomes self-conscious. We can have sensational experience without any definite conception of what this experience involves; we can feel before we are able to give an accurate definition of our feeling. Our growing ability to distinguish and define the things of which undefined original experience is made up, is simply our intellectual growth; which turns on the pivot of Self, and consists in a deepening and truer interpretation of phenomena dependent on, yet distinguished from Self; and which are symbolic or interpretable, in their relations to one another, and to other Selves with *their* dependent phenomena.

Nor can we allow that either sensations or percepts produce this conception of Not-self merely from something in themselves *per se*, and not from their order and groupings, or from the established harmony of the sense-given portion of each person's experience with that of other persons. Imagination and other purely internal experience in each of us might reveal externality to what we are at any moment feeling in our own conscious history, and might also reveal phenomena existing in other minds, if this internal experience were organized like our external intelligible relation with the entire cosmical system, and could, as it were, be experienced simultaneously by ourselves and others in common. This is assumed to be the case, in a degree, in supernatural dreams and visions, which involve an intercourse of a mind with other minds, through what is usually internal experience.¹

¹ Professor Masson asks, with reference to Mr. Mill, "How can I predicate the existence of other minds in the same sense as I can predicate my own?" (*Recent British Philosophy*, p. 355.) Why not, at least when we add what Mr. Mill says about Self to his definition of Mind? We have a specimen in our own consciousness (however "inexplicable") of a Self that is conscious of sensible and other phenomena. Can we not infer the existence of other similar units inductively, from their sensible signs, while we cannot intelligibly infer abstract Matter?

Mr. Masson also seems to think (p. 357, etc.), that what he calls Mr. Mill's "cosmological idealism," is severely tested by the modern geological disclosure of the Pre-Adamite, and even pre-sentient, existence of our planet. But length of time does not increase the difficulty. If the pre-sentient planet was "created," say a million of years before any individual sentient, this would mean that if any of us, now sentient, had been awakened into consciousness at some definite time in the course of that million of years, we should have had the sense-experience which Science, reasoning inductively from present geological phenomena, is able to attribute to that supposed time; but that if, on the other hand, we had become conscious *before* the million of years commenced, i.e., before the planet was "created," we should have had no sense-experience at all—its *quasi-externality* not having, *ex hypothesi*, at that date commenced, so far as our sense-experience would be concerned.

A question may here be suggested. Is the actual universe *ultimately* referable to a Self? Is there no higher form of existence than this of phenomena dependent on Minds which maintain inter-communion through their sensible phenomena? As a self-conscious experience seems to rise mysteriously out of blind, unself-conscious sensation, may self-consciousness, in its turn, advance into what is higher?

It is now more than time to proceed to the second of the three groups of metaphysical questions which we arranged at the outset. Mr. Mill's criticism of the Hamiltonian Realism,—from which we have tried to draw some contributions towards a Reflective Philosophy of Space, Externality, and Reality—is itself a cover for a discussion which is even deeper, or at least more comprehensive. The metaphysical question about Matter, and about the difference between Not-self and Self, Mr. Mill indeed characterizes as “the most fundamental question in philosophy.” But all through his answers to it, he hears the under-tones of another debate, between what he calls the Introspective and the Psychological—or, as we should say, the Dogmatic or Abstract, and the Tentative or Experiential—methods of metaphysical inquiry. He discusses “the most fundamental question in philosophy,” mainly in order to illustrate the difference between these two methods; and in order to meet in the face Sir W. Hamilton's summary manner of settling it,—by a dogmatic appeal to an assumed “testimony of consciousness,” as an absolute standard. All philosophers who proclaim a different origin of our belief in the externality of matter, or who give a different account of what matter and externality mean, are charged by Sir William with the grave offence of “playing fast and loose with the testimony of consciousness,” (p. 153, etc.) In short, the question discussed by Hamilton, under cover of a defence of natural realism, is the question of the infallibility of universal postulates, assumed to be given as facts in consciousness. Our belief in the independent externality of what we are conscious of, when we are conscious of solid and extended phenomena, is taken as a specimen, *a fortiori*, of this kind of infallibility.

Are there then any *universal truths* which we are originally obliged to believe, or which we originally know to be true? Sir W. Hamilton is supposed to answer this question in the affirmative, and Mr. Mill in the negative. Let us contemplate its significance, which is said by many to be immense.

Is there an infallible voice within us? Have we, in the last resort, an absolute standard of truth for determining anything at all? Or is all beyond transient sense-objects not properly knowledge, but only probability; generated historically and by

experiment, and excluding any intuition of universal truth, latent in our own deepest and truest being? If even our belief in the spacial externality of Matter is a belief due to a particular kind of changeable conscious experience, and is not a direct infallible revelation, it may be asked, Where have we any absolute truth at all, which we know that no future evolution of experience shall reverse or modify? If there is no direct infallible revelation of externality in sense, we are apt to say there can be no infallible revelation about anything at all—no “inspiration of the Almighty” for regulating the understanding and life of man.

The confused fight about “consciousness of matter,” which we have been trying to disentangle, is in fact felt, by one party, in respect of its human interest, to be a fight against scepticism, on behalf of reality, infallibility, and absolute truth, and by another as a fight against dogmatism on behalf of liberty and progress. It is in one of its aspects the old and ever-during struggle between Faith and Scepticism; and in another, the struggle, also perennial in human nature, between Dogmatism and Inquiry, struggles which have given life to philosophy and theology in all the living ages of their history,—in Greece, in mediæval times, in modern Europe, and never more earnestly than now. On the battle-field of metaphysics, “Platonic ideas,” “innate ideas,” “connate ideas,” “common sense,” “common reason,” “intuitions,” and “testimonies of consciousness,” are a few of the watchwords of the combatants on the one side; and “experience,” “sensation,” and “mental association,” are a few of the watchwords on the other.

Let us consider the true relation of our two philosophers to this second group of questions.

In reference to the first group, we have described the Hamiltonian philosophy as a dogmatic yet partly reflective dualism, and the philosophy of Mr. Mill as an analytic self-conscious phenomenalism. Our consciousness, from the date of its awakening, and all through this earthly life of ours, is, according to the one philosopher, interpenetrated, as it were, by an inexplicable belief attested by consciousness, in the polar opposition of two realities, Mind and Matter, Ego and Non-ego, with the qualities of each of which it is in conscious relation, while out of that relation they are both unknown or unconditioned. Our consciousness, when it is awakened, is, according to Mr. Mill, inexplicably aware of itself as past and future, and gradually defines an external world, which in our early conscious history is a dim and vague correlate of the hardly developed conception of an Ego, but which, step by step, becomes, through our associative tendency, and also through what Mr. Mill calls the principle of

expectation, and Sir W. Hamilton the principle of philosophical presumption, the system of physical conceptions for which language provides names, and which are further corrected and enlarged in science.

It is at this point that the two systems diverge. Sir W. Hamilton who has already recognised, in this foundation of his system, two beliefs for which he says no explanation can be given, explains the construction of our mediate knowledge, in all its ramifications, by means of other universal but inexplicable beliefs,—some positively and others negatively conceived,—which we are originally obliged to have, while we cannot fully comprehend them. Mr. Mill, on the other hand, postulates no such universal beliefs; and regards the growth or extension of our knowledge, in the remotest ramifications of science, as due to the same principles of expectation and association which set it agoing at the commencement, afterwards aided by artificial language, and by artificial forms of reasoning. Sir W. Hamilton proclaims the presence of universally applicable intellectual necessities, of which he can give no account; and he assumes these as the framework of our intellectual being. Mr. Mill accounts for all the intellectual necessities or universal truths which regulate our beliefs and actions, by the kind of experience through which (self-conscious and endowed with the associative and expectant tendency as we are) we pass, in this our life-intercourse with phenomena. Hamiltonism, grounded on, and consolidated throughout its structure by necessary truths of the common sense or common reason,—grounded on consciousness as a witness to a set of universal principles, and not merely on consciousness as the scene of a set of phenomena,—takes its place on the conservative side in the battle about "necessary truths." Mr. Mill, proclaiming freedom from all inexplicable assumptions except that of a self-consciousness of phenomena, which are presented in orderly co-existence and succession, in an associative and expectant mind, is ready to believe in any way that the co-existent and successive phenomena of our ever enlarging experience require.

More earnest debate has circled round this than perhaps round any other high speculative question. It has been described as the one question in metaphysics, which, as decided by each generation for itself, gives the tone to the whole opinion and mode of thought in that generation. We confess to thinking that not a little misconception and exaggeration are commonly mixed with what is said as to this battle about "necessary truths,"—this controversy between a *priori* and a *posteriori* philosophies,—between the reason and the understanding.

Take Sir W. Hamilton as a representative of the philosophy of necessary truths, and Mr. Mill as a representative of the opposed philosophy. More favourable types on either side could not be found. Do we find a harbourage for certainty and infallibility in the teaching of the one, and an exposure to hopeless doubt when we try to place ourselves at the point of view of the other? It is not so. According to both, there are beliefs which we are *obliged* to form about the phenomena of which we are conscious, and their meaning. In both, we find a way open, on which, in the form of reasonable belief, we may expand the narrow area of our transient but direct conscious experience. But then the beliefs which Hamiltonism declares that we are obliged to assume are universal, and supposed to be secure against all possible future experience; while the beliefs that Mr. Mill recognises as legitimately formed, are due to the experience through which we have passed, and may be modified by the experience through which we are still to pass. The one accepts principles which are assumed to be absolutely universal for us; while they are ultimately inconceivable by us, because consciousness is only of the finite, and their objects disappear at both ends in the Eternal or Infinite. The other accepts principles which are discovered to be universal, as far as experience can carry us towards universality, and which as such are the natural basis of our secular life, but which, as our experience is limited, become the "open questions" of an endless experience. Both systems, it must be added, are grounded on and animated by a faith or trust in what we cannot immediately know or be conscious of. Hamiltonism can at the best only *trust* to beliefs, which it declares we cannot fathom, but which it assumes are fit to carry us over the unfathomable abyss. Mr. Mill invites us to *trust* any belief which, gathered from an experience sufficiently criticised, is on the same level of trustworthiness as our faith in self, or in the uniformity of nature, and that even while he cannot shut the door against the suggestion that nature may *become* disorderly, and that what seems to have always been may not alway continue to be the custom of phenomena. If we confine the meaning of the word *knowledge* to the direct consciousness of phenomena while we are conscious of them; e.g., of a feeling while it is being felt, then neither of these two philosophies affords a "knowledge" that is co-extensive with "beliefs" which both accept as legitimate. With both, belief greatly transcends knowledge, and both ultimately repose in a faith, in which the one cannot conceive that any future experience shall ever disturb him, while the other keeps his necessary beliefs (themselves attributed to past invariability in his conscious experience), ever open to be modified by the con-

tingencies of his future conscious experience, or to be annihilated; if that experience shall at any time terminate for ever. With Hamilton, in the necessary absence of a universal experience, we lean on universal propositions, which express beliefs that stand in the place, and do the work of, a universal experience. By Mr. Mill we are invited, in the meantime, to trust in our limited and relative experience, even as if it were universal.

So far, it is a difference of attitude in the two philosophers. The Hamiltonian travels on the dark unknown, with his chart of necessary truths, which he believes that no future experience can disturb, but which he acknowledges at the same time that he cannot clearly and distinctly decipher. Mr. Mill, on the same dark voyage, trusts to truths which he thinks the action of experience has converted into necessary ones, which are clearly and distinctly decipherable, but which experience may at any time cease to necessitate. A tendency of the one philosophy is to abstraction from experience, in mere verbal proposition and reasoning; a tendency of the other philosophy is to insist on having all its propositions and reasonings resolved into and read in the light of a narrow experience. With both sciences is constructed by help of indispensable trust or faith. However "necessary" any proposition may be, and however originally inevitable our belief in it, we accept and act upon it as true, according to Hamilton, only on the assumption that our nature is not a lie. And however unable we may be to forecast the future fortunes of the human voyage, on an ocean of experience that is enveloped in darkness, so long as we persevere in this voyage, and in forming reasonable beliefs regarding what is meant by symbolical phenomena of which we are conscious, we are, with Mr. Mill, acting on the assumption that so far nature, and our tendency to trust in phenomenal uniformity of co-existence and succession, are not deceptive.

This difference of attitude does not imply that the Hamiltonian stands ready to receive into the structural part of his system any belief which is popularly assumed to be a necessary one, while Mr. Mill stands ready to bar out all beliefs that cannot stand the ordeal of legitimate experiential proof. Sir William Hamilton, on the contrary, proclaims that "the argument from common sense is one strictly philosophical and scientific," and that "the first problem of philosophy is to seek out, purify, and establish, by intellectual analysis and criticism, the elementary feelings or beliefs, in which are given the elementary truths of which all are in possession." And though he refrains from attempting to produce an exhaustive analysis and classification of the truths in which Being is as it were supernaturally, or super-experientially, revealed for our practical

purposes, on this mysterious life-voyage that is enveloped in the darkness of the Unconditioned, he describes the problem as "in itself certainly one of the most interesting and important in philosophy." Moreover, he contributes the suggestion that "principles of cognition which now stand as ultimate may be reduced to simpler elements; and some which are now viewed as direct and positive may be shown to be merely indirect and negative,—their cogency depending not on the immediate necessity of thinking them—for if carried unconditionally out they are themselves incogitable,—but on the impossibility of thinking something to which they are directly opposed, and from which they are the immediate recoils."—(Reid's *Works*, pp. 743, etc.)

It may here be asked whether there are any propositions in intellectual philosophy which Sir William Hamilton assumes to be necessary and authoritative, but which Mr. Mill would reject because unsupported by sufficient inductive proof? While each seeks for trustworthy propositions by a different method—the one by a critical analysis of our present beliefs, with a view to detect those which we cannot hold in suspense; the other by an inductive comparison of phenomena presented to observation—do both in fact reach, by their respective routes, the same goal, so that Mr. Mill is ready to indorse, as experimentally proved, all the real propositions which Sir William Hamilton assumes without proof as part of our original intellectual stock?

We cannot here either find an essential difference. We cannot name any real question, soluble on the method of *a priori* criticism, that is not solved, in its own characteristically tentative way, by the method of logically criticised experience; while we know no question left open to controversy by the latter method, which can be saved from controversy by the former. If a debated universal proposition is assumed to be true independently of experience, and to be implied in and by reasoning, this very assumption, and its legitimacy, becomes itself the question. Instead of a controversy about the probability of the proposition, we have a controversy about the probability of its being *a priori* or necessary—but no irenicon. We cannot infallibly know what is not phenomenally in consciousness, and we can know that infallibly only while it is in consciousness. All beyond makes a demand, in some form or other, upon Trust or Faith. Every universal proposition about realities reposes on belief; and while it implies an act of consciousness it is only one of mediate consciousness. In short, we can have no *real* generalizations of the understanding which do not involve a reasonable faith; and no faith is reasonable which cannot be translated into the language of the understanding, or

faculty which judges according to external and internal sense. They are the two sides of the same shield, and any theory which confines itself exclusively to either is a mere abstraction and not a philosophy. We have an unphilosophical phenomenalism, which abstracts from the conscious mind, or an unphilosophical metaphysics which treats of forms and faculties in abstraction from their real objects. Philosophy itself is reflection upon both in their living union.

The answers of philosophy to the second group of questions are not to be found in an uncritical acceptance of the universal, and, as they are called, the natural persuasions of men—in Reid's uncritical common sense, which it is the very object of philosophy to enlighten and correct by reflective analysis. As little are these answers to be found in an abstract and verbal criticism of universal propositions which we are assumed to be obliged to believe and conceive; or in uncritical generalizations of portions, especially the merely sensible portions, of our conscious experience. They are to be sought for in that constant tentative correction of our provisional conceptions, by collision with our moral and physical experience, which leaves us unable at any time, or in any philosophical system, to offer a final and exhaustive list of universal postulates, but which, systematically pursued from age to age,—each individual and each generation self-corrected, by the comparison of its conceptions with present and preceding experience,—developes universal postulates, that, by successive modifications, become better adapted than preceding ones to throw light over ourselves and our phenomenal world, in our life-voyage with our companions through the surrounding darkness of the unknown. The world may continue to expect a demonstrated and final system of necessary truth; our real philosophy, in its growth, can only be a system of assumptions or hypotheses, increasingly accommodated to the real experience, moral and material, through which we are passing. Yet this philosophy may employ the language of Wordsworth in his immortal ode on Immortality; or it may even occupy the Platonic point, and view each physical discovery as the disclosure of an overlooked but established harmony between Divine ideas in our minds, and Divine ideas symbolized in nature; or it may describe our conceptions as gradually corrected by experience, as human science advances in its tentative career, and, adopting the language of Bacon, who has been called our British Plato, see in true philosophy, not the doctrine of an individual or of one age, but the slow and never-ending birth of time. The "necessary truths" of philosophy, untested by experience, are only plausible conjectures, although, when they

are the imaginations or ideals of genius, they prove powerful forces for our intellectual advancement. The high ideals of modern thought are sometimes only the revival of forgotten truths, already tested by experience, but which, in intervening periods of unreflection, had lost their meaning, and are now re-suggested with all the power of new discoveries. It is not easy to refute the theory that all universal postulates were at first tentative and hypothetical, when it is conceded that some of them have been so early and so superabundantly verified, that we have been in consequence unable to avoid feeling them to be necessary in all thought and action recorded by memory.

What is important to note on each side, in this memorable controversy, is the mode in which each treats the propositions, whose authority, by common consent, warrants belief or trust. The advantage of Mr. Mill's mode is, that it insists upon having them translated into the language of experience; that of the Hamiltonian method, that it calls attention to their prominence as the pivots on which our work as intellectual beings must turn. Neither mode lifts them above an originally blind trust, or can convert them into a knowledge which can dispense with trust; at least in beings who are not omniscient, and who cannot comprehend the universe in a single intuitive grasp. With Hamilton we are intellectually weak, and become incoherent and contradictory when we begin to reason about what is not finite. With Mr. Mill we are now coherent and consistent, but our present science may become absurd and contradictory in an experience in which we find two parallel straight lines enclosing a space—space annihilated, alike in its one form of resistant extension or matter, and in its other form of non-resistant extension or space proper,—universal nature in disorder, and changes unsuggestive of causation, a condition of things in which present beliefs (on his doctrine the produce in their first beginnings of an unconscious associative influence upon our self-consciousness amid orderly phenomena) must pass away, and with them the substitute which they supply for the Omniscience of which we are destitute. Mr. Mill's experiential and tentative universal postulation opens room for this possibility; and Sir W. Hamilton's necessary truths provide no absolute guarantee against it. Neither, we repeat, gives absolute infallibility; for what is originally necessary to be believed may turn out to be a deception, and that which experience has converted into a practical necessity to believe, some future experience may dissolve. On either method, we rest at last in Faith; and merely describe differently the manner in which the texture of beliefs in which this our faith is manifested comes to be what it is. The philo-

sophy of necessary truths ascribes these directly to our constitution as conscious beings, and demurs to having them translated into experiential language; the opposed philosophy ascribes them to the gradual and corrective influence of our constitution, in the circumstances in which we are conscious. The introspective or intuitional metaphysicians, in refusing to translate their universal assumptions into the language of experience, are apt to reason from them dogmatically, and to encourage the unreflecting in their unwillingness to have their assumptions analysed into a concrete meaning. We had one illustration of this already in the resistance which is offered to a strictly experiential resolution of the conceptions of space, material reality, and externality; and we value Mr. Mill's philosophy for its tendency to enforce a steady reference of these abstractions to our experience. The intuitional school, on the other hand, when led by inventive genius, has circulated, under the name of intuitions, fruitful ideals, which have afterwards received the warrant of inductive experience; while the experientialists are often represented by men of merely sensuous science, who have no corresponding experience of their own in which to recognise truths attested in the love and reverence, in the struggles and sufferings, of the noblest human spirits.

But in any way of it, absolute infallibility is out of human reach, and no interpretation of symbols, either physical or verbal, can secure it—

"We have but faith: we cannot know;
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from Thee,
A beam in darkness: let it grow."

But is this all? Is there nothing Absolute beyond this? Is Knowledge not greater than what is thus immediately or inferentially known? Is Existence merely identical with, or may it be distinguished from, a knowledge such as this? Is my intelligence, or if not mine, is human intelligence, in its common beliefs, however, these beliefs have come to be what they are, in any respect a measure of the Universe?

These questions have glimmered through the Hamiltonian Realism, in its theory of External Sense in particular, and also of Common Sense in general. They meet us in the face now, under cover of controversies about the relativity, finitude, and conditions of this our mediate and immediate consciousness of existence; the relation of belief to knowledge; the conceivability of the Absolute, the Infinite, the Unconditioned; and the connected questions about Causation and Free-will. They form the upper, as the theory of a consciousness of matter is the lower

story in the metaphysical structure. A large part of Mr. Mill's book, and at least as large a proportion of what Sir W. Hamilton has written, are the fruit of attempts to determine what is to be seen at this third point of intellectual vision. Mr. Mill considers this the most original part of the Hamiltonian philosophy; and no doubt the wide interest which that philosophy has excited in Great Britain and abroad has been mostly on account of its real or supposed conclusions at this culminating point of the metaphysical system.

Mr. Mill and Sir W. Hamilton are at any rate verbally agreed in taking the Relativity of human knowledge, whatever that may mean, for the supreme article of their metaphysical creeds. We do not need to quote passages in proof of this.

But it is not so easy to determine what each intends this formula to express. Mr. Mill, in particular, although he has devoted a whole chapter to explain how a knowledge may be relative, has not, we think, here attained to his customary vigour of philosophical imagination. He restricts the term "relative" to a knowledge that is conversant with subjective effects, while it is doomed to entire ignorance of objective and ultimate causes. If human knowledge is not immediately of Noumena or "things in themselves," but only of the sensational and other effects of Noumena, then it is only what he would call relative. And this is what it is, according to Mr. Mill; who takes Sir W. Hamilton's account of our knowledge of the secondary qualities of matter as a specimen of this conception of a merely relative knowledge. He holds that all we know, immediately and mediately, of external objects, is the sensations which they cause, and the order of the occurrence of these sensations, in ourselves and others;—this, we suppose he would add, is not known to be all that is. But what is to be understood by our phenomenal knowledge being relative to an unknown cause? We should have expected Mr. Mill to say that phenomena in a conscious self are themselves the Absolute, at least the only Absolute we have to do with. But he does not say this. He uses language here and there in this book, and generally in his *Logic*, about unknown causes and things, which is very like Sir W. Hamilton's exceptional manner of speaking about the Unconditioned. Both philosophers now and then seem to say that there is something, *not phenomenal in consciousness*, that is, and that perhaps is knowable, not by us indeed, but in some higher intelligence.

When any one proclaims the relativity of this our human knowledge, the first question which occurs is, What is that to which it is in relation? A relation supposes two terms. Our immediate and mediate consciousness makes one of these terms. But what is the other? The phrase "relativity of human know-

ledge" carries a different meaning, according to the answer given to this question.

We, of course, discount the *individual* relativity of vulgar scepticism, according to which, whatever any man believes, however his conceptions may have been formed, is true for him—each individual being the sufficient measure of the universe for himself. This sort of relativity is discarded by all who speak of one man's beliefs or conceptions as being more nearly true than another's. For this manner of speaking implies an independent standard, by which individual thought is measured, and to which individual "knowledge" is relative.

Discounting this, we distinguish three apparently different phases of the relativity of knowledge. These may be expressed respectively in three propositions:—

1. Human knowledge or consciousness, mediate and immediate, is the effect of an unknown cause, to which unknown cause it is relative.

2. Human knowledge, or consciousness mediate and immediate, is in itself, essentially or internally, a relation, that which is irrelative being necessarily unknown.

3. Human knowledge, or consciousness mediate and immediate, is in itself an imperfectly comprehended system of relations, collectively relative to, and measurable by, Divine Omniscience or the Divine Ideas.

The correlated terms in the first of these theories are our immediate conscious experience and inferences from it (the effect), and that which is not consciousness, but which may be called External Existence (the cause of what we experience and infer). The correlative terms in the second of these theories are the various elements, internal to and constitutive of our intelligence and its inherent faith. The correlated terms in the third of these theories are our variously conditioned but objectively imperfect knowledge, on the one hand, and the all-comprehensive Divine Omniscience on the other. Mr. Mill seems to adopt the first, and Sir W. Hamilton the second of these theories; while the third is the conception of those who claim for our intelligence a seminal identity with an Omniscience from which we actually fall short only in degree. Under the first and second theories the environment of our finite knowledge is an Unknown; under the third theory its environment and ideal is Omniscience.

Mr. Mill is puzzled how to understand what Sir W. Hamilton means by his "strong and explicit" affirmations of the merely relative nature of every human knowledge,—as when he says that "things in themselves" are to us "altogether unknowable;" that whatever we can know of anything is "its

phenomenal relation to our organs;" and that "all we know is phenomenal of the unknown." He concludes, however, that "in any substantial meaning of the phrases, the doctrine they assert was certainly not held by Sir W. Hamilton" (pp. 17, 18); who, he adds, by no means admits that we know nothing of Matter, for instance, except its existence and the sensations produced by it. Quotations are offered, from which Mr. Mill draws the conclusion, "that Sir W. Hamilton either never held, or when he wrote the *Dissertations* had ceased to hold, the doctrine for which he has been so often praised, and nearly as often attacked—the doctrine of the Relativity of knowledge. He certainly did sincerely believe that he held it. But he repudiated it in every sense which makes it other than a barren truism. In the only meaning in which he really maintained it, there is nothing to maintain. It is an identical proposition, and nothing more" (p. 28).

We have alluded to this already in speaking about the meaning of a consciousness of Matter. We confess that we are at a loss to discover a "substantial difference" between Mr. Mill's unknown Cause, and Sir W. Hamilton's Unconditioned or Unknown. In fact, Sir W. Hamilton turns his back to the Unconditioned more visibly than even Mr. Mill does. He disclaims any knowledge of more than things or persons, human and Divine, conditioned in space and time. Mr. Mill sometimes appears to say that we have a knowledge of at least the "mere existence" of outward or extra phenomenal things or causes; while Sir W. Hamilton does not claim even objective "existence" for his Unconditioned. Our ultimate ignorance of causes is a doctrine which Hamilton reiterates; telling us that "the causes of all phenomena are at last occult;" and that "thus at last we must perforce confess the venerable abyss of ignorance."—(*Discussions*, p. 657.)

Mr. Mill says that Sir William Hamilton taught no substantial doctrine of relativity. He taught, at any rate, a doctrine whose direct and prominent result is that "the highest knowledge is a consciousness of ignorance;" that "the pursuit of knowledge is but a course between two ignorances;" that "the consummation of our philosophy is ignorance;" that "as cognisant intelligences, our dream of knowledge is a little light surrounded with darkness;" that "the sphere of human enlightenment is at best a point, compared with the boundless universe of night surrounding it;" that "the grand result of human wisdom is a consciousness that what we know is as nothing to what we know not." These are only a few out of a host of passages in which Hamilton enunciates the most comprehensive conclusion that is peculiarly due to that relative knowledge which involves

our Absolute Nescience, and our dependence on Faith in the "necessary truths" which, in our life-voyage, we carry with us and interpret in consciousness, as a substitute for the Omniscience of which we are destitute. Let us recollect that when we are said to be ultimately nescient, this implies that there can be no proper science of anything until everything is completely known,—that Omniscience is the only Science. With all this in our recollection, can we say that the Hamiltonian doctrine of relativity is the verbal figment which Mr. Mill supposes it to be? Is it not, in fact, identical with his own, with the two exceptions, that he describes the unknown or unconditioned as a "cause" or an "existence;" and that the decipherable symbols by which he permits us to be regulated in our voyage through the darkness, are uniformly the language of experience, thus leaving room for a modification or even reversal of our present "necessary truths," by our future experience,—a contingency against which, as we have said, no doctrine can find absolute security. With Mr. Mill himself our real knowledge, in all physical inferences, is ultimately relative to our associative tendencies and our expectant faith; with Hamilton it is radically relative to those "testimonies of consciousness" which he gathers together under the name of common sense. Hamilton no doubt claims a knowledge of the phenomena given to us in consciousness, and a belief in the "necessary truths" by which we interpret them, which may in a secondary sense be called absolute. It is, so to speak, a *relatively* absolute knowledge and belief; for it is our fixed and trusted compass on our life voyage, as acting and thinking beings,—to be trusted till proved false. And its complement of beliefs is not, he maintains, disproved by anything that we experience, or by any internal contradiction among the beliefs themselves. Now, what more, what less, does Mr. Mill himself say? In what, except in degree, and in his manner of describing the origin and limits of our ultimate Trust, does he differ from Sir William Hamilton? His "unknown cause" is equivalent to Sir William's "unknown existence," for he professes that he cannot say (except so far as it may be inferred from experience) that the ordered uniformity, on which he regulates all his intellectual proceedings, is eternal. Hamilton professes to be ignorant (apart from the instinct of reason) whether Existence has or has not a beginning or an end. He can only say that Existence must be either absolutely finite or infinite, *eg.* in its duration. In other words, Time is either absolute or infinite. Now we cannot decide between these alternatives; and, thus ignorant, we have to live in Time by faith, and not by sight or perfect knowledge.

What is the concrete question that lies beneath this controversy about an Unconditioned? Here again Mr. Mill seems to misconceive. He tells us that the question really at issue in Sir William Hamilton's celebrated and striking review of M. Cousin's philosophy, is "only another form of the question, 'Have we, or have we not, an immediate intuition of God? . . . the name of God being veiled under two extremely abstract phrases, the Infinite and the Absolute, perhaps from a reverential feeling'" (p. 32).

Where, we ask Mr. Mill, has Sir William Hamilton written anything to sanction this translation of the debated question? The question is not immediately about a knowledge or consciousness of God, and the possibility of that, but about the possibility of a knowledge or consciousness of Existence (God and Creation, Mind and Matter) which should supersede the Belief or Trust in which Hamiltonism throughout declares that we are obliged to live. Existence is eternal. Can we reduce eternity to science? or can we even comprehend what we mean when we use the word? Our regulative belief, in its causal form, presses us beyond the finite in time. This, according to Sir William Hamilton, is because we are *originally* unable to conceive an absolute beginning; according to Mr. Mill, it is because our associated experience has gradually *made* us unable to have satisfaction in unexplained changes. But whatever its origin, do not both alike recognise a mental tendency in us which impels us to carry Existence at last out of sight of finite intelligence, into Eternity or the Unknown, thus leaving us at the mercy of a state of mind which is radically one of trust, and not of conscious insight,—not, in short, a state of intuition of phenomena at all?

With Sir W. Hamilton the Unconditioned or Infinito-Absolute is not a real external thing, though here and there he uses language which may seem to imply that it is. It is only another name for our ultimate ignorance of the τὸ Ἐν καὶ Πάν—an ignorance which leaves us at the mercy of faith in our physical and moral experience, or in what Sir William calls the "testimony of consciousness." "The Infinite and Absolute are," he tells us, "only the names of two counter imbecilities of the human mind, transmuted into properties of the nature of things, of two subjective negations converted into objective affirmations. We tire ourselves either in adding to or in taking from. Some more reasonably call the thing unfinishable—*infinite*; others, less irrationally, call it finished—*absolute*. But in both cases the metastasis is itself irrational."—(*Discussions*, p. 21).

Can Mr. Mill say that "what is rejected as knowledge by this doctrine is brought back under the name of belief;" or can

he charge it with reducing the doctrine of relativity to "a mere verbal controversy, by an admission of a second source of intellectual conviction called Belief, which is anterior to knowledge, is the foundation of it, and is not subject to its limitations; and through the medium of which we may have, and are justified in having, a full assurance of all the things pronounced unknowable to us"? In what respect does it make "Belief a higher source of evidence than knowledge;" or assert that we have, and are warranted in having, "beliefs beyond our knowledge; beliefs respecting the Unconditioned, respecting that which is in-itself unknowable?"

Where does Mr. Mill find evidence that Sir W. Hamilton recognised in consciousness beliefs in another sense than he does himself; though he differs with him in his account of the way in which some of them come to be there? Hume sets down as one of the chief subjects for philosophical curiosity, "to inquire what is the nature of that evidence which assures us of any real existence and matter of fact, *beyond the present testimony of our senses or the records of our memory*,"—a part of philosophy, he adds, which "has been little cultivated either by the ancients or moderns."—(*Essays*, II. 37.) Mr. Mill's own treatise on "Logic" is an exposition of the *rationale* of this kind of evidence. With him, as indeed with Hume and with all, *this* evidence is radically belief substituted for perfect insight or knowledge. Every received *universal* proposition regarding matters of fact is saturated with belief. When we accept any of the generalizations of science, or of the alleged necessary truths of reason regarding matters of fact, we do so only on trust. We believe in the universality of gravitation, not because we can intuitively or consciously perceive of all the gravitating universe, past, distant, and future, but because we trust in the uniformity of nature, and have evidence of the gravitating rule among bodies, which we cannot reject, without, by implication, ceasing to believe in the steadiness of natural order. And this very faith in the steadiness of nature, or in physical causation, is itself, according to Mr. Mill, not even a complete, but only an empirical induction. It is at last only a blind confidence, generated by the associative tendency, which produces what in a secondary sense we may call knowledge, but which is appropriately named belief. Sir W. Hamilton's "consciousness" may testify more things than Mr. Mill's "experience" does; but it is not "belief respecting the Unconditioned" that it testifies; unless Mr. Mill's own *trust* in continued natural uniformity, in the absence of any *knowledge* that nature is uniform, is to be called "belief respecting the Unconditioned." Both are only regulative beliefs as to how we should think and

act in our voyage through surrounding darkness—trust in our compass in the absence of daylight. Hamilton's beliefs are of the nature of knowledge, so far as they inform us how to steer; they are different from knowledge, so far as, enveloped as we are in the unknowable, we can point to no area of conscious experience wide enough to be co-extensive with them; some of them we accept as true without limit in time, although eternity is unknowable. May not the like be said of the beliefs which Mr. Mill also carries as his working cargo; though he may have them otherwise arranged, and expressed with a more direct reference to their related experience? Is not Mr. Mill ready to vindicate himself for believing that nature is universally uniform, although he cannot know, and must merely take on trust this universality? Yet neither he nor Sir W. Hamilton are to be described as thinking that these regulative trusts have "the Unconditioned" for their object; that they are a knowledge (under another name) of the Unknown. The most "complete" induction involves an ultimate trust,—well or ill founded, and in whatever way originated.

Mr. Mill, however, says that Sir W. Hamilton does professedly penetrate into the Unconditioned, in promulgating what he calls his law of the Conditioned; that he there applies the rule of "excluded middle" to the Unconditioned, to which, as a synonym for the Unknown, any rule must be inapplicable. We do not deny that there are ambiguous expressions in what Sir W. Hamilton has written, due in part, perhaps to too resolute an abstinence from concrete references; yet here too, strange as it may seem, we ask for the difference between the Conditioned Knowledge of Hamilton, and the results of the corresponding part of the criticism of Mr. Mill. Let us compare them.

Our whole conscious experience is, in Hamilton's view, conditioned in space and time. As dependent on the body, it is extended or conditioned by space; and in itself, as well as when external, it is conditioned by time. Man involves body and mind. Whatever we know or believe in, thus partakes both of a spacial and a temporal nature; for everything we can know or believe in is connected with everything else. Now we do not, properly speaking, know anything unless we know everything; and as space and time become mysterious when we try to carry them out towards the infinitely great or the infinitely little, *everything* spacial and temporal becomes mysterious, too, "*Omnia exeunt in mysterium.*" We cannot conceive space, i.e., existence in space, at a maximum or finished quantity, nor as destitute of a maximum or unfinishable. We cannot conceive space, i.e., existence in space, at a minimum or finished quantity in the other direction, nor destitute of a minimum, and

in this respect unfinishable. We cannot conceive time, *i.e.*, existence as in time, at a maximum or finished quantity, nor as destitute of a maximum or unfinishable. We cannot conceive time, *i.e.*, existence in time, at a minimum, and in this respect unfinishable. But one in each of these pairs of alternatives must be true.

Mr. Mill holds that Sir W. Hamilton has failed to make out both these points. "It is not proved," he says, "that the conditioned lies between two hypotheses concerning the Unconditioned, neither of which hypotheses we can conceive as possible. And it is not proved that, as regards the Unconditioned, one or the other of these hypotheses must be true. Both propositions must be placed in that numerous class of metaphysical doctrines, which have a magnificent sound, but are empty of the smallest substance" (p. 87).

For ourselves (as we have already, in this article, treated space as a conception of one kind of conscious experience in time, and time itself as only an abstract term to express the mutability of our conscious experience, the conception being suggested by the fact of change), we may throw space out of account, and describe our conscious experience of changeable existence, as what at last loses itself in one of two alternate inconceivables, each illustrative of what Hamilton calls "a counter imbecility of the human mind." Must not the experienced Existence, external or internal, which we are daily conscious of as changing, externally and internally, be either changing for ever, or else cease to change? How can we avoid one of these alternatives? Existence, as in time, must, in short, either be or not be. It is, as such, either absolutely finite or infinite. Its absolute finitude is inconsistent with the universality of the causal belief; its infinity cannot be grasped as a conception, for, *ex hypothesi*, it is not a whole. We may come by our causal belief in the way Mr. Mill says we do, or in the way Sir W. Hamilton says we do, or in the way Reid says we do. But however we come by it, there it is; and, as Mr. Mill may allow, by an invariable association at any rate, we are unable to conceive or believe an uncaused beginning of Being (*i.e.*, of the *res illa*, or God & creation). Nor can we, on the other hand, conceive as complete what in its essential nature must be incomplete, the Infinite alternative. But the Existence which we are cognisant of "in part," must be either the one or the other. Our highest conception is thus of Existence where its horizon is the darkness of the unknowable.

Mr. Mill objects that the principle of excluded middle, *i.e.*, that one of two contradictory hypotheses must be true, is inapplicable to "things in themselves." He refuses to admit this

rule when the subject is a Noumenon ; inasmuch as "every possible predicate, even negative, *except the single one of Non-entity*, involves as a part of itself something positive, which part is only known to us by phenomenal experience, and may have only a phenomenal existence. . . . The only contradictory alternative of which the negative contains nothing positive, is that between Entity and Non-entity, Existing and Non-existing : *and, so far as regards that distinction*," he adds, "*I admit the law of excluded middle as applicable to Noumena ; they must either exist or not exist.* But this is all the applicability I can allow to it" (p. 86.)

Now, when we try to face the problem of the Beginning or the Ending of this time-conditioned existence, are we not face to face with the very alternative which Mr. Mill here admits as legitimate ? We are asking whether Existence, as conditioned in time, ultimately *is*, or *is not*. Mr. Mill will allow that this must either be, or not be, *i.e.*, there must either be or not be temporal or mutable Existence ; that *such* Existence is either absolutely finite or else infinite. Succession either is or is not noumenal. But can we grasp *either* alternative, and so hinder it from reminding us, as it does, whenever we try to grasp it, that our whole conscious life, with all its cargo of beliefs, is placed here, as Pascal says, "in a vast uncertain medium, ever floating between ignorance and knowledge," and in which "all things seem to arise from nothing, and to proceed to infinity ?"

Mr. Mill says a great deal about "inconceivability," and its three kinds, and about its being "impossible to believe a proposition which conveys to us no meaning at all," such as that "Humpty-Dumpty is an Abracadabra," we neither knowing what is meant by an Abracadabra, nor what is meant by Humpty-Dumpty ; and he argues from this that propositions about the Unconditioned must be incredible. Yet Sir W. Hamilton tells us, he says, that "things there are which may, nay, *must* be true, of which the understanding is wholly unable to construe to itself the possibility ;" and that it is obliged to believe as necessary "one of two unconditionates, neither of which can be conceived as possible." But does Mr. Mill himself not believe that the Existence of which we are conscious, ultimately either is, or is not changing ; or that the $\tau\omicron$ Πᾶν either has or has not a beginning or an end ? We must hold Mr. Mill's objection irrelevant, until he names to us any *other* sort of proposition with regard to the Unconditioned or Unknown, which Sir W. Hamilton enunciates and asks us to believe. Sir William indeed bids us believe scientific and practical propositions regarding what is revealed as *conditioned*, for which we can render no reason, and which we must take on

trust, *because* we cannot fathom the abyss over which we are floating. But is not the whole tenor of his philosophy to exhort to neutrality upon controversies which have been fetched from the Unknown; to teach that questions in which we try to transcend the beliefs which are our human substitute for Omniscience are vain and profitless, and should be consigned to the limbo of open questions? Is not its supreme lesson an enforcement of the intellectual duty of turning our back upon the Unconditioned or Unknowable, in order that we may read the revelation in consciousness (or, as Mr. Mill would have it, in experience), which ultimately we must take upon trust? Does it not warn against the opposite attitude, in which metaphysicians and theologians have been too apt to indulge, of gazing into the Unconditioned, and involving themselves in antinomies of reason, in a virtual assumption of Omniscience? The true scope of developed Hamiltonism is to sweep away a mass of ontological speculation; and to induce a trustful study of phenomena, and their relations to other self-conscious phenomena, and to Supreme Mind. "A world of false, and pestilent, and presumptuous reasoning, by which philosophy and theology are now equally discredited, would," he tells us, "be at once abolished, in the recognition of this rule of prudent Nescience."

Has this discovery that "our dream of knowledge is a little light, rounded with darkness," any effect upon our manner of looking at what comes within the little light? Are our spiritual, moral, and physical beliefs less fixed because all intelligence is at last only trust? Is every proposition open because no proposition is ultimately knowable? May our physical faith be discredited by our moral and spiritual, our moral and spiritual by our physical, and either, or both, by an alleged supernatural revelation?

These questions are suggested by Mr. Mansel's professed applications of Hamiltonism, and by Mr. Mill's relative criticism, which has drawn a larger share of popular attention than any other part of his "Examination." The chapter which contains this criticism requires a separate review for itself. With all our admiration for Mr. Mansel's labours as a philosopher, and as the ornament of an illustrious university, we are not prepared to subscribe to some passages in his application of the Hamiltonian philosophy to theological controversy, in his celebrated Bampton Lectures. Our inability to rise to a science that is independent of faith or trust,—faith in the testimony of consciousness, according to Hamilton, or in the results of invariable association or experience, according to Mr. Mill,—is surely no reason for accepting as believable any professed *external* reve-

lation, or any accepted interpretation of such, irrespectively of its moral and spiritual contents. The more awful the darkness of the surrounding Unknown, the more implicit might our faith be expected to be in the "testimonies of consciousness;" or in the primary revelations of physical and moral experience,—without which we have not got light to see our way to the *proof* of a revelation which approaches us through historical facts. A doctrine that puts discredit upon the common reason; because we are not omniscient, is, in fact, a reversal of the Hamiltonian philosophy, which turns its back upon the Unconditioned, not in order to be able to throw a new meaning into words when they express the attributes of God, but in order to enforce obedience to our genuine intellectual and moral beliefs. Hamiltonism paralyses ontological discussion in its primary rudiments, by proving that ontology has nothing to discuss or controvert, and then directs human research to the realities that are revealed in our external and moral experiences, in a spirit of trustful humility. It makes open questions, or rather no questions at all, of many famous theological ones; but it nowhere opens a way for the reception of a professed external revelation of a God who cannot be worshipped and trusted without involving us in a contradiction of all that we mean by wisdom, and goodness, and trustworthiness. Nor, after all, do we understand Mr. Mansel to intend the contrary; or indeed to intend more than the analogical theologians, including King, Brown, and Whately, have expressed in other language.

We meant to have examined some of the applications of the doctrine of the Unknown to the multiplication of "open questions," for the promotion of theological eclecticism, and to free agency or causation proper, human and Divine, as well as its relation to the Hamiltonian theory of the causal belief. But we must forbear, even tempted as we are by Mr. Mill's chapters on these two last subjects. We can only express our regret at the countenance which Mr. Mill gives to an assumed inconsistency of Divine and human free-will with regularity in nature or the phenomenal world. The matter of present interest in this question is the possibility of a moral causation co-existing with universal law or order in the world of experience. Human life is based on both; and the philosophy of the Unknown, ignorant alike of moral causation and of physical law, except as given, mediately or immediately, in experience,—is ready to recognise both.

We cannot even enter on the consideration of any of the three groups of logical questions, already noted as embraced by Mr.

Mill, and to which eight chapters of his "Examination" are devoted. These, if treated in a manner at all commensurate with their number and intricacy, would require another article not shorter than the present. We take room, however, for the remark, that while Mr. Mill in many places in the logical as in the metaphysical chapters, so it seems to us, exaggerates his own differences with Sir W. Hamilton, and Sir W. Hamilton's inconsistencies with himself—and sometimes, by a misconception of the Hamiltonian meaning,—he nevertheless in the logical discussion, in one important particular, concedes nearly all that we are prepared to maintain. He "subscribes heartily to all that is said of the importance of Formal Logic by Sir W. Hamilton and Mr. Mansel" (p. 403). Nor does he "deny the scientific convenience of considering this limited portion of Logic apart from the rest; the doctrine of Syllogism, for instance, apart from the theory of Induction; and of teaching it in an earlier stage of intellectual education" (p. 404). And we agree with him when he goes on to say that "it is not only indispensable that the larger Logic, which embraces all the general conditions of the ascertainment of truth, should be studied in addition to the smaller Logic, which only concerns itself with the conditions of consistency, but the smaller Logic ought to be, at least finally, studied as part of the greater—as a portion of the means to the same end; and its relation to the other parts—to the other means—should be distinctly displayed."

After this, in what does Mr. Mill differ from Sir W. Hamilton and Mr. Mansel, with respect to much that he has written about in these chapters, unless in the larger meaning he insists on giving to the word Reasoning, which with him embraces not the act merely of formally applying *assumed* general rules to the determination of doubts, but also the tentative processes, for determining the *experiential legitimacy* of the assumptions. The Logic and logical psychology of Hamilton limits itself to the former; the Logic and logical psychology of Mr. Mill embraces the latter. To this circumstance are due many of Mr. Mill's strictures on his chapters on Concepts, Judgment, and Reasoning. At the same time, we believe that no really philosophical study of Logic is possible, if the student overlooks the relation between the abstract formulas for judgments and reasonings,—whether according to the Old or the New Analytic,—and what is to be expressed in them. The forms are the framework which logical science provides for the unelliptical expression of our ratiocinative applications of assumed universal propositions, to the determination either of general questions, or of matters of fact. At the best, they help us to decide whether

our sumptions are experientially legitimate, only by making us more distinctly aware of what we logically mean in them, and of what they lead to if we are verbally consistent with ourselves.

We must close abruptly. Mr. Mill announces that his "Examination" is "an attempt to anticipate, as far as is yet possible, the judgment of posterity on Sir W. Hamilton's labours" (p. 3); and he thinks that he anticipates that judgment in the opinion that either Dr. Thomas Brown, or Archbishop Whately, "has done far greater service to the world, in the origination and diffusion of important thought, than Sir W. Hamilton with all his learning" (p. 553). When the philosophy of Hamilton is interpreted by Mr. Mill, as in even ludicrous contradiction with itself, in its most fundamental principles, and as proclaiming an unsubstantial truism to be its great discovery, even this estimate of its place appears to be a favourable exaggeration. But, if what seems on a superficial interpretation to be a shallow truism is found to be a profound truth, by oversight of which the world has been vexed with ontological abstractions which have often superseded experience, or has taken license in controversies where the question can be determined and even stated only by an Omniscience; and if the chief alleged contradictions disappear, and the essential Hamiltonian theory, so far as it goes, is found to be at any rate one with itself, and largely capable of assimilation with the best ideas of this age, we must respectfully ask Mr. Mill to consider whether this critical judgment truly forecasts the place that is to be finally adjudged by the philosophical world to Sir William Hamilton, as an interlocutor in the Scotch discussion of philosophy, and a power in the European thought of the nineteenth century:

ART. II.—BURLESQUE POETRY.

- 1.—*Butler's Hudibras*. Edited by ROBERT BELL. Fcap. Griffin. 1861.
- 2.—*The Poetical Works of Matthew Prior*. London. William Pickering. 1835.

THE Burlesque, though a lower species of the Comic, which can never expose vice or recommend virtue with the energy of the Higher Comedy, has yet its own place and purpose in literature. It may be allowed at times to amuse us in a sort of Saturnalia by mimicking what is lofty and dignified; but its best use is to level inordinate pretensions and reveal the emptiness of inflated exaggeration. We may fairly laugh at a passing parody on almost anything that is not sacred, just as we might enjoy for an hour the late Mr. Robson's *Medea* without throwing off our allegiance to Euripides. But the elaborate burlesques which have sometimes been in fashion, as Travesties of Homer or Virgil, Comic Grammars, Comic Histories of England, and the like, appear to us to be profane abominations, as hurtful to unformed minds as they are offensive to a cultivated taste. An undue indulgence in this tendency leads to a habit of morbid irreverence that breaks through all the barriers intended to repress its aberrations. On the other hand, when the frivolous puts on the mask of gravity, when dogmatism usurps the place of truth, when error or absurdity have gained a prescriptive ascendancy, the Burlesque may lawfully be called in to detect the imposture, and restore the influence of reason and good sense.

It has been sometimes said that the ancients were unacquainted with burlesque writing; but this is surely a mistake. They may have no poems entirely burlesque, for the *Battle of the Frogs and Mice*, if it is to be called ancient, belongs to the Mock Heroic, which is the opposite of the Burlesque,—the one consisting in the exaltation of the Little, while the other attempts to depreciate the Great. Yet the two extremes will sometimes meet; and it seems impossible to deny that the ancient comic writers, particularly Aristophanes and Lucian, exhibit many burlesque pictures and passages. The conduct and bearing of Bacchus in the play of the *Frogs* is a burlesque upon the character of Hercules, in his descent to the infernal regions; and many of the dialogues of Lucian are a burlesque upon the Pagan mythology and Heroic history. Homer himself has presented us with a burlesque sketch, when he makes the gods give way to inextinguishable laughter, at Vulcan's awkward efforts to hand round the nectar with the grace of a Ganymede.

The earliest modern masters of eminence in this school are confessedly Berni and Scarron; but although we recognise them as first in date, we cannot admit them to be foremost in excellence, when we think of the incomparable poem of Butler, who both saw so well the proper objects of his attack, and could direct the artillery of his ridicule with such unerring and overwhelming effect.

Our English literature, however, contains other admirable specimens of this style besides *Hudibras*; and indeed throughout its whole range burlesque compositions of an occasional character are constantly to be found. Whenever anything good is overdone or comes to be out of place and season, Momus is always ready to make game of the occasion. Wherever reverence ceases ridicule may begin.

The Rime of Sir Thopas, in the *Canterbury Tales*, is a burlesque on the narrative ballads of the day, with their endless detail of trifling particulars, and their stereotyped formulas of silly commonplace. But a truer specimen of this kind of caricature may be found in "The Tournament of Tottenham," which belongs apparently to the century after Chaucer, and is an excellent burlesque on those encounters of chivalry where Beauty presided and was the prize of Valour. The contest here has for its object the "wooing, winning, and wedding of Tib, the Reeve's daughter," and the combatants are the rustics of the neighbourhood, mounted on cart-horses, and fighting with flails. The versification is strongly alliterative, and resembles in a somewhat simplified form the metre with which we are familiar in the "Awntyrs of Arthur at the Terne Wathelyh," and other early English poems of the Round Table. The Tottenham Tournament must be well known to many of our readers, but as old things are beginning now to be forgotten, we venture to insert a verse or two of it, which we do in modern spelling.

After a holiday-gathering of country people at Tottenham, Perkyn the Potter openly asserts his pretensions to the hand of Tib, the daughter of Randolph, the reeve or bailiff of the manor. His claim is met by an indignant resistance on the part of some wealthier suitors, and Randolph, the father, then proclaims a tournament to be held for deciding the competition, while he announces at the same time the portion which his daughter will receive:—

"Then said Randolph the Reeve, "Ever be he "waryd,"
That about this carping longer would be tartied;
I would not my daughter, that "scho" were miscarried,
But at her most worship I would "scho" were married."

Therefore a tournament shall begin.
This day sevensnight,
With a flail for to fight,
And he that is most of might
Shall brook her with wyne."

"Whoso bears him best in the tournament,
Him shall be granted the gree by the common assent,
For to win my daughter with doughtiness of dint,
And Coppell my brood-hen that was brought out of Kent,
And my dunn'd cow;
For 20/ spence will I spare,
For no cattle will I care,
He shall have my grey mare
And my spotted sow."

A word here in passing on a philological point. "Coppell" seems to have become a common or conventional name for a domestic fowl, and it is so used in an old chap-book edition of *Reynard the Fox*, mentioned in Mr. Collier's recent book on *Early English Literature*, vol. ii. p. 241. It is the name there given to Chanticleer's daughter, who has been killed by Reynard; and whose epitaph runs thus:—

"Coppell lies here, stout Chanticleer's dear daughter:
Mourn thou that read'st, for wicked was her slaughter."

The name thus given was then either in vernacular use, or was taken from Caxton's translation of the Flemish forms of the poem of *Reynard*, which some consider as the most ancient of the whole. There the Cock's daughter is called Coppe or Coppen, while in the Low German version of 1498 her name is Krasseyot (Scratch-foot). Whether in Flemish or in English, the word *Coppell* or *Coppe* is derived from *cop*, a top or crest; and *coppell*, or the copped hen, is the same with our name of "tappit hen," which means in its literal sense a hen with a tuft, and in its figurative sense a still better thing. Tib's hen, it will be observed, was brought out of Kent, which is not far from the country of the Dorkings.

The week that intervened between the appointed day for the tournament is busily employed by the several combatants in "gauting their weed," and otherwise preparing for the contest; and the substitutes which they resort to for regular armour are amusingly described:—

"They sowed them in sheepskins for they should not breast:
Ik-one took a black hat instead of a prest;
A basket or a pannier before on their breast,
And a flail in their hand for to fight a prest."

Forth gan they fare :

There was 'kythed' mickle force,
Who should best fend his corse ;
He that had no good horse,
He gat him a mare."

The description of the lady who is to be at once the spectatress and the reward of the strife is given in very brilliant colours :—

"Such another gathering have I not seen oft,
When all the great company came 'ridand' to the croft ;
Tib on a grey mare was set up on loft
On a sack full of feathers, for 'scho' should sit soft,
And led to the gap.
For crying of the men
Further would not Tib then
Till 'scho' had her brood-hen
Set in her lap.

"A gay girdle Tib had on, borrowed for the 'nones,'
And a garland on her head full of round bones,
And a broach on her breast full of sapphire stones,
With the holy-rood token," etc.

The several competitors then put up their various vows for success, after the most approved fashion of knighthood, and the fight begins :—

"When they had their vows made, forth can they hie,
With flails and horns and trumps made of tree :
There were all the bachelors of that countree ;
They were dight in array, as themselves would be :
Their banners were full bright
Of an old rotten fell ;
The cheveron of a plough-mell ;
And the shadow of a bell
Quartered with the moon light.

"I wot it was no 'childer' game when they together met :
When ilka freke in the field on his fellow bet,
And laid on stiffly, for nothing would they let,
And fought ferly fast, till their horses swet,
And few words spoken.
There were flails all-to slattered,
There were shields all-to flattered,
Bowls and dishes all-to shattered,
And many heads broken.

"Perkin turned him about in that ilk thrang,
Among those weary boys he wrest and he wrang,
He throw them down to the earth, and thrust them amang,
When he saw Terry away with Tib fang,

And after him ran :
Off his horse he him drewgh,
And gave him of his flail enough.
' We te he,' quoth Tib, and leugh,
' Ye are a doughty man.'"

Perkin having won the day, the affair is suitably wound up. The wounded are carried off by their wives, sisters, or sweet-hearts ; the bridal is celebrated, and the bridal feast is attended by all the defeated combatants :—

" To that ilk feast came many for the nones ;
Some came hip-halt, and some tripping on the stones ;
Some a staff in his hand, and some two at once ;
Of some were the heads broken, of some the shoulder-bones ;
With sorrow came they thither :
Wo was Hawkyn, wo was Harry,
Wo was Tomkyn, wo was Terry,
And so was all the bachelary,
When they met together.

" At that feast they were served with a rich array,
Every five and five had a cokenay ;
And so they sate in jollity all the long day ;
And at the last they went to bed with full great deray ;
Mickle mirth was them among ;
In every corner of the house
Was melody delicious
For to hear precious
Of six men's song."

We cannot dismiss this excellent ballad without noticing the great affinity which its language exhibits to the Anglian forms of speech.

Coming down a little later, one suspects at first that Spenser is about to give us a burlesque in his *Shepherd's Calendar*, when he begins with those lines which Pope ridiculed so mischievously in his insidious paper in the *Guardian* :—

" H. Diggon Davie ! I bid her good day ;
Or Diggon her is, or I missay.
D. Her was her, whilst it was day-light ;
But now her is a most wretched wight."

On further perusal, however, we perceive that the poet's intention was merely to give the language, and paint the manners of rural life in their rudest simplicity, without any design to throw contempt upon them. On the other hand, we find in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* a most unequivocal and successful burlesque upon the high-flown tragedy of the times, as caricatured by the tedious, brief scene of young Pyramus, and his love Thisbe ; very tragical mirth.

The seventeenth century in England presented a new aspect of literature, where wit, in the sense of ridicule, and for purposes of personal and party satire, became peculiarly conspicuous. Milton, though a violent enough controversialist in prose, refused to prostitute his Muse to political polemics, and in darkness and obscurity brought forth those compositions of which it was no violent hyperbole to say that "the force of nature could no further go," than to unite in one last achievement all the beauty and majesty of former excellence. But on the side of Royalty there were other men of genius who successively appeared, and devoted their transcendent powers to the advancement of the public cause which they had espoused. Butler first, and Dryden after him, produced in *Hudibras* and in *Absalom and Achitophel* the two greatest political poems that were ever seen. Dryden's forte in satire lay in the mock-heroic style; while Butler was a consummate master of the burlesque, and has given a specimen of it that is not likely ever to have a rival. It is perhaps singular that while Butler's genius took this inferior range of wit, the controversies he had to deal with were of larger compass and more enduring interest than those which are the subjects of Dryden's loftier strains. The political questions at issue in Dryden's satire were more purely personal and temporary than those which occasioned the Civil Wars in the previous reign, although, of course, it was Butler's cue to present merely the ludicrous aspect of these, and to keep out of view the great points that were involved as to the limits of monarchical power and the claims of religious liberty. Dryden thought that Butler should have chosen the heroic measure; but he was here estimating another man's genius by his own; and it is plain that each of those great men understood his own powers best, and that neither would probably have succeeded had he invaded the other's province.

We do not propose here to swell our pages by a vague and general eulogium on Butler, or by extracting those passages from his poem which have been repeated time out of mind as specimens of his peculiarities. There is an opening even now, we think, for a careful examination of *Hudibras* in its different bearings, with reference not merely to the brilliant wit and talent displayed in it, and to the innumerable sources from which its erudition is derived, but also to the truth and wisdom which may be found in its sentiments, partial and one-sided as these may be, on the great political and ecclesiastical topics which are its theme. But an elaborate survey of this kind our limits do not permit us at present to attempt, and anything short of it would be idle and impertinent.

The next half-century presents us with similar contrasts,

though the subjects are less connected with political differences. Pope was every way the legitimate successor of Dryden ; but in the *Rape of the Lock* he surpassed anything that his master had done in the region of wit, and produced the most elegant and elaborate trifle that ever delighted society. Swift and Prior followed Butler in the lower walk of broad and easy merriment, and all but rivalled him as writers of burlesque.

It is to be regretted that so many of Swift's pieces possess but a local or limited interest, and that many of them are disfigured by that wretched misanthropy that seemed to find in garbage its natural food. His best things are admirable in their style, and models of ease and simplicity. Take as a specimen his *Bauris and Philemon*, where Ovid is so delightfully modernized with the most skilful expansion and improvement in those points that best admitted of it. The Latin original, which, although simple and homely in its description of the rustic couple, is never mean or undignified, dwells chiefly on the rural feast which is laid before the gods, while the conversion of their cottage into a temple is despatched in these few lines :—

“ *Illa vetus, dominis etiam casa parva duobus,
Vertitur in templum : furcas subiere columnæ ;
Stramina flavescent, aurataque tecta videntur,
Celatæque fores, adopertaque marmore tellus.*”

“ Their little shed, scarce large enough for two,
Seems from the ground in height and bulk to grow ;
A stately temple shoots within the skies,
The crotches of their cot in columns rise :
The pavement polished marble they behold,
The gates with sculpture graced, the spires and tiles of gold.”

Swift, in describing the conversion of the yeoman's house into a church, gives us a number of details of the most ingenious and ludicrous kind, expressed in the easiest verse and most natural language :—

“ They scarce had spoke, when fair and soft
The roof began to mount aloft :
Aloft rose every beam and rafter,
The heavy wall climbed slowly after.
The chimney widened and grown higher,
Became a steeple with a spire.
The kettle to the top was hoist,
And there stood fastened to a joist,
But with the upside down, to show
Its inclination for below :—
Doomed ever in suspense to dwell,
Tis now no kettle, but a bell.”

A wooden jack, which had almost
 Lost by disuse the art to roast,
 A sudden alteration feels,
 Increased by new intestine wheels.—
 The jack and chimney, near allied,
 Had never left each other's side ;
 The chimney to a steeple grown,
 The jack would not be left alone ;
 But up against the steeple reared,
 Became a clock and still adhered ;
 And still its love to household cares,
 By a shrill voice at noon declares,
 Warning the cook-maid not to burn
 The roast meat which it cannot turn.

The groaning chair began to crawl,
 Like a huge snail, along the wall ;
 There stuck aloft in public view,
 And with small change a pulpit grew.—

A bedstead of the antique mode,
 Compact of timber many a load,
 Such as our ancestors did use,
 Was metamorphosed into pews ;
 Which still their ancient nature keep
 By lodging folks disposed to sleep."

But the most remarkable specimen of the Burlesque of that period is to be found in Prior's *Alma*, a poem which in the last century was much admired and often quoted, but which is now, we suspect, so little known, that we feel justified in attempting an analysis of it, as a literary curiosity, and selecting and illustrating some of its best passages.

The absurdities and impertinences of science seem always to afford a fair subject of ridicule. From the time of the Margites, down to that of Martinus Scriblerus, the folly of those who pretend to know many things, and who know nothing well, has afforded a favourite employment for wit. Among the topics which may be thus handled, are some of those discussions where philosophers have attempted to dogmatize upon matters placed beyond the reach of our faculties, and on these we may be allowed to raise a laugh, so long as we keep clear of the more serious mysteries which involve the religious element. The questions formerly raised as to the seat of the Soul come under this description, looking at this part of our nature more as a vital and intelligent principle than as a spiritual and immortal element. The *Anima* or $\psi\chi\eta$ of Aristotle and the Schoolmen is not precisely what we call the Soul, or even the Mind, though the latter term approaches, perhaps, the nearest to the idea. The union of the Soul and Body, of Mind and Matter, is a subject

on which it was natural to speculate, and which involves inquiries of a high and solemn description. But, as treated by the Schoolmen, who affected to explain it with a minuteness of detail that was presumptuous and absurd, it became, in its lighter aspect, a legitimate occasion for laughter.

The doctrines of the early thinkers on this subject are referred to in a graver tone in the beautiful poem of Sir John Davies, on the Immortality of the Soul, dedicated to Queen Elizabeth, in 1592:—

- “ In judgment of her Substance thus they vary,
And vary thus in judgment of her Seat;
For some her Chair up to the Brain do carry,
Some sink it down into the Stomach's heat.
- “ Some place it in the root of life, the Heart;
Some in the Liver, fountain of the Veins;
Some say, *She's all in all, and all in every part*;
Some say, she's not contained, but all contains.”

The theory here adverted to, that the soul or mind is “all in all, and all in every part,” is generally ascribed to Aristotle, though we suspect it is rather the result which his commentators have drawn from his various works than any express proposition of his own. Though the phrase is pedantic and obscure, it seems to have a meaning and a truth somewhat to this effect,—that while the mental principle is universally diffused over the whole body, it is present in its totality of energy in every part of it.

The general notion that the brain was the “chair” of the soul, was afterwards carried out by Descartes in a more minute way, by assigning to her the Pineal Gland as her special throne or palace, from which, by means of the nerves and the (supposed) animal spirits, she kept up a telegraphic communication with the more distant parts of the body, receiving messages from the different senses, and sending out her instructions to the several organs of motion. This idea was promulgated by Descartes in his later works, and in particular in his *Treatise on the Passions*, and *On Human Nature*, which were widely diffused after his death in 1650. For a time the Cartesian system generally carried everything before it, and Aristotle seemed going to the wall—a result not a little due to the consummate prudence with which Descartes had been guided in his language as to questions affecting theology and the Church. But shortly after his death a reaction took place, partly owing to the alarming lengths to which his professed disciple, Spinoza, seemed to carry out his principles, and partly from a suspicion which gained ground that the metaphysics of

Aristotle were at bottom more favourable than those of Descartes to the Catholic doctrine of transubstantiation. The tide accordingly turned, and the doctrines and disciples of Descartes came to be denounced in France, as well as at Rome, as heretical and dangerous. It seems to be thought that the Parliament of Paris, on the application of the University, or of the College of the Sorbonne, were about to issue a deliverance to the same effect, and were only hindered from doing so by a burlesque sentence which Boileau, in 1671, circulated on the subject, to show the absurdity of such interference. This very clever *jeu d'esprit*, of which, however, we are obliged to speak merely from recollection, as we have not a copy within reach, affects to be an *Injunction* or Interdict by the Supreme Court of France, under an application presented on behalf of Aristotle of Stagira and other ancients, complaining that their doctrines, though so long recognised and established, had been suddenly dispossessed of their rightful influence and authority, and that various new notions had violently usurped their place, in reference to the most important subjects of a physical and metaphysical nature. It is therefore ordered that these novelties shall be discontinued, and that all the old views and practices shall be resumed; that the earth shall no longer presume to revolve on her axis, or go round the sun according to the Copernican opinion; nor the blood to circulate in the body, as promulgated by Harvey; further, that sick persons shall be treated exclusively according to the old rules of medicine, and that any patients who may have been cured by the new methods shall be held as if they had not been cured, but shall be subjected to the proper orthodox remedies, as if they were still sick; and, finally, all persons whatsoever are prohibited and discharged from believing or receiving, or thinking or acting, according to any other philosophical system than that of Aristotle and his followers, or from molesting and disturbing those parties in their possession of public authority in time to come.

While this controversy was at its height, a story is told of a country curé in France who had four mastiffs, one called Aristotle and another Descartes, having each another dog attached to him as his disciple. The animals were trained up so that each pair had a fierce animosity against the other; but when brought out to fight they were taught to begin at first by barking alternately in a moderate tone, and in the form of a dialogue, as if they were carrying on a disputation. By degrees the discussion became louder and more violent, till at last the two philosophers and their respective pupils rushed together with the utmost ferocity, and were only prevented from worrying each other to death by the interference of their master,

who used to assemble his friends to witness these encounters, as affording a vivid picture of the virulent contests then raging among human disputants.

In England, among those who thought of such things, Descartes was not yet exploded in the beginning of the eighteenth century, and in particular the theory of the Pineal Gland was then almost a popular belief. In his dream of the dissection of a beau's head, Addison tells us what he there saw: "The pineal gland, which many of our modern philosophers suppose to be the seat of the soul, smelt very strong of essence and orange-flower water, and was compassed with a kind of horny substance cut into a thousand little faces or mirrors, which were imperceptible to the naked eye, insomuch that the soul, if there had been any here, must have been always taken up in contemplating her own beauties."

It was at this time that Prior wrote the very witty and clever poem which it is the chief object of this article to notice. It was composed by him about the year 1717 to cheer the tedium of a close confinement to which he was subjected, for a supposed complicity in the treasonable plans imputed to his friend Lord Oxford, and the other Tories.

ALMA is a romance form of the Latin *anima*, and French *âme*, and the idea of the poem is to ridicule the speculations we have referred to as to the seat of the soul, by propounding a new and ludicrous theory on the subject. The plan is carried out in an imaginary conversation between Prior and his friend Mr. Shelton, under the names of Matthew and Richard. Matthew begins with an account of the existing doctrines, and first of the Aristotelian view:—

"Alma in verse, in prose the Mind,
By Aristotle's pen defined,
Throughout the body, squat or tall,
Is *bona fide* all in all.
And yet, slap-dash, is all again
In every sinew, nerve, and vein;
Runs here and there like Hamlet's ghost,
While everywhere she rules the roast.—
This system, Richard, we are told,
The men of Oxford firmly hold."

"The Cambridge wits, you know, deny
With *ipse dixit* to comply.
Alma, they strenuously maintain,
Sits cock-horse on her throne, the brain;
And from that seat of thought dispenses
Her sovereign pleasure to the senses."

After some amusing illustrations of these conflicting views, Matthew declares his desire to propose a *via media* between the two :—

“ Now to bring things to fair conclusion
And save much Christian ink’s effusion,
Let me propose a healing scheme,
And sail along the middle stream.
For, Dick, if we could reconcile
Old Aristotle with Gassendus,
How many would admire our toil ?
And yet how few would comprehend us ! ”

Matthew then announces his theory thus :—

“ My simple system shall suppose
That Alma enters at the toes ;
That then she mounts by just degrees
Up to the ankles, legs, and knees ;
Next, as the sap of life does rise,
She lends her vigour to the thighs ;
And all these under-regions past
She nestles somewhere near the waist ;
Gives pain or pleasure, grief or laughter,
As we shall show at large hereafter.
Mature, if not improved, by time,
Up to the heart she loves to climb ;
From thence, compelled by craft or rage,
She makes the head her latest stage.”
“ From the feet upward to the head ;
Pithy and short,” says Dick,—“ Proceed.”

The first indications of Alma’s presence are shown in the early activity of the infant at the lower extremities :—

“ Hence long before the child can crawl,
He learns to kick and wince and sprawl ;
To hinder which your midwife knows
To bind those parts extremely close ;
Lest Alma, newly entered in,
And stunned at her own christening’s din,
Fearful of future grief and pain,
Should silently sneak out again.”

As Alma ascends, the whole limbs become active :—

“ Now mark, dear Richard, from the age
That children tread this worldly stage,
Broom, staff, or poker they bestride,
And round the parlour love to ride ;
Till thoughtful father’s pious care
Provides his brood, next Smithfield fair,

With supplemental hobby-horses ;
And happy be their infant courses !
Hence for some years they'll ne'er stand still ;
Their legs, you see, direct their will.
From opening morn till setting sun
Around the fields and woods they run."

In process of time Alma rises to the central regions of the system, from which the affections are supposed to be developed. Richard struggles hard for the old belief that love is situated in the heart or liver, and refers to the traditions of the poets on that subject, both Classical and English ; but Matthew maintains that the heart and liver have other things to do, and that the poets only speak of those organs for the sake of the metre :—

" *Jecur* they burn, and *Cor* they pierce,
As either best supplies their verse ;
And if folks ask the reason for 't,
Say, one was long, and t'other short.—
If Cupid throws a single dart,
We make him wound the lover's *heart* :
But if he takes his bow and quiver,
'Tis sure, he must tranfix the *liver*.
For rhyme with reason may dispense,
And sound has right to govern sense.

Anatomists can make it clear,
The liver minds his own affair :—
Still lays some useful bile aside
To tinge the chyle's insipid tide.—
Now gall is bitter with a witness,
And love is all delight and sweetness.
And he, methinks, is no great scholar
Who can mistake desire for choler.

The like may of the heart be said :
Courage and terror there are bred.—
Now, if 'tis chiefly in the heart
That courage does itself exert,
'Twill be prodigious hard to prove
That this is eke the throne of love.
These notions then I think but idle,
And love shall still possess the middle."

Advancing life gradually brings an abatement of the more youthful passions, and a few years of chequered courtship, or of matrimonial loves and quarrels, produce a season of indifference.

" Leaving the endless altercation,
The mind affects a higher station."

Of this apathetic condition Prior gives us an apt example in the story of a Thracian king who lived in the time of the Trojan war:—

“Poltis, that gen’rous king of Thrace,
I think, was in this very case.
All Asia now was by the ears,
And gods beat up for volunteers
To Greece and Troy; whilst Poltis sat
In quiet, governing his state.
And whence, said this pacific king,
Does all this noise and discord spring?
Why, Paris took Atrides’ wife—
With ease, I could compose this strife.
The injured hero should not lose,
Nor the young lover want a spouse.
But Helen changed her first condition,
Without her husband’s just permission.
What from the dame can Paris hope?
She may as well from him elope.
Again, how can her old goodman
With honour take her back again?
From hence I logically gather,
The woman cannot live with either.
Now, I have two right honest wives,
For whose possession no man strives:
One to Atrides I will send;
And t’other to my Trojan friend.
Each prince shall thus with honour have
What both so warmly seem to crave!
The wrath of gods and men shall cease,
And Poltis live and die in peace.

Dick, if this story pleaseth thee,
Pray, thank Dan Pope, who told it me.”

It is curious how little is known of this Poltis, whose name we have not found in the ordinary biographical dictionaries, nor have we come upon any other trace of him than a short notice among the common collections of Greek Apophthegms, where the hint of this story is given, which Pope and Prior have so much improved. It is lucky for the world that the scheme for pacification thus proposed by Poltis, or Poltys (as the name should rather be spelt), was not adopted; for if it had been, we should not have possessed either the *Iliad* or the *Odyssey*.

Matthew now diverges into some incidental discussions as to the propensity of Alma to animate different limbs simultaneously, whether connected by proximity or by sympathy. He inculcates also the doctrine that Alma is mechanically influenced

by the preponderance of inducements in the resolutions she adopts. He argues

“ That Alma merely is a scale ;
And motives, like the weights, prevail.
If neither side turn down or up,
With loss or gain, with fear or hope,
The balance always would hang even,
Like Mah'met's tomb 'twixt earth and heaven.”

A particular illustration is then given, analogous to the well-known problem of Buridan's ass, that scholastic animal which was supposed to be placed in a state of equipoise between a bundle of hay and a bucket of water, when it was both hungry and thirsty :—

“ This, Richard, is a curious case :
Suppose your eyes sent equal rays
Upon two distant pots of ale,
Not knowing which was mild or stale ;
In this sad state your doubtful choice
Would never have the casting voice :
Which best or worst you could not think,
And die you must for want of drink ;
Unless some chance inclines your sight,
Setting one pot in fairer light ;
Then you prefer or A, or B,
As lines and angles best agree :
Your sense resolved impels your will ;
She guides your hand,—so drink your fill.”

Alma has a tendency to fasten on some peculiar member, and thus create a ruling passion. The unhappiness of its taking the direction of the *tongue* is particularly descanted on :—

“ Again, if with the female sex
Alma should on this member fix,
(A cruel and a desperate case
From which Heaven shield my lovely lass !)
For evermore all care is vain
That would bring Alma down again — ,
You know a certain lady, Dick,
Who saw me when I last was sick,
She kindly talk'd, at least three hours,
Of plastic forms and mental powers :
Described our pre-existing station,
Before this vile terrene creation :
And, lest I should be weary'd, Madam,
To cut things short, came down to Adam ;
From whence as fast as she was able
She drowns the world, and builds up Babel :

Thro' Syria, Persia, Greece, she goes ;
And takes the Romans in the close."

The movements of Alma are influenced also by national manners and customs in dress, in personal appearance, and in education :—

"In Britain's isles, as Heylin notes,
The ladies trip in petticoats,
Which, for the honour of their nation,
They quit but on some great occasion.
Men there in breeches clad you view :
They claim that garment as their due.
In Turkey the reverse appears ;
Long coats the haughty husband wears :
And greets his wife with angry speeches
If she be seen without her breeches.—

"Now turn we to the farthest east,
And there observe the gentry drest ;
Prince Giolo, and his royal sisters,
Scarr'd with ten thousand comely blisters :
The marks remaining on the skin,
To tell the quality within.
Distinguish'd slashes deck the great :
As each excels in birth or state,
His oylet-holes are more, and ampler :
The king's own body was a sampler.
Happy the climate where the beau
Wears the same suit for use and show :
And at a small expense your wife,
If once well pink'd, is cloath'd for life.—

"I mention'd diff'rent ways of breeding :
Begin we in our children's reading.
To master John the English maid
A horn-book gives of gingerbread :
And that the child may learn the better,
As he can name, he eats the letter.
Proceeding thus with vast delight,
He spells, and gnaws, from left to right.
But show a Hebrew's hopeful son,
Where we suppose the book begun,
The child would thank you for your kindness,
And read quite backward from our *Finis*.
Devour he learning ne'er so fast,
Great A would be reserved the last."

The later progress and proceedings of Alma are thus described :—

"When Alma now, in different ages,
Has finish'd her ascending stages ;

Into the head at length she gets,
 And there in public grandeur sits,
 To judge of things and censure wits.
 Here, Richard, how could I explain
 The various labyrinths of the brain !
 Surprise my readers, whilst I tell 'em
 Of cerebrum and cerebellum !
 How could I play the commentator
 On dura and on pia mater !
 Where hot and cold, and dry and wet,
 Strive each the other's place to get ;
 And with incessant toil and strife,
 Would keep possession during life.
 I could demonstrate every pore,
 Where memory lays up all her store ;
 And to an inch compute the station
 'Twixt judgment and imagination :
 O friend ! I could display much learning,
 At least to men of small discerning.
 The brain contains ten thousand cells :
 In each some active fancy dwells ;
 Which always is at work, and framing
 The several follies I was naming.
 As in a hive's vimineous dome
 Ten thousand bees enjoy their home ;
 Each does her studious actions vary,
 To go and come, to fetch and carry ;
 Each still renews her little labour,
 Nor justles her assiduous neighbour."

Alma, when she has reached the head, is subject to an entirely new class of feelings. The reign of passion being over, Avarice becomes predominant as the desire of appropriation survives the power of enjoyment. Locomotive energy having ceased, Alma lives in the recollection of the past, or is content with any trifle that comes to afford present amusement :—

" A print, a bronze, a flower, a root,
 A shell, a butterfly, can do 't ;
 Even a romance, a tune, a rhyme,
 Help thee to pass the tedious time."

These, too, however, lose at last their power, and Alma approaches her end :—

" Wearied of being high or great,
 And nodding in her chair of state,—
 She finds, poor thing, some little crack,
 Which Nature, forced by time, must make,
 Through which she wings her destined way ;
 Upward she soars ; and down drops clay :

While some surviving friend supplies
Hic jacet, and a hundred lies."

The picture and reflections that follow are in Prior's best style of easy elegance :—

" O Richard, till that day appears,
 Which must decide our hopes and fears,
 Would fortune calm her present rage,
 And give us playthings for our age ;
 Would Clotho wash her hands in milk
 And twist our thread with gold and silk ;
 Would she, in friendship, peace, and plenty
 Spin out our years to four times twenty ;
 And should we both in this condition
 Have conquer'd love, and worse ambition ;
 (Else those two passions by the way
 May chance to show us scurvy play ;)
 Then, Richard, then should we sit down,
 Far from the tumult of this town ;
 I fond of my well-chosen seat,
 My pictures, medals, books complete.
 Or, should we mix our friendly talk
 O'ershaded in that favourite walk,
 Which thy own hand had whilom planted,
 Both pleased with all we thought we wanted,
 Yet then, ev'n then, one cross reflection
 Would spoil thy grove and my collection :
 Thy son, and his, ere that may die,
 And Time some uncouth heir supply,
 Who shall for nothing else be known
 But spoiling all that thou hast done.
Who set the twigs, shall he remember
That is in haste to sell the timber ?
And what shall of thy woods remain,
Except the box that threw the main ? "

The full development of Mat's system does not proceed all this time without strenuous opposition from his companion, who tries in the middle of the discussion to set up the rival theory that the seat of the soul is the stomach :—

" I say, whatever you maintain
 Of Alma in the heart or brain ;
 The plainest man alive may tell ye,
 Her seat of empire is the belly :
 From hence she sends out those supplies,
 Which make us either stout or wise ;
 The strength of every other member,
 Is founded on your belly-timber ;

The qualms or ruptures of your blood
Rise in proportion to your food ;
And if you would improve your thought
You must be fed as well as taught."

The doctrine is sought to be illustrated by the effect of different kinds of diet on national character :—

" Observe the various operations
Of food and drink in several nations.
Was ever Tartar fierce or cruel
Upon the strength of water-gruel ?
But who shall stand his rage and force
If first he rides, then eats his horse ?
Salads and eggs, and lighter fare
Tune the Italian spark's guitar.
And, if I take Dan Congreve right,
Pudding and beef make Britons fight."

Richard, in following out the same view, compares the human frame to a complicated clock, where besides the " horal orbit " that tells the time of day, there are a number of " added movements " showing the day of the month, the moon's age, and other particulars, all of which, however, depend on the main-spring :—

" So, if unprejudiced you scan
The goings of this clock-work, man,
You find a hundred movements made
By fine devices in his head ;
But 'tis the stomach's solid stroke
That tells his being, what's o'clock.
If you take off his rhetoric trigger,
He talks no more in mode and figure :
Or, clog his mathematic wheel,
His buildings fall, his ship stands still ;
Or, lastly, break his politic weight,
His voice no longer rules the state.
Yet, if these finer whims were gone,
Your clock, though plain, would still go on ;
But spoil the engine of digestion,
And you entirely change the question.
Alma's affairs no power can mend ;
The jest, alas ! is at an end :
Soon ceases all this worldly bustle ;
And you consign the corpse to Russell." ¹

The argument ends, as usual, in neither party being convinced by his opponent ; but Dick finally cuts the knot by declaring that no theory deserves to be adopted that does not add to one's

¹ A celebrated undertaker of funerals. He is mentioned by Dr. Garth in *The Dispensary*, Canto iii.

comfort, and that good humour and good fellowship are the best philosophy:—

“ Sir, if it be your wisdom’s aim
 To make me merrier than I am;
 I’ll be all night at your devotion—
 Come on, friend; broach the pleasing notion;
 But, if you would depress my thought,
 Your system is not worth a groat.
 For Plato’s fancies what care I?
 I hope you would not have me die,
 Like simple Cato, in the play,
 For anything that he can say?
 Ev’n let him of ideas speak
 To heathens in his native Greek.
 If to be sad is to be wise,
 I do most heartily despise
 Whatever Socrates has said,
 Or Tully writ, or Wanley¹ read.
 Dear Drift,² to set our matters right,
 Remove these papers from my sight;
 Burn Mat’s Des-cart and Aristotle:
 Here! Jonathan, your master’s bottle.”

Such is an outline of that poem, of which Pope is said to have declared it was the only one he knew that he would like to have written.

An elaborate translation of Prior’s *Alma* in Latin verse was published in 1763 by Thomas Martin, Master of the Grammar School in Warminster, Wilts; but it has not sufficient merit to justify quotation.

The inquiry as to the Seat of the Soul is now obsolete. The rise and prevalence of the Ideal Philosophy tended to extinguish such a speculation, and the opposite doctrine of Materialism was equally fatal to it. No question of that kind can be entertained, unless we believe both that there is a Soul that can have a seat, and a Body in which that seat can be located. But even those who hold, with a firm persuasion, that there is *Something* we can call spiritual, and *Something else* we can call corporeal, are now satisfied that the *how* and *whereabouts* of their contact and connexion lie beyond our powers of discovery. Important and increasing light has been thrown upon the operations of different portions of the nervous system, but by what link the two distinct and separable elements are united, and in what way they act and react upon each other, is still as great a mystery as ever, and is likely to remain so, until “the Great Teacher Death” shall remove the veil from our eyes.

¹ Humphrey Wanley, librarian to the Earl of Oxford.

² Mr. Prior’s secretary and executor.

ART. III.—*History of Friedrich II. of Prussia, called Frederick the Great.* By THOMAS CARLYLE. 6 vols. London: Chapman and Hall. 1864.

MR. CARLYLE'S *History of the French Revolution*, published twenty-eight years ago, ended with the following passage:—

"And so here, O reader, has the time come for us two to part. Toilsome was our journeying together; not without offence; but it is done. To me thou wert as a beloved shade, the disembodied or not yet embodied spirit of a Brother. To thee I was but as a Voice. Yet was our relation a kind of sacred one; doubt not that! For whatsoever once sacred things become hollow jargons, yet while the voice of man speaks with man, hast thou not there the living fountain out of which all sacrednesses sprang, and will yet spring? Man, by the nature of him, is definable 'as an incarnated word.' Ill stands it with me if I have spoken falsely: thine also it was to hear truly. Farewell."

The *History of Frederic* closes with a very different leave-taking:—

"I define him to myself as hitherto the Last of the Kings;—when the Next will be, is a very long question! But it seems to me as if Nations, probably all Nations, by and by, in their despair,—blinded, swallowed like Jonah, in such a whale's-belly of things brutish, waste, abominable (for is not Anarchy, or the Rule of what is Baser over what is Nobler, the one life's misery worth complaining of, and, in fact, the abomination of abominations, springing from and producing all others whatsoever?)—as if the Nations universally, and England too if it hold on, may more and more bethink themselves of such a Man and his Function and Performance, with feelings far other than are possible at present. Meanwhile, all I had to say of him is finished: that too, it seems, was a bit of work appointed to be done. Adieu, good readers; bad, also, adieu."

In the tone and spirit of these two passages we seem to discern clear marks of a change which has taken place in Mr. Carlyle; a change not for the better. He has grown hardened in self-confidence; a grim yet not unkindly humour has given place to savage intolerance; the deep and warm sympathies which ever and again relieved his sternest moods of indignation have sunk out of sight, and there remains a cheerless uniformity of harshness and contempt,—forgotten only when some of the strange favourites of his wayward fancy step upon the scene. It is hardly too much to say that he appears to have lost what was once his leading characteristic—a genuine insight into what is really noble in human action, and exalted in human character.

Worst of all is that, in the theme Mr. Carlyle has here chosen, these unhappy tendencies will have peculiar power to work mischief. Except religion, there is no subject on which the people of this country think so much as politics; and it is a subject on which, fortunately for them, though greatly to Mr. Carlyle's disgust, their thoughts can be carried out into action. It is plainly, then, a matter of no small moment that they should think rightly on political questions; and Mr. Carlyle has here done all in his power to make them think wrongly. In his life of Sterling he treated the religious beliefs of his countrymen in a manner that even a critic so favourable as Mr. Brimley was forced to condemn as "wholly unjustifiable;" and now he is doing all he can to upset their political creed. We shall hardly be suspected of affectation when we say that to mark Mr. Carlyle's errors is not a grateful task. It is difficult to do so without misgiving; it is impossible to do so without regret; it is hopeless to do so without incurring the charge of presumption. Yet Mr. Carlyle is not a writer whose errors, if they be such, should be passed in silence. A man of genius preaching a morality at once pretentious and unsound, is the most dangerous of all teachers. And he is never more dangerous than when he teaches by means of history. Such diatribes as the *Latter-Day Pamphlets* carried with them their own refutation. The subjects were familiar, and the fallacies were therefore powerless. But it is a very different matter when an unrivalled knowledge of a past time is devoted to the work of setting the present in a false light. And this is what Mr. Carlyle has done. He is never weary of driving home the moral of his tale, which is simply the manifold inferiority of his own country and time. Now it is no light thing that historical facts should be distorted in order that false opinions may be inculcated; that some chosen period or some favourite hero should be painted in colours unduly bright, in order that the days we live in may appear more gloomy, and the men who rule us more incapable; in a word, that erroneous convictions should be fostered and groundless discontent awakened. Mr. Carlyle, in *Past and Present*, sketched a lordly abbot of the middle ages, whose munificence might contrast with the cold charities of the nineteenth century; he now brings Frederic before us in beautiful and commanding proportions, which may dwarf into insignificance the puny rulers of the present day. In both instances the representations are unreal and the contrast misleading; nor would it be a useless service to convince any reader that the morality in which he has been taught to believe is not a dream, that the age in which he is fated to live is not corrupt and effete, that the

country to which he belongs is not utterly degraded or hopelessly ruined.

We do not propose, in these pages, to give any continuous sketch of the events of Frederic's life. That has been already done by many reviewers, and the book itself has been widely read, at least those parts of it which bear directly on Frederic's career. Our concern is rather with Mr. Carlyle than with his hero; more with the causes and the political results of Frederic's wars than with the details of the wars themselves. For, as it seems to us, the great interest of this book lies in the fact that it is the final and complete development of Mr. Carlyle's views,—the latest exposition of the doctrine of hero-worship. What manner of man then is the chosen hero, according to this doctrine in its perfection? To what form of government does it lead us? And what effects does it tend to produce on the history of a nation? If we can catch any glimpse of a satisfactory answer to these questions, we may be able to appreciate the political value of the doctrine itself.

Beyond doubt, Mr. Carlyle has chosen a theme well suited to a full and clear illustration of his theory, both as regards the character of his hero, and of the period in which he lived. The eighteenth century Mr. Carlyle knows thoroughly, and does not in the least admire. It is, in his eyes, "a disastrous, wrecked inanity, not useful to dwell upon." It was "opulent in accumulated falsities," had, indeed, grown so false as to have lost the consciousness of being false, was "steeped in falsity, and impregnated with it to the very bone." Some critics have resented such sweeping condemnation, and have stood up for this so much abused century. They maintain that it must have had something good in it, because much good came after it; and then they run over the great names of which it can boast in literature, statesmanship, and war; and ask if a tree altogether bad could bring forth such fruit? Neither argument is very conclusive. The former is an old and well-worn fallacy; and as for the latter, it proves nothing at all. The truth is that, as Mr. Carlyle puts it, during the eighteenth century, and especially the latter part of it, the whole fabric of society was unsound and decaying. Many of the men whose names are quoted as the ornaments of the time gained their greatest fame by their efforts to pull that fabric down. The ruling classes were not only corrupt, but were in a position utterly unreal, and impossible to be maintained. That they were blind to this, and went fiddling and dancing to destruction, illustrates more plainly than anything else what Mr. Carlyle calls "the falsity" of the time. Under them, indeed, influences were gathering, and forces were rising which they recked not of,—here to gain

a calm success, there to burst forth in storm ; but these things belong, not to the life of the eighteenth century, but to its destruction. No ; the latter half of that century was artificial, unreal, undignified,—the only thing grand about it was the Revolution in which it closed. And it is precisely because of these characteristics that it forms a background against which heroism, or the semblance of it, stands out in strong relief.

Many points, too, in Frederic's character become almost heroic from contrast with the weakness and meanness of his epoch. He was eminently clear, direct, resolute, and largely endowed with "veracity," in the Carlylian sense of the word ; that is, the faculty of seeing things as they really are, a faculty by no means to be confounded with the more vulgar virtue of telling the truth. On the other hand, his bad qualities bring out the doctrine of hero-worship in its full force. In judging of characters like Mohammed and Cromwell, whose thoughts were other than the thoughts of common men, we are easily led into a feeling of vague reverence, seeing much that we cannot comprehend, and would not hastily condemn. But Frederic's was no such mixed character. All his faults, his selfishness, his tyranny, his faithlessness, are quite apparent ; and therefore we say that Mr. Carlyle has at last chosen a hero whose character is well calculated to bring out the weakness as well as the strength of the gospel of hero-worship. Which of the two it brings out more completely we shall hereafter see.

Of the literary merits of the *Life of Frederic* widely different opinions will be entertained. Of course, like all the works of Mr. Carlyle, it bears unmistakably the stamp of genius. Laborious research, no uncertain mark of genius, is apparent on every page. Certainly Mr. Carlyle does not hide this light under a bushel. He is for ever bewailing his mighty toils, as if he were another Hercules, and glorifying his persevering industry. On one point connected with Frederic's public life we should have liked greater fulness of detail,—we mean what Mr. Carlyle calls "hypothetic diplomatic stuff." We have several sketches, always wonderfully graphic ; of diplomatic interviews ; but we sadly want definite accounts of the exact nature of the negotiations carried on, and of the treaties actually concluded. But Mr. Carlyle avoids these things, not from laziness, but from distaste. His soul abhors the intricacies of diplomacy, and he has little sympathy with those who do not share this abhorrence. He directs divers sneers, not always in the best taste, against "ingenious Herr Professor Ranke," whose history of Frederic, we are told, "affords mankind a wondrously distilled '*astral spirit*,' a ghost-like facsimile (elegant grey

ghost, with stars dim twinkling through), of Frederic's and other people's diplomatizings in this world." A man like Ranke deserved more respectful mention. His researches have thrown a light on Frederic's policy and career which we suspect Mr. Carlyle would have more highly appreciated, had it not been for the fact that the more this hero's diplomacy is investigated, and the more his treaties are studied, the less apparent will become the "moderation and veracity" ascribed to him by his English biographer. And while we are on this subject, we must say, once for all, that Mr. Carlyle expresses his contempt for the Prussian "*Dryasdust*,"—including in this borrowed phrase such men as Preuss and Ranke,—in terms which are quite unbecoming. The Prussian *Dryasdust* may be tedious, and much in want of an index, as well as of things more important; but surely he is laborious and accurate, and, so far as facts are concerned, makes rough places smooth for those who follow after him in a manner which deserves thankful acknowledgment rather than rude and scornful abuse. Even "ghost-like facsimiles" are something to have ready made to one's hand.

But if some students might desire fuller information regarding great treaties, none can wish for anything more regarding the fighting which is too often the result of treaties. All Frederic's battles are set forth with surprising lucidity, and in the most minute detail. Even without the accompanying plans, the careful reader can, from the verbal description, take in the lie of the ground, can comprehend the general plan of the action, and can see how each formation and manœuvre bears upon that plan. Minute as Mr. Carlyle sometimes is, he never descends to the details which make Mr. Kinglake's battle of the Alma at once tedious, confused, and ridiculous. On the whole, so far as we can judge, he does not exhibit the power of seizing upon and vividly representing the essence, as it were, of an action which was possessed in so remarkable a degree by Sir William Napier; but some of his battle-pieces, as Prague, Dettingen, Fontenoy, seem to us not unworthy of the historian of the Peninsular war.

We have said that Mr. Carlyle's research is visible on every page of his book. In no way is it more pleasantly visible than when he brings up from the great stores of his knowledge some lively anecdote or familiar allusion which serves to cheer the reader during his long, and sometimes weary journeying. We catch bright glimpses into the domestic life of the Prussian Princesses; bitterly sarcastic pictures of the follies of the French Court awake our scorn and laughter; grimly humorous, but yet indulgent sketches of the Court of St. Petersburg, in the days

of Peter the Great, of *infâme* Catin, and of the more notorious Catherine II., excite we hardly know what various emotions, but among them certainly that of amusement. Some of these Court-scenes, for example such as illustrate the life and conversation of Peter the Great, or of Augustus the Strong, are hardly suited for quotation; but we cannot resist giving the following sketch of the great Czarina and her husband:—

“Catharine too had an intricate time of it under the Catin; which was consoled to her only by a tolerably rapid succession of lovers, the best the ground yielded. . . . In fine, there has been published, in these very years, a *Fragment* of early *Autobiography* by Catharine herself,—a credible and highly remarkable little Piece; worth all the others, if it is knowledge of Catharine you are seeking. A most placid, solid, substantial young Lady comes to light there; dropped into such an element as might have driven most people mad. But it did not her; it only made her wiser and wiser in her generation. Element black, hideous, dirty, as Lapland Sorcery;—in which the first clear duty is to hold one's tongue well, and keep one's eyes open. Stars,—not very heavenly, but of fixed nature, and heavenly to Catharine,—a star or two, shine through the abominable murk: Steady, patient; steer silently, in all weathers, towards these!

“Young Catharine's immovable equanimity in this distracted environment strikes us very much. Peter is careering, tumbling about, on all manner of absurd broomsticks, driven too surely by the Devil; terrific-absurd big Lapland Witch, surrounded by multitudes smaller, and some of them less ugly. Will be Czar of Russia, however;—and is one's so-called Husband. These are prospects for an observant, immovably steady-going young Woman! The reigning Czarina, old *Catin* herself, is silently the Olympian Jove to Catharine, who reveres her very much. Though articulately stupid as ever, in this Book of Catharine's, she comes out with a dumb weight, of silence, of obstinacy, of intricate abrupt rigour, which—who knows but it may savour of dumb unconscious wisdom in the fat old blockhead? The Book says little of her, and in the way of criticism, of praise, or of blame, nothing whatever; but one gains the notion of some dark human female object, bigger than one had fancied it before.

“Catharine steered towards her stars. Lovers were vouchsafed her, of a kind (her small stars, as we may call them); and, at length, through perilous intricacies, the big star, Autocracy of all the Russias, —through what horrors of intricacy, that last! She had hoped always it would be by Husband Peter that she, with the deeper steady head, would be Autocrat: but the intricacies kept increasing, grew at last to the strangling pitch; and it came to be, between Peter and her, ‘Either you to Siberia (perhaps *farther*), or else I!’ And it was Peter that had to go;—in what hideous way is well enough known; no Siberia, no Holstein thought to be far enough for Peter:—And Catharine, merely weeping a little for him, mounted to the Autocracy herself. And then, the big star of stars being once hers, she had, not

in the lover kind alone, but in all uncelestial kinds, whole *nebulae* and milky-ways of small stars. A very *Semiramis*, or the *Louis-Quatorze* of those Northern Parts. 'Second Creatress of Russia,' second Peter the Great in a sense. To me none of the loveliest objects; yet there are uglier, how infinitely uglier: object grandiose, if not great."—(Vol. vi. pp. 248-9.)

The wretched Peter is disposed of in a few inimitable sentences—

"Peter is an abstruse creature; has lived, all this while, with his Catharine an abstruse life, which would have gone altogether mad except for Catharine's superior sense. An awkward, ardent, but helpless kind of Peter, with vehement desires, with a dash of wild magnanimity even: but in such an inextricable element, amid such darkness, such provocations of unmanageable opulence, such impediments, imaginary and real,—dreadfully real to poor Peter,—as made him the unique of mankind in his time. He 'used to drill cats,' it is said, and to do the maddest-looking things (in his late buried-alive condition);—and fell partly, never quite, which was wonderful, into drinking, as the solution of his inextricabilities. Poor Peter: always, and now more than ever, the cynosure of vulturous vulpine neighbours, withal; which infinitely aggravated his otherwise bad case!"—(Vol. vi. p. 256.)

Bankrupt, chaotic, opulent in falsities, and above all, miserably wanting in the kingly element, as the eighteenth century undoubtedly was, there were yet a few statesmen and soldiers in Prussia, and even in other countries, whose occasional presence gives life and dignity to the record. Walpole and Fleury, unable to avert the coming evil, not brave enough to avoid the guilt of participating in a policy they disapproved by a voluntary relinquishment of power, are nevertheless forced to give place to more fiery spirits. Kaunitz, hailed in his own day as the greatest of diplomatists, with his rides under glass cover, and his rash dinners on boiled capons—"a most high-sniffing, fantastic, slightly insolent shadow-king;" Belleisle, vain, unprincipled, blustering, yet likeable in a way, as the last of the grand old Frenchmen; "Fiery" Loudon, and "Cunctator" Daun; the two Keiths, "active" Prince Henry,—every man indeed of that stern band of warriors who surrounded Frederic—all these are brought before us living and moving, not a trait forgotten which can give individuality to the character. Even men long familiar to us we learn to know better than before: Chatham again lives to "bid England be of good cheer and hurl defiance at her foes;" Wolfe, greatly daring, is borne by the midnight flow of the St. Lawrence to the scene of his glory and his death; Montcalm, prophetic as his end draws near, foretells the revolt of America and the humiliation of England.

But not only from Courts and armies does Mr. Carlyle gather that personal element which gives so much interest to his History. Many of the great names in literature light up the page, and cheer the reader, if but for a moment, with a pleasant effect of contrast. They are introduced for all sorts of reasons—often for no reason at all, but they are always welcome. Their only connexion with the theme may be the time of their death, as Swift and Pope; they may have recorded some incident in the great struggle, as Smollett; like Maupertuis they may be laughed at, with Johnson they may receive a few words of hearty greeting; some come and go, pleasantly but without result, as Gellert or Zimmermann; a few leave behind them for ever the marks of the tread of the monarchs of thought, as Voltaire. Kings, statesmen, warriors, men of letters, pass in proud procession before us; types from every class in that strange society enliven the scene; and, as the stately panorama rolls on, the gazer looks with rapt attention on a brilliant and life-like picture of a bygone age, separated from us by a gulf broader and deeper than could have been the work of time alone. The historian of the great catastrophe which closed the eighteenth century, has in this book enabled any painstaking reader to form for himself some idea of what was the state of the nations which made that catastrophe inevitable.

On the other hand, it is not to be denied that many and forcible objections can be urged against the *Life of Frederic* as a work of art. It is often prolix and often confused; sins both of commission and of omission are numerous. Thus the first volume is concerned almost exclusively with the history of the Hohenzollerns—with the rise of Prussia into a nation and a royalty. This preamble, though undoubtedly too long, might have been made interesting had it been written in a clear and perspicuous style. But Mr. Carlyle's abruptness and obscurity, his trick of telling a story by allusion, and his preposterous habit of quotation from "*Smelfungus*," make it quite impossible for him to render an extensive sketch of this sort interesting or even intelligible to the general reader. The second volume is mainly occupied in the vain endeavour to make a hero out of that drunken savage Frederic William; and, though enriched with much of Mr. Carlyle's humour and genius, is, we must say, on the whole wearisome. Volumes three, four, and five are the cream of the work; for the end of the Seven Years' War, from the Battle of Torgau to the Peace of Hubertsburg is very tedious, and the Bavarian War is unendurable. The redeeming points in the sixth volume are the account of the Partition of Poland, and, perhaps, the best index that

was ever put together. As a whole, the book wants proportion. We have too much of Frederic's ancestry, far too much of his father in particular; we have too much of his campaigns, and too little of his internal administration. Prolix, confused, out of proportion—all this, we regret to say, can be urged truly against the *Life of Frederic*.

But all other literary faults sink into insignificance when we think of the style in which Mr. Carlyle has seen fit to write. Why in this respect he should have chosen so to fall away from his former self, it is hard to tell. It is quite melancholy to compare what he has done with what he chooses to do now. In his early days, Mr. Carlyle wrote English as few men have ever written it—simply and clearly, yet with a richness and power peculiarly his own. No reader will blame us for recalling to his recollection the following most pathetic passage from the *Diamond Necklace*, published nearly thirty years ago:—

“Beautiful High-born that wert so foully hurled low! For, if thy Being came to thee out of old Hapsburg Dynasties, came it not also (like my own) out of Heaven? *Sunt lachrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalita tangunt*. Oh, is there a man's heart that thinks, without pity, of those long months and years of slow-wasting ignominy;—of thy birth, soft-cradled in Imperial Schönbrunn, the winds of heaven not to visit thy face too roughly, thy foot to light on softness, thy eye on splendour; and then of thy death, or hundred deaths, to which the Guillotine and Fouquier Tinville's judgment-bar was but the merciful end? Look *there*, O man born of woman! The bloom of that fair face is wasted, the hair is grey with care; the brightness of those eyes is quenched, their lids hang drooping, the face is stony pale, as of one living in death. Mean weeds, which her own hand has mended, attire the Queen of the world. The death-hurdle, where thou sittest pale motionless, which only curses environ, has to stop: a people, drunk with vengeance, will drink it again in full draught, looking at thee there. Far as the eye reaches, a multitudinous sea of maniac heads; the air deaf with their triumph-yell! The Living-dead must shudder with yet one other pang; her startled blood yet again suffuses with the hue of agony that pale face, which she hides with her hands. There is then *no* heart to say, God pity thee? O think not of these; think of HIM whom thou worshipping, the Crucified,—who also treading the wine-press *alone*, fronted sorrow still deeper; and triumphed over it, and made it holy; and built of it a ‘Sanctuary of Sorrow,’ for thee and all the wretched! Thy path of thorns is nigh ended. One long last look at the Tuileries, where thy step was once so light,—where thy children shall not dwell. The head is on the block; the axe rushes—Dumb lies the world; that wild yelling world, and all its madness, is behind thee.”

To us this passage seems to fulfil all the conditions of good writing—the worthiest thoughts expressed in appropriate and

moving words. Beside it Burke's celebrated burst of eloquence on the same sad theme becomes tinsel; apart from the beauty of the diction, there is a tenderness of feeling which goes to the heart. Nothing of a similar stamp, or at all approaching to it, can be found throughout these six large volumes; the following, rather, is a fair specimen of Mr. Carlyle's later style:—

"When the brains are out, things really ought to die;—no matter what lovely things they were, and still affect to be, the brains being out they actually ought in all cases to die, and with their best speed get buried. Men had noses at one time, and smelt the horror of a deceased reality fallen putrid, of a once dear verity become mendacious, phantasmal; but they have, to an immense degree, lost that organ since, and are now living comfortably cheek-by-jowl with lies. Lies of that sad 'conservative' kind, and indeed of all kinds whatsoever: for that kind is a general mother; and *breeds*, with a fecundity that is appalling, did you heed it much."—(Vol. iii. p. 337.)

We cannot find it in our hearts to forgive this falling away in Mr. Carlyle. Such a rare and splendid gift was his, and to see how he has thrown it behind him! And the worst is, that he has done this wilfully, with his eyes open. Affectation, a love of singularity, an idea that inverted sentences and uncouth phraseology would give weight to his teaching—such have been the causes of the corruption of Mr. Carlyle's style.

Not only has he thus deprived his readers of much pleasure; not only has he done himself grievous injustice, he has also inflicted a deep, though not, we hope, a lasting injury, on the English language, than which no more grievous fault can be laid to the charge of a great author. A man like Mr. Carlyle should look on the language in which he writes as a proud heritage come down to him from no ignoble ancestry; if not by him to be improved and enriched, at least to be preserved perfect and undefiled.

Besides this unhappy substitution of rant and fustian for real force of expression, Mr. Carlyle's tricks of composition have grown into vicious prominence. The old *Smelfungus* and *Sauerteig* device is repeated in these volumes until it becomes irksome to a degree; his love of nicknames and sweeping terms of abuse has grown to an extreme. What possible good can come from raving against "boiling untruths," "apes of the Dead Sea," "putrid fermentations of mud pools," and so on? What does it all mean? To what reader does it convey any distinct comprehensible idea? Nay, these wild generalities have a directly pernicious effect. They may do Mr. Carlyle a good turn now and then in the way of finishing in convenient

vagueness some terrible denunciation; but they do this at the expense of clear thinking on his part and clear apprehension on the part of his readers. Nothing is more fallacious than the use of what Mr. Foster, in his essay on the use of the word romantic, calls "exploding terms." They only serve the purpose of concealing obscurity or confusion of thought, and, in the hands of Mr. Carlyle, they serve this purpose many and many a time. Even worse, if possible, is Mr. Carlyle's fondness for nicknames, and the prominence he gives to physical peculiarities. It would be tedious to give instances—they are to be found on every page. In regard to the latter point, Mr. Carlyle seems to have taken a hint from Mr. Dickens. The peculiarities both in dress and appearance of many of his characters, of George II. for example, are as frequently insisted on and made as familiar to us as the coat-tails of Mr. Pickwick or the teeth of Mr. Carker.

Such tricks, besides being in bad taste, are positively misleading. Mr. Carlyle's admirers are fond of claiming for him the great merit of getting at the real nature of a man—of drawing his characters "from within outwards," to use their favourite way of putting it. The fact may be so; but certainly the habit we refer to gives no very strong testimony that it is so. For in this way we get nothing but the outsides of people. They are identified by some external trait, and are ever after associated with it. Now, this trait may be the index to the real character of the man, but it also may not. We should like to have the character well analysed before the nickname is given, or the representative peculiarity fixed upon. The device is amusing and telling. A forcible impression is produced on the imagination; but the question will intrude—is that impression true? Are the pictures like the originals? We feel ourselves too much at the mercy of the writer, and would welcome with a sense of security characters drawn in the old-fashioned style.

With a brief but vehement protest against the use of German nomenclature by Mr. Carlyle,—at once displeasing and puzzling, and, worst of all, not consistently kept up,—we pass from considering the book in its literary aspects.

Unfortunately, when we do this we leave all possibilities of praise behind us, and get deeper and deeper into the region of mere fault-finding. We say nothing of his wonderful admirations, and for his not less groundless dislikes; but when we look at the general scope and tenor of the book, we can hardly convince ourselves that Mr. Carlyle is in earnest. We feel it impossible to get into a state of moral indignation on the matter, as some reviewers have done; the whole thing looks

so like a ponderous joke. Mr. Carlyle's morality may be expressed by the formula—act up to your character, that is, do whatever you like; his politics may be expressed by the formula—seize whatever you have a chance of getting, and, when asked to give it up, answer by demanding more.

Thus he really seems to believe that he has satisfactorily disposed of all objections to Frederic's faithlessness, by the question, "How, *otherwise* than even as Friedrich did, would you, most veracious Smelfungus, have plucked out your Silesia from such an element and such a time?" which, in plain English, means that by setting before yourself an utterly unjustifiable end you become entitled to adopt any means, however iniquitous, for its attainment. Again, what can any reader make of the two following passages, occurring in the same volume, and but a few pages apart?—

"And indeed we will here advise our readers to prepare for dismissing altogether that notion of Friedrich's duplicity, mendacity, finesse and the like, which was once widely current in the world; and to attend always strictly to what Friedrich says, if they wish to guess what he is thinking; there being no such thing as 'mendacity' discoverable in Friedrich, when you take the trouble to inform yourself."—(Vol. iii. p. 419.)

"Magnanimous I can by no means call Friedrich to his allies and neighbours, nor even superstitiously veracious, in this business; but he thoroughly understands, he alone, what first thing he wants out of it, and what an enormous-wigged mendacity it is he has got to deal with. For the rest, he is at the gaming-table with these sharpers; their dice all cogged; and he knows it, and ought to profit by his knowledge of it. And, in short, to win his stake out of that foul weltering medley, and go home safe with it if he can."—(Vol. iii. p. 478.)

And this line of defence, not only immoral, but shabby—unworthy of any higher order of criminal than a thimble-rigger—is further supported on the ground that Frederic "did not *volunteer* into this foul element like the others," an assertion which is as nearly as possible the exact reverse of fact. Whether Frederic's invasion of Silesia was justifiable or not, we shall presently see; but that, whether justifiable or unjustifiable, it was entirely voluntary on his part, is beyond question. Statements of this sort—and throughout these volumes their name is legion—altogether overthrow our confidence in the candour of the historian.

Space would soon fail us did we attempt anything like an enumeration of the fallacious arguments and perverted judgments with which the *Life of Frederic* abounds. We will recall to the recollection of our readers but one more example—perhaps the most remarkable of all. No one who ever read it has

forgotten the story of the execution of Katte, the unhappy companion of Frederic's flight, when driven to despair by the brutality of his father. Mr. Carlyle does his best to gloss over the barbarity of Frederic William; but the facts represented even by his friendly pen—the sentence of the court-martial changed into one of death by the king—the sudden intimation to the prisoner—this night drive of sixty miles just before his execution, for no other purpose but that the prince should “see him die”—the prince himself tortured into a happy insensibility, and so only escaping the sight of the death of his friend,—make up a drama of refined cruelty which recalls Carrier or Lebon, or some other of the more distinguished ruffians of the French Revolution. And then, at the end of all this, Mr. Carlyle tells us that it was “indeed like the doings of the gods, which are cruel, though not that alone.” To the justly exasperated reader we can suggest this comfort, that a hobby is least mischievous when pushed to its greatest extreme. Readers may therefore restrain their wrath; serious remonstrance would be even more out of place; but a feeling of considerable irritation cannot be altogether restrained. If an author of ordinary powers and moderate pretensions were to indite nonsense of this sort, inextinguishable laughter would be his portion. But when it comes from a great teacher in Israel—a writer of rare genius and of vast influence; when it is forced upon us with profound confidence, and our assent demanded with the loftiest arrogance, a plain man feels at once impatient and affronted. It is not so much that his sense of morality is offended,—the thing is too preposterous for that; but he feels in a manner aggrieved by such outrageous insults to his understanding. What, on the other hand, are those qualities which gain Mr. Carlyle's approval—which make him thus slow to mark all extremes of iniquity? So far as we can see, mainly the possession of a mysterious something called veracity. Thus Frederic William is forgiven everything, because he is “a wild man, wholly in earnest, veritable as the old rocks, and with a terrible volcanic fire in him too. There is a divine idea of fact put into him, the genus *Sham* never hatefuller to any man.” We are not supplied with any clearer definition than the above of this precious characteristic; neither do we gain much knowledge of it from a study of those men by whom it has been possessed and displayed in action. Cromwell, Napoleon, Frederic William, Frederic the Great, what have these men in common? And our difficulties are further increased by the fact that Mr. Carlyle is by no means consistent in his predilections. Thus, in *Hero-Worship*, the leaders of the Commons—Pym, Hampden, etc.—are lightly spoken of, as “worthy,” but “unloveable” men, while in his

Cromwell they are restored to favour; here we have Napoleon and his wars denounced as "grounded on Drawcansir rodomontade, grandiose Dick Turpinism, revolutionary madness, and unlimited expenditure of men and gunpowder;" while in the *History of the French Revolution* this same Napoleon was "a natural terror and horror to all phantasms, being himself of the genus Reality!" So true is it that eccentricities and dogmatism surely lead to inconsistency and self-contradiction.

But Mr. Carlyle is open to another charge, worse even than this wanton disregard of plain morality: he is not always scrupulous or candid in his statements of facts. When, as not unfrequently happens, the exigencies of his case drive him into a corner, he does not stick at a trifle to get out of it. We are far from saying that Mr. Carlyle is wilfully unfair or inaccurate—naturally he is, we should think, the most honest of men,—but we do mean to say, that to be constantly maintaining a pet paradox, or supporting a very doubtful hero, must have a demoralizing effect on the mind. A writer with such aims ever before him cannot preserve the fairness of his spirit. Historic impartiality is one of the rarest of virtues, and is hardly attainable by a man who is always fighting against general opinion. It is not that directly erroneous statements are made, but hostile facts are so lightly thought of that they are dropped out of the narrative altogether; things are looked at from a false point of view, are seen by a coloured, not by a white light. Thus when Walpole sends subsidies to Austria he is covered with contempt; when Pitt does the same by Frederic he is exalted to all honour. France is, by some curious legerdemain, made responsible for all the evils that have ever befallen Germany, for the Seven Years' War, for the Thirty Years' War, both of which had begun before she drew the sword. Nay, in order to show how combustible were the elements in 1740, and so afford some colour of an excuse to Frederic, the Spanish war, into which popular clamour dragged Walpole, is defended,—a war which was afterwards condemned by the very men whose party-spirit brought it on, which, after lasting ten years, ended in a discreditable peace, without one of the objects for which it was undertaken having been gained. The story of Jenkins' ear is narrated with some pathos, and without the slightest indication of doubt, as an instance of the high-handed doings of the Spanish Guarda-Costas, and as "calculated to awaken a maritime public careful of its honour." And yet Mr. Carlyle can hardly be unaware that Burke treated the said story as a fable, and that good authorities have attributed the loss of Mr. Jenkins' ear (which he always carried about with him wrapped up in cotton), not to the truculence of Spanish Guarda-Costas, but to the

homely severities of the English pillory. When he comes on matters in which his favourites are directly concerned, his colouring is yet more illusory. We have already remarked on the way in which he glosses over the shameful story of Katte. In the same fashion he omits or softens down many instances of Frederic's harshness, as his injustice to Moritz at Colin, or the bitter contempt by which he broke his brother's heart; of his cruelty, as his order before Zorndorf that no quarter should be given; or his scandalous bombardment of Dresden, which Sismondi reprobates as "*une des taches les plus odieuses qui ternissent sa mémoire.*" Worse still, we hear not a word of those professions of regard and friendship with which this most "veracious" politician amused the Empress-Queen up to the very moment when he dashed into Silesia. Again, the miserable Voltaire-quarrels are set forth with much partiality, and at times convenient obscurity. Doubtless Voltaire has exaggerated the treatment he and his niece received at Frankfort from coarse Prussian soldiers; but is there *no* truth in his story? Making every allowance for exaggeration, was not the conduct of these military bullies savage to a degree; and if Frederic did not expressly authorize their harshness, did he ever disavow it? Did he ever punish or rebuke any one in consequence of it? Was not the whole trick exactly what might have been expected from Frederic,—the result of an unamiable craving for a contemptible revenge? the meanness of the proceeding being, if possible, increased by the pains taken that Frederic's share in it should be concealed. How low this great prince should stoop to gratify his pleasure in inflicting pain, may be gathered from the fact of his having actually issued orders to curtail the sugar and chocolate consumed by his distinguished guest, a charge which Mr. Carlyle, so far as we can see, does not venture to contradict. Often a vital fallacy is dexterously conveyed in a few words, as when we are told of "the Silesian, or *partition of Prussia* question;"—the fact being that Silesia did not at that time belong to Prussia at all, and that the Empress Queen, in her attempts on the province, was only seeking to regain her own. Very extraordinary, too, is Mr. Carlyle's way of dealing with Frederic's flight from the field at Mollwitz. That a young prince at his first battle should have been disturbed by the defeat of his cavalry, and even swept away in their headlong rout, is small discredit to him; Frederic's after life can well bear this slight weakness. But no spots must be on Mr. Carlyle's sun. Accordingly, instead of simply saying that Frederic ran away, he tells us that he "was snatched by Morgante into Fairyland, carried by Diana to the top of Pindus (or even by Proserpine to Tartarus, through a bad sixteen hours),

till the battle whirlwind subsided." Maupertuis told the English ambassador at Vienna how he rode off in the King's suite, how some Austrian hussars sallied out of Oppeln upon them, whereupon Frederic, exclaiming, "Farewell, my friends, I am better mounted than you all," gaily rode off, leaving his friends to captivity. No very great sin after all, except in the manner of doing the thing; but Mr. Carlyle will have none of it, and so disposes of Maupertuis by quoting against him Voltaire's account of his doings after Mollwitz. This is really too bad. Voltaire to be cited as a good authority against Maupertuis, the man of all others whom he most hated and despised! What a "world of scorn would look beautiful" in Mr. Carlyle's eyes at the idea of Voltaire being quoted as an authority against Frederic! This list of omissions and misrepresentations, ranging from matters of the highest moment to matters seemingly of the lowest, might be extended almost indefinitely; and it seems conclusive against the trustworthiness of Mr. Carlyle's history.

With all this, what has Mr. Carlyle made out? The main purpose of his book seems to be twofold—*first*, to give to the world in Frederic the ideal of a patriot king; *second*, to vindicate the Carlylian theory of government more completely and conclusively than has ever yet been done, by showing it successful in action. Has either of these things been accomplished?

Till Mr. Carlyle took the matter in hand, people had pretty well made up their minds as to the character of Frederic. Lord Stanhope, the most impartial and sober-minded of historians, thus writes of him:—

"Vain, selfish, and ungrateful, destitute of truth and honour, he valued his companions, not from former kindness, but only for future use. But turn we to his talents, and we find the most consummate skill in war, formed by his own genius, and acquired from no master; we find a prompt, sagacious, and unbending administration of affairs; an activity and application seldom yielding to sickness, and never relaxed by pleasure, and seeking no repose except by variety of occupation; a high and overruling ambition, capable of the greatest exploits, or of the most abject baseness, as either tended to its object, but never losing sight of that object; pursuing it with dauntless courage and an eagle eye, sometimes in the heavens and sometimes through the mire, and never tolerating either in himself or in others one moment of languor, or one touch of pity."

To reverse such judgment as this—to make the world recognise in Frederic not only a great warrior and statesman, but also an honest politician and a high-minded man, is Mr. Carlyle's leading object. Whether or not he has succeeded in this object we shall hereafter see; but, in the first place, we must remark

that his devotion thereto has, in one important respect, been prejudicial to the real value and interest of his work. His endeavour to set Frederic before us in a new light makes him dwell upon the influence and doings of that prince, to the entire exclusion of the various elements, at once of discord and of progress, which were then awakened in the world. Mr. Carlyle could never be a supporter of the "dynamical" theory of history; but in this book he rejects it altogether, and thereby misses the real grandeur of his theme. In the struggle which we know by the name of the Seven Years' War, many forces were at work very different from the ambition of Frederic. The national and political spirit of Germany was moving on the face of the waters. It had slept a deep sleep ever since the death of Gustavus on the field of Lützen. The old mediæval tendencies towards independence and self-government had been utterly overwhelmed in the Thirty Years' War. A gloomy reign of darkness and terror—of Austria and Popery—had lasted for some hundred years. But the time had now come, though the fulness of time was not yet. The league formed against Frederic, which Pitt, with pardonable exaggeration, styled "the most powerful and malignant confederacy that ever yet has threatened the independence of mankind," roused, to some extent, that independence which it menaced. Despite the blind of the accession of Sweden, it was universally felt to be a league of Catholics against Protestantism, and the spirit of the sixteenth century swelled high in favour of the successor of the "Lion of the North." Clement XIII. did Frederic an invaluable service when he sent a sword and a velvet hat, and dove of pearls, enriched with his pontifical benediction, to Marshal Daun. It was a struggle, too, of despotism against liberty. Austria, the overthrower of the Hanseatic cities, the destroyer of Bohemia, the violator of the Constitution of Hungary and of the Low Countries, could never be regarded as other than the bitter foe of freedom and of German nationality. In every way it was a contest between darkness and light, for the awakening mind of Germany was naturally on the side of German independence. Thus all the stars in their courses fought for Frederic. In his behalf—the sceptic, the despot, the French *littérateur*—were enlisted the influences of Protestantism, of love of liberty, and of the rising power of German thought. The spirit of the times was on the side of Frederic—an aid which, even if despised by him or undeserved, should not have been omitted in the story of his life. Such omission may tend to the greater glory of Frederic, though we doubt this; but it certainly is a serious injustice to the reader, and detracts sadly from the dignity and the value of the record.

But to return to Frederic's character. The point on which he is most generally condemned is his conduct of the foreign affairs of Prussia. In his relations with other kingdoms he is accused of unprincipled ambition and utter faithlessness. Now we should have been well content had the question of Frederic's public morality or immorality been left without remark to the judgment of the reader. We have no great love for that style of history-writing which is always pointing a moral. We prefer greatly the passionless indifference of Thucydides, who sheds his light alike upon the just and the unjust. We have no inclination to preach ourselves, and we have still less inclination to listen to the preaching of others. If Mr. Carlyle would only tell us calmly and truthfully what took place, and then leave us alone! But this is precisely what Mr. Carlyle will not do. He is for ever in the pulpit; exhorting, prophesying, denouncing. If his doctrine were sound, and his preaching dull, we might silently go to sleep. But no slumbers are possible to Mr. Carlyle's hearers; and as we cannot choose but listen, and listen to much that is quite wrong, we are forced to take up our testimony on the other side.

Two events in Frederic's life may be taken as decisive of the case—the invasion of Silesia and the partition of Poland. Of these the former is incomparably the more important. For here undoubtedly we have the key to the whole of Frederic's career. If his seizure of Silesia, in the first instance, was justifiable, the guilt of what followed does not rest with him. Mr. Carlyle has laboured this point in his hero's favour, and quite fairly; "His first expedition to Silesia,—a rushing out to seize your own stolen horse, while the occasion answered,—was a voluntary one; produced, we may say, by Friedrich's own thought and the Invisible Powers. But the rest were all purely compulsory, —to defend the horse he had seized." Doubtless this last sentence is quite true. All Frederic's subsequent history runs up to the invasion of Silesia. His wars were undertaken either to ward off anticipated danger from this coveted province, or to defend it when openly attacked. They all take their character, so to speak, from the original outbreak, in 1740. It becomes therefore a matter of some importance to see what was the nature of Frederic's claims to Silesia. The sort of information which the reader will gain from Mr. Carlyle on this point may be gathered from the following passages:—

"No fair judge can blame the young man that he laid hold of the flaming Opportunity in this manner, and obeyed the new omen. To seize such an opportunity, and perilously mount upon it, was the part of a young magnanimous king, less sensible to the perils and more to the other considerations, than one older would have been."

"Friedrich, after such trial and proof as has seldom been, got his claims on Schlesien allowed by the Destinies. His claims on Schlesien; and on infinitely higher things; which were found to be his and his nation's: though he had not been consciously thinking of them in making that adventure. For, as my poor Friend insists, there *are* Laws valid in Earth and Heaven; and the great soul of the world is just."—(Vol. iii. pp. 141, 335.)

This can hardly be considered satisfactory historical information; and really there is little better to be got. We suspect that very few, even among the careful students of these volumes, could tell what Frederic's claims on Silesia really were. Clear statement of them there is none; but from the obscurities of the first volume the diligent reader may glean an idea of their nature, though a vague and insufficient one. We will do our best to state them shortly and plainly.

When Silesia first comes clearly into the light of European history—about the middle of the tenth century—it had been Christianized, and was governed by Poland. Divisions of the heritage of the Polish crown among the members of the Royal family made Silesia independent about the middle of the twelfth century. Towards the middle of the fourteenth century it became a feudatory of Bohemia, or rather a part of that kingdom, partly by resignations of various Silesian dukes, partly by a fortunate marriage of the son of that king of Bohemia who fell at Cressy. From this time Silesia shared the fortunes, good and evil, of Bohemia; adopted the doctrines of Huss, welcomed the Reformation, and supported the cause of the "Winter-King;" and had therefore to endure, in a greater or less degree, the miseries of the wars of Zisca, and the yet greater miseries of the Thirty Years' War. The treaty of Westphalia made no difference in the political position of Silesia; only secured to it freedom of religious opinion, a privilege which the House of Austria laboured perseveringly to take away. In 1537, Silesia, or rather certain portions of Silesia, became connected with Prussia in the following manner:—Frederic Duke of Brieg and Liegnitz—principalities in Silesia, concluded a treaty of succession or agreement, to succeed reciprocally, on failure of heirs to either, with Joachim the Second, Elector of Brandenburg. Doubts, however, existed from the first as to the legality of this treaty, and nine years after its execution it was declared null by the King of Bohemia, afterwards the Emperor Ferdinand the First. In this declaration of nullity the states of Bohemia concurred, and the Duke of Liegnitz at least acquiesced. Nay, the states of Bohemia were the first to challenge the proceeding. Mr. Carlyle calmly assumes that the paction was "questionable by no mortal." But the point is not quite so clear. The

right of a vassal to dispose of his lands is most distinctly though implicitly limited by the condition that he must not dispose of them to the injury of his suzerain and of his country. Would the Earl of Warwick, under our Edward iv., have been entitled, by the laws of England, to make such a "heritage-brotherhood" with the Duke of Burgundy? The illustration is perhaps a strong one. But it brings out the principle which justifies the states of Bohemia and the King in what they did; a principle which not only regulated the whole feudal system, but which lies at the root of all tenures now,—the principle that a vassal does not hold his land absolutely,—that he has no right to alienate it according to his own arbitrary wish,—that, in short, as lawyers put it, "no man is in law the absolute owner of lands; he can only hold an estate in them." The rights accruing to Prussia, in virtue of these transactions, constituted Frederic's best claim on Silesia. Another and a weaker ground for justifying the invasion arose as follows:—The principality of Jägendorf, also a district of Silesia, had come into the possession of Joachim Frederic, Elector of Brandenburg, by various steps which it is not necessary to narrate here. Joachim gave it to his second son, John George. The new Duke of Jägendorf, unfortunately for himself, warmly supported the Elector-Palatine in his attempt on the crown of Bohemia. The result of that attempt, and the fate of the "Winter-King," is well known. The Duke was laid under the Ban of the Empire, and of course forfeited Jägendorf, the investiture of which was conferred on the princes of the House of Lichtenstein. With the merits of the cause which the unlucky John George espoused we have nothing at present to do. He played and lost; and accordingly forfeited his possessions. The proceedings of the House of Austria may have been harsh, but cannot be called illegal. The danger had been too great for lenity. Rulers more merciful than the House of Hapsburg has ever shown itself, would hardly have proved lenient to the adherents of a cause which had nearly torn from them such a possession as the kingdom of Bohemia. Mr. Carlyle, of course, attacks this proceeding as "contrary to all law!" Unfortunately for himself he gives his reasons, or rather his reason, which is merely that Johann George had left "innocent sons," as if rulers had always recognised, or were at all bound to recognise, the amiable doctrine that the 'political sins of parents do not descend to children. Lastly, in 1686, the Elector Frederic William expressly renounced his pretensions to Jägendorf and the other Silesian duchies in exchange for a district, contiguous to his own dominions, and called the "the circle of Schwiebus." Frederic's son was jockeyed out of this circle of Schwiebus for the sum of

£25,000; but nevertheless the renunciation of the father, if, indeed, that renunciation was required, remained good.

To rake up from the dust of past centuries pretensions such as these, and make them the ground for war, is conduct the rectitude of which it would be idle to discuss. No wonder that Mr. Carlyle finds it convenient to talk vaguely of Frederic's "claims," without clearly telling us what these claims were. If such pleas are to be regarded as a cause of war, the world could never be at peace for a week together. What would be said of France were she to take up arms that she might enlarge her borders till they should be as they were at the peace of Amiens? What would be said of the King of Holland were he to begin a European war that he might regain the Belgian provinces? Nay, fresh as the wound is, would Austria be held justified were she, without any new provocation, to overrun with her troops the plains of Lombardy? But Frederic's conduct was far more flagrant than any of the cases we have supposed. His claims were antiquated—prescribed by the lapse of centuries. It is, to say the least, exceedingly doubtful whether they were at the first well founded. Beyond doubt they had been distinctly waived by his ancestors, and prince after prince of his house had acquiesced in that waiver. And lastly, Prussia was a party to treaties whereby the integrity of those dominions which Frederic treacherously invaded was expressly guaranteed. Of course Mr. Carlyle laughs at the Pragmatic Sanction: "the only real treaties are a well-trained army, and your treasury full." Truly a comforting doctrine for the wellbeing of mankind, calculated to promote peace and good-will, and stop the present mania for armaments,—in all ways well worthy of a great teacher of the public mind. But surely we cannot disregard the fact that all the States of Europe, Prussia included, had bound themselves to maintain the Pragmatic Sanction—a treaty which regulated the Austrian succession, and secured the Austrian dominions. That instrument, in the weighty words of Lord Macaulay, "was placed under the protection of the public faith of the whole civilized world." And yet Mr. Carlyle would convince us that Frederic did well to violate his obligations under that instrument, because, forsooth, "flaming Opportunity" invited him; that is, because Austria was poor, because the Emperor was dead, and because the young matronhood of the daughter of the man to whom Frederic probably owed his life might prove unequal to the cares of empire.

The results of this treachery were such as might easily have been foreseen. When war had once begun all the nations of the earth gathered together to the fray. According to Mr.

Carlyle, France is to blame for this. Why should she have interfered, and have so "palpably made herself the author of the conflagration of deliriums that ensued for above seven years henceforth; nay, for above twenty years"? Undoubtedly France was wrong. We are in no way concerned to defend her. But is it just that she should bear the whole, or even the chief blame? It would have been right, of course, in her to have kept aloof, and seen other nations enriching themselves with the spoils of the great Austrian heritage; but such virtue, rare at any time, would have been unprecedented and incomprehensible in the middle of the eighteenth century.¹ Why, we might rather ask, should she have refrained from the plunder? She was bound by no ties to Austria. She had not been recently an ally and friend of the House of Hapsburg. On the contrary, France and Austria had been foes for long ages. It was too much to expect that either of these Powers would let slip a favourable opportunity of humiliating, and reducing the other. And yet France is loaded with abuse for having yielded to temptation, and gone to war openly and above-board; while Frederic's treacherous robbery is justified and praised. It is really too much that history should be turned topsy-turvy in this fashion. On Frederic, and on Frederic alone, lies the blame of having commenced this fearful strife. But for his unprincipled ambition, peace would have probably been preserved. In peace lay the only hope of safety for Austria. France and England were ruled by ministers to whom peace had been always dear. Russia had nothing to gain by war, and showed no inclination to move. These Powers, together with Poland and Holland, had expressly declared their intention of maintaining the Pragmatic Sanction. And no one of them showed any symptom of falsifying these declarations until the example of the King of Prussia called the whole world to arms. "On his head is all the blood which was shed in a war which raged during many years and in every quarter of the globe, the blood of the column of Fontenoy, the blood of the mountaineers who were slaughtered at Culloden. The evils produced by his wickedness were felt in lands where the name of Prussia was unknown; and, in order that he might rob a neighbour whom he had promised to defend, black men fought on the coast of Coromandel, and red men scalped each other by the great lakes of North America."¹ The beginning of strife is like the letting out of waters. It is a terrible question, — At whose door lies the guilt of a war? And by what motive driven did Frederic do these things? In his manifestos he spoke a little, and Mr. Carlyle now speaks a great deal, of "claims" on Silesia; but it must be admitted that Frederic

¹ Lord Macaulay's Essay on Frederic.

did not, as a rule, pretend to more virtue than he had. In his letters and conversations he ascribed his conduct to its true motives—a desire to extend his territory, and a vain craving for *La Gloire*.

His schemes were carried out with profound secrecy and duplicity. He preferred no demand for redress, he made no declaration of war. He continued his assurances of amity up till the last moment, and had overrun Silesia with his troops before Austria knew that he had any cause of quarrel against her. As he began the war, so he carried it on. With every new success he rose, "sibyl-like," in his demands; and yet Mr. Carlyle affects to be mightily indignant because the world would not credit his professions of moderation. But whenever his own ends were secured, he cared little for the safety of his allies, or for the preservation of his own honour. After the battle of Chotusitz, Maria Theresa agreed to cede Silesia, and he abandoned France and Bavaria without a thought. France, pressed by Austria and England, was soon reduced to desperate straits; Bavaria was overrun by bands of Austrian hussars, and her unhappy Elector hurried heartbroken to the grave. Then Frederic took alarm at the ascendancy of Austria, allied himself anew with France, and without complaint, without cause of offence, a second time invaded the Austrian dominions. A year had barely elapsed when he again deserted France, and concluded another peace with Austria, now sufficiently humiliated. In fact, his policy was simply this: to seize whatever he could, and then so to play off France against Austria, as to prevent the fruits of his robberies being forced out of hands. The policy was astute, and it was pursued with perfect resolution, rapacity, and faithlessness. A desire to stand well in public opinion, somewhat strange in such a politician,—connected perhaps with the real admiration and the love of letters which formed part of his character,—prompted him from time to time to justify his conduct in the eyes of Europe. Thus, on the occasion of his second attack on Austria in 1744, he published a letter or address to the people of England. He does not seem to have taken much by the motion. "A poor performance," writes Horace Walpole of it; "his Voltaire and his *littérat* should correct his works before they are printed. To pen manifestoes worse than the lowest *commis* that is kept jointly by two or three Margraves, is insufferable."

On the question of the partition of Poland we have less to

¹ Mr. Carlyle differs from this, and finds in Frederic "not the least anxiety to stand well with any reader." This may be true of Frederic in his autobiography, but not as a rule. Witness the instance in the text, his publication of the papers found at Dresden, and his *Apologie de sa Conduite* in 1757.

say. Our readers will not hear from us any "shrieks or foam-lipped curses" over that proceeding. Mr. Carlyle defends or palliates it by drawing a forcible and humorous picture of Poland in a state of "anarchy, pestilence, famine, and pigs eating your dead bodies," deliverance from which would be a manifest blessing for Poland herself, and hardly less so for her neighbours. The Poles are plainly no favourites with Mr. Carlyle; and their constitution, as described by him, with the right of confederation—that is, the right of any man to disobey the law when he might think fit; and the *Liberum Veto*—that is, the right of any man to stop the proceedings of the whole Parliament;—"an ever-flowing fountain of anarchy, joyful to the Polish nation,"—certainly seems the most remarkable form of social existence under which mortal men ever attempted to live and prosper. We should like to quote much here, but we must content ourselves with the summing up:—

"The Poles put fine colours on all this; and are much contented with themselves. The Russians they regard as intrinsically an inferior barbarous people; and to this day you will hear indignant Polack Gentlemen bursting out in the same strain: 'Still barbarian, sir; no culture, no literature,'—inferior because they do not make verses equal to ours! How it may be with the verses, I will not decide; but the Russians are inconceivably superior in respect that they have, to a singular degree among Nations, the gift of obeying, of being commanded. Polack Chivalry sniffs at the mention of such a gift. Polack Chivalry got sore stripes for wanting this gift. And in the end, got striped to death, and flung out of the world, for continuing blind to the want of it, and never acquiring it. Beyond all the verses in Nature, it is essential to every Chivalry and Nation and Man. 'Polite Polish Society for the last thirty years has felt itself to be in a most halcyon condition,' says Rulhière;¹ 'given up to the agreeable, and to that only;' charming evening-parties, and a great deal of flirting: full of the benevolences, the philanthropies, the new ideas,—given up especially to the pleasing idea of '*Laissez-faire*, and everything will come right of itself.' 'What a discovery!' said every liberal Polish mind; 'for thousands of years, how people did torment themselves trying to steer the ship; never knowing that the plan was, to let go the helm, and honestly sit down to your mutual amusements and powers of pleasing!'

"To this condition of, beautifully phosphorescent rot-heap has Poland ripened, in the helpless reigns of those poor Augusts;—the fulness of time not now far off, one would say? It would complete the picture, could I go into the state of what is called 'Religion' in Poland. Dissenterism, of various poor types, is extensive; and, over-against it, is such a type of Jesuit Fanaticism as has no fellow in that time. Of which there have been truly savage and sanguinary outbreaks, from time to time; especially one at Thorn, forty years ago,

¹ Rulhière, i. 216 (a noteworthy passage).

which shocked Friedrich Wilhelm and the whole Protestant world. Polish Orthodoxy in that time, and perhaps still in ours, is a thing worth noting. A late Tourist informs me, he saw on the streets of Stettin, not long since, a drunk human creature staggering about, who seemed to be a Baltic Sailor, just arrived; the dirtiest, or among the dirtiest, of mankind; who, as he reeled along, kept slapping his hands upon his breast, and shouting, in exultant soliloquy, 'Polack, Catholik!' I am a Pole and Orthodox, ye inferior two-legged entities!—In regard to the Jesuit Fanaticisms at Thorn and elsewhere, no blame can attach to the poor Augusts, who always leant the other way, what they durst or could. Nor is speciality of blame due to them on any score; it was 'like People, like King,' all along;—and they, such their luck, have lived to bring in the fulness of time."—(Vol. vi. pp. 409, 410.)

Looking upon these things, Mr. Carlyle is clearly of opinion that Poland was moribund, and had well deserved to die. He makes a somewhat novel application of the old analogy between the State and the Individual, maintaining that just as when a man "has filled the measure of his wicked blockheadisms, sins and brutal nuisancings, there are Gibbets provided, there are Laws provided; and you can, in an articulate regular manner, hang him and finish him to general satisfaction," so nations fallen into depths of decay must be disposed of by some similar process. There is much truth in all this, but the analogy fails in one important point, namely, that it is not so easy to hang a nation as to hang one man. The "finishing" is an essential element in Mr. Carlyle's process; and to finish a nation is a hard thing. Poland, for example, has not been finished to this day. Had the partition of Poland, once accomplished, proved to be a matter disposed of for ever, had no re-partitions and rebellions ensued, Mr. Carlyle's defence might have been held conclusive; but, as things have turned out, the case is not quite so clear. Of all the parties concerned, however, the Czarina was most free from blame. Mr. Merivale, in his recently published volume of *Essays*, has shown that she interfered not only in the interests of order, but as the champion of religious liberty. The territory which she took from Poland had been for long a debatable land between two barbarous nations. She interfered in answer to the appeals and supplications of millions of serfs, almost all orthodox Greeks, ground down to the earth by a savage and bigoted aristocracy, the victims at once of tyranny and fanaticism. The Archbishop of Cracow had induced the Diet to bind themselves by a solemn vow never to extend toleration to schismatics,—thus adding another to the many instances in which successful Ultramontanism has proved the ruin of nations. Still, judged of by the results, the partition of Poland was, to say the least of it,

a serious blunder, and the above defence can be pleaded on behalf of Catherine alone. Yet it would be well for Frederic's reputation if nothing worse than his share in this transaction could be laid to his charge.

Students of the military science will find much to interest them in these volumes. Not only are the battles narrated, as we said before, distinctly and with brilliancy, so that ordinary readers can understand and enjoy; but no little skirmish is forgotten, and the plans of Frederic's campaigns are mapped out in a way which must for soldiers be both interesting and instructive. We can imagine no more profitable study than the study of Frederic's marches and manœuvres—in which, so far as we can judge, his military genius is even more conspicuous than on the field of actual battle, always excepting the signal triumphs of Rossbach and Leuthen. Indeed, for so great a captain, Frederic committed some extraordinary blunders in the work of fighting. At Colin, Hochkirchen, and Kunersdorf, disregarding the counsels of his best officers, he rushed into errors which brought him to the brink of destruction. At Prague, again, he rejected advice which, had it been followed, would have secured to him not only the victory he gained, but the total and final overthrow of the foe. In fact, Frederic was not a heaven-born general. Lord Stanhope, in the passage we before quoted, was quite mistaken when he spoke of Frederic's skill in war as "formed by his own genius and acquired from no master." It was formed by long experience, and acquired, not only from the teaching of his own veterans, but from some severe practical lessons administered in his second Silesian war, by old Marshal Traun. "No general," says Frederic himself, "committed more faults than did the King in this campaign." It was a campaign of manœuvring not fighting, and Frederic was out-manœuvred. His campaigns in the Seven Years' War had very different issues. Beaten he sometimes was, out-marched or out-manœuvred never.

It would be out of place to discuss here at any length Frederic's qualities as a commander, even were we qualified to do so; but the constitution of his army, and his bearing towards both his officers and their men, are points of general interest, and which throw some light on his character. What manner of man did he show himself to be in this most important relation of his life? The first thing which strikes us is, that a harsher chief never led men to victory. He praised rarely, rewarded almost never, and punished unsparingly. In his officers he visited mere blunders with cruel severity. Bervern, a brave

¹ He always admitted that he regarded this campaign as his school in the art of war, and M. de Traun as his teacher.

and skilful captain, was sent to Stettin in disgrace because of the doubtful result of the battle of Breslau, fought in circumstances which even Mr. Carlyle admits to have been "horribly difficult." Schmettau, for the capitulation of Dresden,—a capitulation expressly authorized by Frederic himself about a month before it happened,—was disgraced and never employed again. Years after, when the aged veteran ventured to complain of the scanty pension allowed him from the Invalid List, he received the gracious answer that he should be "thankful he had not lost his head." General Finck, an able soldier, of tried skill and courage, who had been thought worthy to be intrusted with the command of the army after the disaster of Kunersdorf, was ordered by the king, against his own vehement remonstrances, into a position of extraordinary difficulty and danger at Maken,—"has a Sphinx riddle on his mind, such as soldiers seldom had." He failed to extricate himself, and was forced to capitulate. For this he received a year's imprisonment in Spandau, and was thereafter dismissed the service. Throughout his life Frederic kept up a strange vindictiveness towards every one who had been, however innocently, connected with this disgrace; possibly because he must have felt that he had himself in great measure to blame for it. Years after, when an officer, who had belonged to the capitulating army, fallen into poverty and evil times, sent in a humble petition for a pension, Frederic wrote on the margin, with cruel sarcasm: "Assign him a pension by all means! assign it on the profits of Maken." Such conduct betrays unmistakably a cruel nature, and is very short-sighted besides. Frederic was not better served in consequence of it, but worse. Instances not a few occurred in these wars in which Frederic's generals, from an undue dread of his displeasure, rushed upon disaster against their own better judgment. Thus, in 1760, Fouquet, "the Bayard" of Prussia, reluctantly obeying Frederic's mistaken orders (Spandau and disgrace might have been awaiting him otherwise), lost Silesia, and some 10,000 men. Fear indeed is a deadly foe to good counsel. No man can exercise the full powers of his mind when disturbed by the knowledge that a mistake, however innocent, will certainly entail punishment. Accordingly no wise chief, in war or anything else, was ever other than lenient to mere errors of judgment.

The constitution of Frederic's army was in the highest degree remarkable. It was officered by Prussians and nobles; but the troops were gathered from all quarters of the earth, and by every possible device of lying and kidnapping. Mr. Carlyle never alludes to Frederic's recruiting expedients, though he does to those of his father. But Frederic was, in this respect,

even worse than Frederic William. He had his miserable crimps spread all over Europe, kidnapping peasants, or seducing the troops of his allies; sticking at no crime to gain men to be sacrificed to the ambition of this "last of the Kings." He profited by their disgraceful services, and paid them; but if they were detected he disowned them, and left them to their fate. The cruelty of the treatment to which these troops were subjected was such as few armies have ever experienced. The following description, though given in a work of fiction, is no whit exaggerated:—

"The life the private soldier led was a frightful one to any but men of iron courage and endurance. There was a corporal to every three men, marching behind them, and pitilessly using the cane; so much so that it used to be said that in action there was a front rank of privates and a second rank of sergeants and corporals to drive them on. . . . The punishment was incessant. Every officer had the liberty to inflict it; and in peace it was more cruel than in war. . . . I have seen the bravest men of the army cry like children at a cut of the cane; I have seen a little ensign of fifteen call out a man of fifty from the ranks,—a man who had been in a hundred battles,—and he has stood presenting arms, and sobbing and howling like a baby while the young wretch lashed him over the arms and thighs with the stick. In the day of action this man would dare anything. A button might be awry *then* and nobody touched him; but when they had made the brute fight *then* they lashed him again into subordination."

This horrible life was uncheered by hope. The possibility of promotion at once awakes the stimulus of personal ambition and imparts a feeling of professional dignity; but for the Prussian soldier there was no such possibility. The army must be officered by nobles alone. This illustrious prince, in whom Mr. Carlyle discovers, as the soul of all his noble tendencies, "that he has an endless appetite for men of merit, and feels, consciously and otherwise, that they are the one thing beautiful, the one thing needful to him," when peace came, would dismiss any officer who was not noble, whatever his services might have been. In spite of all his cant about equality and sneers at blood, he was in practice a bitter aristocrat. He carried his reverence of German quarterings even into his administration of civil affairs. He would not allow a merchant to travel at more than a certain fixed rate of expense; he would allow a nobleman's estate to be purchased by none but a nobleman. The punishments by which this motley army was kept in order were frightful. Death was regarded as a secondary punishment. In order to insure a capital sentence a strange and horrible crime of child-murder became prevalent. The soldiers shrank

¹ Thackeray, *Barry Lyndon*.

from the guilt of suicide ; but they thought it little harm to secure their own release from suffering by causing the death of an innocent child. That even such an army as this fought well under Frederic is matter for no surprise. For they knew their trade well, and on the field of battle that knowledge must come into play. Men are essentially combative by nature ; and the hounds love the huntsman who can best show them the prey. But they fought unstirred by any of those influences which almost make fighting virtue. It is too bad of Mr. Carlyle to compare such an army as this to Cromwell's Ironsides. He has elsewhere described it far more truly,—“fighters animated only by drill-sergeants, messroom moralities, and the drummer's cat!”¹ A few of the native Prussian soldiers did show something of stern enthusiasm, as at Leuthen ; but these were the exception. The stock of such men was soon exhausted ; and the rest were merely the best fighting brutes, perfectly trained, and handled by a master. Never, we think, did the profession of arms wear a less inviting aspect. The army, as a body, was animated by nothing of that religious and political enthusiasm which made the troops of the Commonwealth the finest soldiers the world has ever seen, or of that passion for distinction and glory, that fervid devotion to a leader, which carried the legions of Napoleon triumphantly to the close of many a bloody day. When Frederic himself implored them to return to the charge at Colin, he had for his answer, “No, no, Fritz ; we have done enough for eightpence a day.” No such thought was present to any English or French soldier when brought up to turn the doubtful battle at Marston Moor or Marengo.

The one inexplicable puzzle to our mind is, that this army never rose up in impetuous revolt and put a stop to the whole thing, by shooting, if necessary, the king and every officer they had. We are told indeed that Frederic was never quite safe on parade, and no wonder. The troops deserted, when opportunity offered, as at the retreat from Dresden, in scores and hundreds ; but no mutiny was ever brought to a successful issue, though the attempt was more than once made. The difficulty of combination, in such circumstances, is almost insuperable ; and we fear it must be added, that there is a tendency in human nature to cower before stern oppression. Of this strange army we get no knowledge from these pages ; we are presented instead with an imaginary picture of high-minded Prussians, devoted to their king, and overflowing with patriotism and Lutheran hymns.

The third of Mr. Carlyle's volumes opens with rejoicings over

¹ *French Revolution*, vol. iii.

the beginning of Frederick's civil reforms—rejoicings not wholly undeserved. He showed a real anxiety for the speedy administration of justice, and did his best to sedate for his subjects this great blessing. He abolished torture. He granted to all sects, except the Jews, perfect religious liberty. He allowed uncontrolled freedom of thought and expression. (These were great boons.) But one boon, greater than all these, was persistently withheld; namely, freedom of action. "My people," he said, "may think as they please, provided I may act as I please!" Never was a people so regulated and disciplined in every relation of life. They could not marry, or buy or sell, or travel abroad, or stay at home, save as the king thought fit. And the extraordinary thing is, that he did all this superintendence himself. He had absolutely no ministers. Those who are curious to see how nearly the life of a great and illustrious prince may resemble the life of a galley-slave should read Lord Macaulay's sketch of Frederick's business habits. He himself did all the work of governing Prussia, and what that work must have been, owing to his love of meddling and distrust of subordinates, it is hardly possible for us to conceive. A nobleman could not go to Aix-la-Chapelle for his health; a man of letters could not go to Holland to procure information for a history of that country, without special permission from the king. Sir Charles Hanbury Williams thus writes to Mr. Fox in 1751: "If a courier is to be despatched to Versailles, or a minister to Vienna, his Prussian Majesty draws himself the instructions for the one, and writes the letters for the other. This you will say is great; but if a dancer at the opera has disputes with a singer, or if one of those performers wants a new pair of stockings, a plume for his helmet, or a finer petticoat, the same king of Prussia sits in judgment on the cause, and with his own hand, answers the dancer's or the singer's letter." His leading idea was to make Prussia a barrack-yard. He was persuaded that his people could not act or think wisely for themselves, and that he therefore must think and act for them. In his conception of how to promote the wellbeing of a nation he was far inferior to Peter the Great. The Czar laboured to raise brutes into men; Frederick's aim was that men should remain as children.

The marginal notes written by Frederick on the reports sent to him by his ministers, or more properly speaking, secretaries, are characteristic and sometimes most amusing. The answer which he gives to a petition from some officials objecting to the promotion of their juniors over their heads, is well worthy of attention among ourselves: "I have in my stable a parcel of old mules, who have served me a long while, but I have not yet found any of them apply to be made superintendents of the stable."

Quoted in Lord Mahon's *History of England*, Appendix, vol. iv.

Perhaps the most inexcusable and pernicious development of Frederic's love of meddling was when he interfered with the administration of the law. The story of Miller Arnold's lawsuit is well known. We have no space to go into that matter here, further than is necessary to illustrate Frederic's style of government. If, after repeated investigation and consideration, all the best judges in a country should agree on a point in an intricate and difficult branch of law; if, in spite of remonstrances and threats from a despotic king, they adhere to their opinion as one which they cannot, on their consciences, change or modify, people will be apt to think that they must be in the right. Not so the king of Prussia. Without misgiving he reversed the decision; abused the judges who pronounced it only a little less coarsely than his father would have done; and rewarded them for their conscientiousness by dismissal and imprisonment, finding them liable also in damages to the successful litigant. The results were what might have been expected. For sometime after the Courts of Law found the utmost difficulty in enforcing their authority; and it is gratifying to know that hundreds of peasants used to throng under the king's windows with petitions in their hands, all loudly shouting, "Please your Majesty, consider our case; we have been far worse treated than the Arnolds." How the king relished this practical result of his interference we are not informed. Finally, Frederic's successor had to pay out of his own pocket all the expenses occasioned by this freak of royal equity, and so hush up the matter.

Frederic's commercial policy opens up a topic at once more attractive and instructive. In many respects it was worthy of attention, and not the less so because he violated, pretty consistently, all the doctrines of free-trade.

To prevent disappointment, I ought to add that Friedrich is the reverse of orthodox in "Political Economy;" that he had not faith in Free Trade, but the reverse; nor had ever heard of those Ultimate Evangel, unlimited competition, fair start, and perverbid race by all the world (towards cheap and nasty, as the likeliest winning-post for all the world, which have since been vouchsafed us. (Vol. iv. p. 370)) and They are eloquent, ruggedly strong Essays, those of a Mirabeau Junior upon Free Trade; they contain, in condensed shape, everything we were privileged to hear, seventy years later, from all organs, coach-horns, Jews-harps, and scrannel-pipes, *pro* and *contra*, on the same sublime subject; "God is great, and Plugson of Undershot is his Prophet." Thus saith the Lord, Buy in the cheapest market, sell in the dearest! (Vol. vi. p. 351.)

It is no cause of reproach to Frederic that he did not understand or appreciate free-trade; but it is difficult to keep one's

temper when a man like Mr. Carlyle condescends to such idle buffoonery as this. It was hard enough to get free-trade adopted; it is even now hard enough to get it carried out; and it is very intolerable that a great writer and pretentious teacher should indulge in meaningless sneers at a policy which he cannot intelligently attack. That Frederic was wrong in many of his views, as his horror at the precious metals leaving the country; his love of monopolies, his belief that manufactures would flourish at his will, that trade could be fostered by restrictive laws, will now-a-days hardly be disputed. On the other hand, he adopted a course with regard to many matters, which, though we may hastily condemn it as unsound, would seem, judged by the result, to have been eminently successful; and Mr. Carlyle would have rendered better service by helping us to a solution of these difficulties, than by his vague denunciations of the "Dismal Science," as he thinks it humorous to call Political Economy.

It is hard indeed to say whether we are more astonished by Frederic's mode of sustaining the burdens of war, or by his power of repairing the ruin which war leaves behind. Even seen, as it only now can be seen, by dim glimpses, his war budget is indeed wonderful; to extravagant British minds almost inconceivable. The pay of the Prussian soldier was small, and when peace came every unnecessary man was rigorously paid off. The economy practised in every branch of the public service was carried to the verge of meanness. The frugality practised in the Royal household was unexampled, though it were much to be desired that it should gain imitators. Moreover, the war was to a great extent conducted on the principle of making war support war. In Saxony, an enemy's country, levies of men and contributions were made by him during all those terrible years. Still the mystery remains quite inexplicable: how did he manage to come through that fearful conflict without incurring a penny of debt? And then another curious question arises, and one of some moment when nations take to fighting, Would it not have been better if debt *had* been incurred? Would not much suffering have been avoided if more money had been forthcoming? Though the nation did eventually recover, at the time the agony was almost too great for endurance. Now, might not this agony have been greatly mitigated, might not much personal suffering have been spared, much property have been preserved, by borrowing from the resources of the future? Then, again, as to the tampering with the currency. Can it ever be good in the long-run for the financial wellbeing of a nation that the coinage should be debased as Frederic debased it?

Yet more astonishing than Frederic's management of the war

was the way in which Prussia, under his guidance, recovered from its effects. The state of the country at the close of the Seven Years' conflict is not easy to be imagined. The population had been decreased by ten per cent.; wide tracts of country lay desolate; the villages were depopulated; the fields were uncultivated; at best, only women and children remained to follow the plough. The very seed-corn had been devoured. The towns were hardly in better plight than the country. In Berlin itself a third part of the population was supported by alms. But if the guilty ambition of Frederic had reduced his country to this point of misery, it is only fair to add that his industry and administrative capacity soon raised her out of it. In some three or four years Prussia was restored to comparative prosperity. There could hardly be a more interesting or instructive study than to inquire carefully how this was done. Readers who remember Lord Macaulay's elaborate account of the debasement of the coinage under William, and the measures taken to restore it, will understand what might have been done here. Unhappily Mr. Carlyle has no taste for such inquiries. He reiterates with vehemence that Frederic violated all the doctrines of "the dismal science," but beyond this it does not please him to go. And we are not sure that he is right even thus far. Undoubtedly Frederic did not much understand or value Political Economy, but in the matter now before us it is by no means quite clear that political economists would have condemned all his proceedings. For example, at the close of the war he had in hand some twenty-five million thalers which he had got ready against the next campaign. These he spent himself, in the manner and at the places where necessity seemed most imperious. Now it is certainly a doctrine of Political Economy that private enterprise best develops the resources of a country. But there is not in this science more than in others any rule without exceptions; and the most rigid political economists will probably admit that crises may come in the history of a nation, when the interference of the Government may be not only harmless but salutary. Such a crisis in our own history was the Irish famine. Some writers carry this doctrine considerable lengths, maintaining for instance, that Government may, with good effect, afford to the people facilities of locomotion, so as to enable them to take advantage of any local rise in wages. Indeed, strictly looked at, is a State system of emigration anything but carrying out this principle on a large scale? The truth is, that the doctrines of economic science cannot be unbendingly applied to extraordinary conditions of society. Prussia, at the close of the war, was in a condition altogether extraordinary. Trade was annihilated, property insecure, the law

weak, and the people consequently in that state in which a tendency to hoard money, instead of profitably employing it, must have been wide-spread. It may therefore be doubted whether Frederic's "paternal," or rather steward-like, system of government was not well adapted to the exigencies of the case. The question is most interesting, but we have no space to discuss it here—the rather that it is not opened by Mr. Carlyle. Instead of dealing with it he has chosen to indulge in such "inarticulate shriekings" against Political Economy and Free-Trade as we have quoted above. By this course he has done injustice at once to his readers and himself. His readers have lost much valuable political information; and the life of Frederic has been written without any sufficient statement of Frederic's greatest and purest title to fame. For a detailed account of the means by which Frederic healed the wounds of the State, and of his administration during the last twenty-three years of peace which closed his reign, how willingly would we exchange the prolix record of the early glories of the Hohen-zollerns, the irritating defences for the extravagances of Frederic William, or even the minute descriptions of Frederic's marches and countermarches among the mountains of Bohemia. That Frederic was totally mistaken in the general principles of his administration is hardly disputable, but it by no means follows that he was mistaken in the measures he adopted under certain extraordinary circumstances; and history never could have discharged a more useful office than in pointing out the reasons of this distinction.

There can be no doubt that Frederic had at heart the well-being of his subjects. Immediately after his accession he announced his determination to "make men happy." That he sincerely laboured to carry out this determination cannot be denied. Unfortunately, like most men in all ranks and stations of life, he insisted on making others happy according to his views, not according to their own. It is a mistake not less serious than common. He believed he understood their real interests better than they did themselves; therefore they were not permitted to seek their wellbeing in their own way. His argument ran thus: I am wiser than my people, therefore they can only be truly happy if they obey my orders in all things; and so the whole population was drilled like so many soldiers—or almost slaves. Again, he thought it for the good of the country that his territory should be enlarged, and so the Seven Years' War was brought upon the people that Silesia might be obtained. That war cost Prussia some 200,000 men, not to speak of the sufferings of the survivors. Was the acquisition of Silesia sufficient to convert all this misery into a balance of happiness? Supposing

Frederic had never gone near Silesia; but had preserved peace throughout his reign, devoted himself to developing the resources of the country, and increasing the intelligence and extending the liberties of the people, would not the Prussians have been happier, then, more prosperous and higher in the scale of nations now? Mr. Carlyle, as we have seen, defends this Silesian robbery. But even he cannot defend all Frederic's civil administration; yet he is never at a loss for an excuse to save his hero! When Frederic does anything wise, no one may share the credit with him; when he does anything very unwise, and one else, if possible a Frenchman, has to bear the blame. Thus, when he introduces a system of excise for which no good word can be said, the whole responsibility is laid upon the advice of D'Alembert and Helvetius.

Frederic's character is a strange study in human nature. He was often satirized; but he never fell into the hands of a satirist who could make the most of him. To an epigrammatic writer like Pope he would have been invaluable. The inconsistencies and contrasts in his nature are grotesque and puzzling. Mr. Carlyle's indiscriminating praise gives us no aid towards solving the riddle. This is mainly owing to his unfortunate predilection for Frederic William. He insists on defending the conduct of that drunken savage, whose best excuse, indeed, is, that he was often drunk for months together, if not quite mad; nay, in upholding him as a model father, whose judicious, if somewhat stern control was productive of the greatest benefit to his son. Now the real truth we suspect to have been that Frederic's whole nature was distorted and corrupted by the treatment of his youth. As a boy, he was "one of the prettiest, vividest little boys;" as he grew up he evinced an open, generous, and affectionate nature. But his love of literature and music, and a distaste for constant drill, excited his father's wrath. To what lengths that wrath reached,—public blows, imprisonment, murder of his son's friend, almost the murder of his son himself, is well known. No mortal could pass through such an ordeal unscathed. None but rarely beautiful natures can come out of an unhappy home otherwise than hurt and marred. Frederic's home was more than usually unhappy, and the results of this were not trifling. Want of sympathy made him reserved; cruelty made him hard-hearted; stern repression made his nature break out into low practical joking. So far as we can now judge, he was naturally the very reverse of irreligious, and indeed he early showed a disposition towards serious thought. But his father stormed at him as a Calvinist and a Predestinarian; forced him, on pain of death, to relinquish these damnable heresies; and

ended, as might have been anticipated, in making him a believer in nothing. Again, paternal love sought to exert itself in arranging a marriage for the prince, and, yielding to the suggestions of courtiers in Austrian pay, paternal love forced upon Frederic a wife whom he detested, and whom he hardly ever saw; condemning him to a life of loneliness, without the affection of a woman, or the hope of posterity. Worst of all was that fear taught deceit, the only protection of the weak. From that sad day on which Katte was led to death before his eyes, Frederic shrouded himself in a "polite cloak of darkness," to use Mr. Carlyle's elegant euphemism for a system of complete hypocrisy. It is painful to read of the Crown Prince kissing his father's dirty gaiters; but he had to stoop yet lower. His proud heart must have suffered many a bitter pang before he endured to write in terms of fawning affection to such a creature as Grumkow, the most contemptible of the knot of traitors and toadies, who, under the intellectual reign of Mr. Carlyle's first hero, ruled the destinies of Prussia. That cloak of darkness, which then seemed to stand him in good stead, was never through life thrown aside, and leaves a shadow on his fame. Altogether apart from his faithlessness to his engagements, Frederic's attempts to deceive, or, in slang phraseology, to "humbug" his adversaries, were often so barefaced as to be quite ludicrous. Thus, at the very time when his armies were occupying the whole of Silesia, except a few fortified towns, he had the effrontery to write to the Duke of Lorraine, "My heart has no share in the mischief which my hand is doing to your Court."

Curiously enough, the domestic vices generally reappear in those who have suffered from them. Frederic had many of the faults of his father, only in a less degree. But they do not seem to have been his naturally; he acquired them from the teaching of example. By nature frank, generous, affectionate; cruel usage made him deceitful, harsh, unfeeling, implacable. "He is as hard," said Voltaire of him, as Churchill said of James II., "he is as hard as that marble table." In some points he greatly improved and softened as he grew older; he became more tolerant, more patient, more moderate. It would have been an instructive study to mark how many of his greatest faults were derived from a corrupting education, and how many of these faults age and experience removed. But this would have involved the admission of imperfection in his father, and even in himself; and neither admission is Mr. Carlyle prepared to make. Instead, therefore, of such a study of character, we have indiscriminating panegyric of both, neither interesting, nor philosophical, nor just.

An extravagant affection for the lower animals has often been found in men who cared very little for their fellow-creatures. Frederic was a notable example of this; though the peculiarity is nowhere mentioned by Mr. Carlyle. He had always some half-dozen Italian greyhounds in the room with him; one the especial favourite, the rest kept to afford the favourite the pleasures of society. To one of these, called Alcmena, he was so attached, that at her death he was quite overpowered with grief, and insisted on keeping her corpse in his room long after it had become putrid. Dogs cost him less, he used to say, and were much more attached and faithful than a Marquise de Pompadour. A footman was appointed to the honour of attending on them, and a carriage was appropriated to their use, in which they went out for their airing, always occupying the hind seat. They were all buried on the terrace at Sans Souci, and in his will he left directions that he should be interred beside them.

Keen literary tastes were among the strange elements of Frederic's character. Beyond doubt he was possessed by an earnest and pure love of literature. Few kings have ever so loved literature for its own sake; many successful authors have striven less laboriously after literary success. He lay under the disadvantage of having the command of no language; and yet his prose writings have received the commendation of Gibbon. As to his verses, the less said of them the better; save, perhaps, the one remark, that Mr. Carlyle's argument, from their frequent and extreme indecency, to their author's innocence of the actual commission of those iniquities which have been laid to his charge, is not more ingenious than true to human nature.

A curious similarity may be remarked between the weaknesses and faults which marred the character of Frederic, and the weaknesses and faults which marred the character of Richelieu. In both these great men there was the same love of small matters, and passion for minuteness of detail, which could not but be injurious to greater interests. In both there was the same love of literature, the same addiction to literary trifling. Both were penetrated with a profound scorn and distrust of their fellow-men; neither could resist a mocking humour which made enemies for the sake of a laugh; both derived enjoyment from humiliating and giving pain to others in the intercourse of social life.

Mr. Carlyle has avoided anything like a delineation of Frederic's character; but at the close of all he brings him strikingly before us in his greatest weakness and his greatest strength.

"He well knew himself to be dying; but some think, expected that

the end might be a little further off. There is a grand simplicity of stoicism in him; coming as if by nature, or by long *second-nature*; finely unconscious of itself, and finding nothing of peculiar in this new trial laid on it. From of old, Life has been infinitely contemptible to him. In death, I think, he has neither fear nor hope. Atheism, truly, he never could abide: to him, as to all of us, it was flatly inconceivable that intellect, moral emotion, could have been put into *him* by an Entity that had none of its own. But there, pretty much, his Theism seems to have stopped. Instinctively, too, he believed, no man more firmly, that Right alone has ultimately any strength in this world: ultimately, yes;—but for him and his poor brief interests, what good was it? Hope for himself in Divine Justice, in Divine Providence, I think he had not practically any; that the unfathomable Demiurgus should concern himself with such a set of paltry ill-given animalcules as oneself and mankind are, this also, as we have often noticed, is in the main incredible to him.

"A sad Creed, this of the King's;—he had to do his duty without fee or reward. Yes, reader;—and what is well worth your attention, you will have difficulty to find, in the annals of any Creed, a King or man who stood more faithfully to his duty; and, till the last hour, alone concerned himself with doing that. To poor Friedrich that was all the Law and all the Prophets: and I much recommend you to surpass him, if you, by good luck, have a better Copy of those inestimable Documents!—Inarticulate notions, fancies, transient aspirations, he might have, in the background of his mind. One day, sitting for a while out of doors, gazing into the Sun, he was heard to murmur, 'Perhaps I shall be nearer thee soon:—'and indeed nobody knows what his thoughts were in these final months. There is traceable only a complete superiority to Fear and Hope; in parts, too, are half-glimpses of a great motionless interior lake of Sorrow, sadder than any tears or complainings, which are altogether wanting to it."—(Vol. vi. pp. 636-7.)

Assuredly he possessed, if ever man did, fortitude—"the virtue of adversity," the most heroic of all the virtues. The full force of his character was never shown till among the dangers and sorrows of the Seven Years' War. He bore up against overwhelming calamities, and triumphed over them, and established himself in security. Few men ever sought less their own happiness and ease, ever worked harder in their vocation. He discharged, with calm endurance, the multifarious labours of his life of self-imposed toil, uncheered by hope, urged on by no fear, but ever loyal to his sense of duty. "The night cometh when no man can work." As the night drew nigh, his weariness grew more intense, his loneliness yet deeper. One by one the companions of his prime, towards a few of whom he felt as much affection as his iron nature was capable of feeling, had fallen from his side; he had no love for any of his own family who then survived, save, perhaps, the Princess Amelia, and in

her pitiable state she could only be to him an additional cause of sorrow; through life he had never sought affection, so now the solace of affection could not be his: friendless and hopeless, he met with serene courage the inevitable end. It is a picture from which we cannot withhold our reverence, but which fails to command our love. Had he been less be-praised we should have liked him better: the outrageous worship of his biographer affronts the reader, and alienates his sympathies.

The second great point of interest in this book is, as we have said, that it contains the completest exposition and illustration of Mr. Carlyle's views on government which the world has as yet received. We have dwelt so long on the character of Frederic that we must be brief on this matter. Generally, the world knows pretty well how Mr. Carlyle would have it governed, but the *Life of Frederic* leaves no doubt on the matter. Frederic's system is unreservedly commended; England, on the other hand, has only at rare intervals in her history been governed at all. Lord Chatham was—

"The one King England has had, this King of Four Years, since the Constitutional system set in. Oliver Cromwell, yes indeed,—but he died, and there was nothing for it but to hang his body on the gallows. Dutch William, too, might have been considerable,—but he was Dutch, and to us proved to be nothing. Then again, so long as Sarah Jennings held the Queen's Majesty in bondage, some gleams of Kinghood for us under Marlborough:—after whom Noodleism and Somnambulism, zero on the back of zero, and all our Affairs, temporal, spiritual, and eternal, jumbling at random, which we call the Career of Freedom, till Pitt stretched out his hand upon them. For four years; never again, he; never again one resembling him,—nor indeed can ever be." . . .

"No; Nature does not produce many Pitts:—nor will any Pitt ever again apply in Parliament for a career. 'Your voices, *your* most sweet voices; ye melodious torrents of Gadarene Swine, galloping rapidly down steep places,—I, for one, know whither!' * * * —Enough."—(Vol. vi. pp. 556, 557.)

Parliament, representation, a free press, these things on which we are wont to pride ourselves, are not only useless, they are utterly destructive and damnable. Indeed, as to the latter, we are told with unusual distinctness, that it cannot "answer very long among sane human creatures; and, indeed, in nations not in an exceptional case, it becomes impossible amazingly soon." This, however, does not arise from indifference to his country. On the contrary, it springs from a keen jealousy for her honour. Mr. Carlyle never writes with more unaffected enthusiasm than when he is describing some gallant exploit of his countrymen.

Hawke destroying the French fleet amid the storms of the Bay of Biscay and the dangers of an unknown shore, the column at Fontenoy, the horsemen who followed Granby at Warburg—none of these want their sacred poet. He seems ever on the watch for some exploit of British arms, eager to celebrate it. But, as a rule, it is only the men that he can praise. The officers he finds a sorry set. If they are without fear of death, they are also without knowledge of war. Trained soldiers laugh at them as “knowing absolutely nothing whatever” of their profession; and “this goes from the ensign up to the general.” In a word, they are nothing but “courageous poles with cocked hats,” which evil, as well as all others, comes from our constitutionalism, which prevents the recognition of heroes, and denies them scope when found. The only remedy is to renounce altogether our miserable system, and to throw the government of the country unreservedly into the hands of those who are worthy. Let us be ruled by “heroes” and all will be well.

Now this high-sounding theory, whatever its merits, is by no means new. It is at least as old as Plato. Indeed it is a necessary result of speculations, which consider politics in an ethical point of view, which mix up politics with ethics. Plato's ideal statesman, as developed in the *Gorgias* and the *Republic*, is a minute and despotic teacher or trainer, fashioning all men after the pattern he thinks best. In his state only hero-philosophers are to bear sway. A chosen few have been gifted with that gold beyond price, which gives them the right to guide and govern men. On these few nature has bestowed the sad privilege of ruling, on others she imposes the obligation of obedience.¹ But then the difficulty is how these hero-rulers are to be secured. Plato faces the difficulty, and gives us the result in the social rules of the *Republic*. He does not shrink from putting plainly before us all the extraordinary social regulations requisite to carry out such a theory of government, the restraint and enforced uniformity to which it leads. But Mr. Carlyle does not face this difficulty at all. He preaches the duty of obedience to these rulers when they appear; he says, that because we have them not we are running down steep places like “Gadarone swine;” but he gives us no hint of how we are to get them. It is perhaps true, that of all forms of government, a wise and beneficent despotism may do most for the happiness of the people. But where are we to find this? We fear that few rulers of this stamp have ever existed, or are likely to exist among the sons of men. Certainly the examples which Mr. Carlyle has given from our own history are not calculated to recommend his theory. Cromwell, a great and sagacious prince,

¹ *Rep.* ii. 474. “I am a shepherd of sheep, and I am not a shepherd of sheep.”

did all in his power that his government should not be despotic; great as were the merits of William III., a care for the interests of the people of England was at no time the leading motive of his policy; and perilous would be the fortunes of a nation which lay at the mercy of the greedy, and traitorous, and all-capable Marlborough. Pitt's daring enthusiasm saved England in a dark and troublous hour; but Pitt's career, marred by many and grievous errors, shows nothing less than the wisdom and statesman-like sagacity which could safely be intrusted with uncontrolled power over the destinies of a nation. No second Pitt, says Mr. Carlyle in a spirit of dismal prophecy, can ever save England again. But we are not told why. Pitt rose to power under constitutionalism; and under a phase of constitutionalism far less alive to the influence of genius than that under which we now live. If Mr. Carlyle would point out the influences which in our present state of society throw obstacles in the path of genius, he would do good service; for such influences there undoubtedly are. But he does no service by simply calling his fellow-countrymen swine—whether of the Gadarene or any other breed.

Now, in this difficulty as to the supply of heroes—the difficulty which Plato failed to solve, and which Mr. Carlyle has made no attempt to solve—what does it behove us to do? Are we to waste ourselves in a useless longing for them? or are we rather to entertain the belief that the true greatness of a nation consists in being able to do without them; that a people is then best governed when its institutions are such as allow of an open and easy expression of the national will,—when, in short, it can look for government, not to the accident of one man, but to the free exercise of the sense and knowledge of the intelligent community. It is the old story told in new and pompous words; the old controversy, constitutionalism against despotism, which, in times of trouble, is always brought up to puzzle the unwary. But, looking beyond plentiful though vague expressions of scorn and disgust, what definite charges does Mr. Carlyle bring against constitutional governments? So far as we can make out, one only,—that they are badly served. Our statesmen are incapable; our diplomatists are ignorant; the men who lead our armies are "barber's poles." And this, the greatest calamity which can befall a nation, is a necessity of a constitutional government:—

"But Votes, under pain of Death Official, are necessary to your poor Walpole: and votes, I hear, are still bidden for, and bought. You may buy them by money down (which is felony, and theft simple, against the poor Nation); or by preferments and appointments of the unmeritorious man,—which is felony double-distilled (far deadlier, though more refined), and theft most compound; theft, not of the poor

Nation's money, but of its soul and body so far, and of *all* its moneys and temporal and spiritual interests whatsoever; theft, you may say, of collops cut from its side, and poison put into its heart, poor Nation! Or again, you may buy, not of the Third Estate in such ways, but of the Fourth, or of the Fourth and Third together, in other still more felonious and deadly, though refined ways. By doing claptraps, namely; letting off Parliamentary blue-lights, to awaken the Sleeping Swineries, and charm them into diapason for you,—what a music! Or, without claptrap or previous felony of your own, you may feloniously, in the pinch of things, make truce with the evident Demagogos, and Son of Nox and of Perdition, who has got 'within those walls' of yours, and is grown important to you by the Awakened Swineries, risen into alt, that follow him. Him you may, in your dire hunger of votes, consent to comply with; his Anarchies you will pass for him into 'Laws,' as you are pleased to term them;—instead of pointing to the whipping-post, and to his wicked long ears, which are so fit to be nailed there, and of sternly recommending silence, which were the salutary thing.—Buying may be done in a great variety of ways. The question, How you buy? is not, on the moral side, an important one. Nay, as there is a beauty in going straight to the point, and by that course there is likely to be the minimum of mendacity for you, perhaps the direct money-method is a shade *less* damnable than any of the others since discovered; while, in regard to practical damage resulting, it is of childlike harmlessness in comparison! . . .

"I am struck silent, looking at much that goes on under these stars;—and find that misappointment of your Captains, of your Exemplars and Guiding and Governing individuals, higher and lower, is a fatal business always; and that especially, as highest instance of it, which includes all the lower ones, this of solemnly calling Chief Captain, and King by the Grace of God, a gentleman who is *not* so (and seems to be so mainly by Malice of the Devil, and by the very great and nearly unforgiveable indifference of Mankind to resist the Devil in that particular province, for the present), is the deepest fountain of human wretchedness, and the head mendacity capable of being done!—."— (Vol. iii. pp. 374-5, 433.)

Doubtless there is much truth in all this. It is especially true of the lower ranks of the public service. So far as regards these, England then was, and probably now is, worse served than any country in the world. We would especially recommend Mr. Carlyle's observations on this theme to those wiseacres who think that India can be best governed by any chance son of a Director, and regard it as a frightful hardship that diplomatists should be required to know French, and that soldiers should be expected to have mastered the arduous accomplishments of writing and spelling; arguing that to insist on such advanced knowledge is absurd, because there have been eminent men who did not possess it; in other words,

that because Frederic the Great never could spell, therefore every boy who can't spell will make an excellent officer. In all professions and employments in England, rising merit is less encouraged by the Government than in any other country. This mal-administration of patronage is doubtless an evil, and it is an evil connected with our system of Parliamentary Government; yet we have our checks,—the vague check of public opinion, the more active check of her Majesty's opposition; and the latter of these is supposed to be pretty vigorous just at present.

The case against constitutionalism is not so clear as regards the higher offices. It cannot be said that here we are in any way worse than our neighbours. Mr. Carlyle often makes himself merry with our way of choosing a king to rule over us. It does sound comical enough our picking up a Hanoverian gentleman, who knew nothing about England and cared less, who could not even speak our language, and making him our chief and leader; first binding up tightly in constitutional restraints lest he might do us a mischief. But on the whole we prefer this system, with the results to which it leads, to the system of investing a dynasty of Bourbons or Hapsburgs with uncontrolled power, in the hope that by some wondrous concourse of atoms a hero may rise up among them. Again, as to our chief men under the king, we do not see that we are worse than others. Certainly, in the times Mr. Carlyle writes of, statesmen like the Pelhams and Bute, soldiers like Lord George Sackville from sulks or cowardice refusing to charge at Minden, or Howe fiddling in Philadelphia while America was slipping from the grasp of England, do not form a pleasant subject for contemplation, any more than the Aberdeen administration and Crimean War of our own day. Nay, the older time has rather the better of it, in that they had at least the satisfaction of shooting an admiral, whereas our miscarriage ended in the ingenious device of a Chelsea inquiry for white-washing everybody, and in worrying almost to death the man to whose courage we were indebted for a knowledge of our shortcomings. Still, what nation fared better in the Seven Years' War? Not France, which put Marshal Soubise at the head of her armies, and was rewarded with the rout of Rossbach. Not Austria, which sent out Prince Karl five times to lead her armies to defeat, until at last Leuthen was too much even for her patience; which threw away her only chance of victory by depriving Loudon of his command because he had taken Schweidnitz—the most brilliant exploit of the war—without the knowledge of the Aulic Council or the Empress. Nay, not even Prussia; for merit had no chance of rising in an army

officered by nobles alone. There is no harder matter than to secure that only those who are fit for high command should attain it. But in this particular neither reason nor history convinces us that constitutional governments are worse than despotic governments. We cannot see that Parliaments are more likely to be affected by favouritism, or any other corrupt influence, than kings and prostitutes. Surely George III. and Bute, with a Parliament, were better than Louis xv. and Madame de Pompadour without one. Corruption, both in the shape of bribery and of the promotion of incompetence, prevailed most when Parliaments were unreformed and public opinion weak. It is now less than it was, and, if we desire it to decrease yet further, we should do well to adopt the means which proved efficacious before. We should do all in our power to strengthen public opinion, to extend education, so increasing the intelligence in the country, and to bring that intelligence to bear upon the conduct of public affairs by giving the nation a more adequate representation.

The two great political evils which beset States are anarchy on the one hand; on the other abject submission—an existence dignified by no political feeling, stirred by no interest in public affairs, without hope, without honourable ambition, unconscious at last even of its own degradation. Constitutionalism leads to neither of these; despotism must lead to one or the other.

It is when we come to look at the life of a nation that the difference between good institutions and the accident of one wise ruler comes out. The former endure, the influence of the latter soon passes away. In the pages of Mr. Carlyle England cuts a sorry figure by the side of Prussia. Under the sway of Frederic, Prussia rose like the day-star on the European world.

"There is no taking of Silesia from this man; no slipping of him down to the orthodox old limits; he and his Country have palpably outgrown these. Austria gives up the Problem: 'We have lost Silesia!' Yes; and, what you hardly yet know,—and what, I perceive, Friedrich himself still less knows,—Teutschland has found Prussia. Prussia, it seems, cannot be conquered by the whole world trying to do it; Prussia has gone through its Fire-Baptism, to the satisfaction of gods and men; and is a Nation henceforth. In and of poor dislocated Teutschland, there is one of the Great Powers of the World henceforth; an actual Nation. And a Nation *not* grounding itself on extinct Traditions, Wiggeries, Papistries, Immaculate Conceptions; no, but on living Facts,—Facts of Arithmetic, Geometry, Gravitation, Martin Luther's Reformation, and what it really can believe in:—to the infinite advantage of said Nation and of poor Teutschland henceforth. To be a Nation; and to believe as you are convinced, instead of pretending to believe as you are bribed or bullied

by the devils about you; what an advantage to parties concerned! If Prussia follow its star—As it really tries to do, in spite of stumbling!” —(Vol. vi. pp. 332-3.)

How has this fair promise been realized? Compare England and Prussia now. National swagger is silly and vulgar, so we shall say nothing of England save that even Mr. Carlyle can bring no more definite charge against our present condition than that we are “swine,” and given up to the worship of “sheddy.” But look at Prussia. It seems to us that she has retained nothing of Frederic save his rapacity and selfishness. Animated by his genius she held the third place among European States; she holds that place no longer. Immediately on his death she began to fall away. Even the excellence of his army was rested on no basis which could survive himself. Twenty years after Frederic’s last drill, the army of “the sword of Europe” was annihilated in a single day, and Prussia was laid prostrate at the feet of Napoleon. Military critics predict a similar fate for her army now, in the event of its being called on for any more arduous enterprise than the bombardment of Diippel.

In her foreign relations the Prussian Court has kept in the paths in which Frederic taught her to tread. What was the idea of Frederic’s wars? The unjust possession of Silesia; a low aim, not calculated to elevate the tone of a people. This love of acquisition, this spirit of unscrupulous selfishness, has animated Prussian politics ever since. The lure of Hanover led her into her selfish and suicidal neutrality in the great struggle against France. When forced into that struggle she haggled for money and territory like an old Jew. On one occasion the king refused at a critical moment to send his contingent unless the Powers should make up for him an extra subsidy of two millions. On another, the intelligent negotiations of the then Lord Malmesbury enabled that astute Court to get both money and territory at once. That eminent diplomatist signed a treaty at the Hague by which 62,000 Prussians were to join the allies in the Low Countries for the trifling consideration of £300,000 down, and £50,000 per month. England did actually pay about a million and a half, and the money, as well as the 62,000 soldiers, was employed, not in the defence of the Low Countries, but in the subjugation of Poland. In such matters Prussia contrasts unfavourably even with Austria. A certain “dignity of vice” has always characterized the proceedings of the Imperial Court. She never had much virtue, and she has had the frankness never to assume any. Prussia is now, and has ever been, quite as selfish, far more hypocritical, and far more mean. Her conduct throughout the Schleswig-Holstein

business, both towards the duchies themselves, and towards Austria, would have astonished, perhaps gratified, even Frederic. Europe, indeed, can never forget the services rendered by Prussia in the crisis of 1813. But for that small thanks are due to the Prussian Court. It was the work of the great German people rising up *pro aris et focis*, and we all know how they have been rewarded.

Through many changes, broken pledges, and violated constitutions, liberty has made little progress in Prussia. The result of this has been that she has lost, it may be never to return, her chance of the Hegemony of Germany. The Klein-deutsch, or Prussian party, were strong at the close of 1848; but the miserable weakness of Frederic William, arising solely from his dislike of freedom, refused the offered crown of the resuscitated German empire, and their prospects were ruined. The king's attempt to gain some little advantage by an alliance with Saxony and Hanover, ended in the humiliation of the Convention of Olmütz, and the overthrow of liberalism in Germany. She has never regained the position she then threw away; she never can regain it so long as she persists in her present policy. The minor States will never rally round a despotic or half-despotic power. The later history of Prussia shows, to our thinking convincingly, how little permanent benefit is bestowed upon a nation by the accident of "a hero." "Never since the death of Frederick the Great," Count Bismark is reported to have said, "has the king governed in Prussia; it is his *entourage* that governs."¹ And that *entourage* has governed by adhering to all Frederic's faults as a ruler, and forgetting all his virtues.

We had something more to say on the present position of Prussia; but our space is exhausted. But we have, we hope, said enough to show that Mr. Carlyle has failed in his attempt to raise up Frederic into a model of every kingly excellence; and in his more dangerous endeavour to glorify despotism at the expense of constitutional government.

He must be a confident critic who can animadvert on the works of a man of genius without any feeling of misgiving. Such feelings must be unusually frequent and strong when it is thought right to dissent from, and even to condemn, the opinions of such a writer as Mr. Carlyle. We all owe him so much, that to do this seems not only presumptuous, but ungrateful. But it is precisely because his power is so great that his errors may not be passed over. *He* cannot escape on the plea of

¹ See an instructive article on "The Germanic Diet" in the *National Review* for April 1864.

being harmless. A few years ago his influence was unbounded ; and now, if less extensive, it is not less potent. To him we owe it (not to take meaner instances) that the deepest art critic England can show, and one of the greatest masters of the English language, has forsaken his true vocation, and become a fierce denouncer of imaginary evil, and a foolish prophet of woe to come. And this *Life of Frederic* is, we verily believe, more calculated to do mischief than anything Mr. Carlyle has written. It contains the fullest exposition of his views, and it carries out these views unflinchingly in practice. In composition, style, and arrangement, a falling off from his former self cannot fail to be remarked ; but his humour is as rich, his power of description as brilliant as ever. It is in tone and sentiment that his deterioration is most painfully obvious. It may not greatly matter what any one may think of the man Frederic : he is beyond this world's foolish judgments. And it is no pleasure to dwell upon the faults which marred a character in so many points entitled to our respect. But while we shrink from rash condemnation or vulgar abuse of the man, we must not be blinded as to the real nature of his actions. It does matter very greatly that the verdicts of history should not be reversed, that evil should not be turned into good, at the bidding of genius ; that men should not be persuaded that vigour and fortitude can compensate for rapacity and faithlessness. And it does greatly matter also that men should not be driven into vague dissatisfaction with all things round them—alike with the religion they profess and the freedom they enjoy. Mr. Carlyle's denunciations, often very commonplace in themselves, command attention from the force and originality with which they are expressed ; and the contemptuous tone of his philosophy becomes popular because it appeals pleasantly to our self-conceit. But beyond this he affords no help ; no troubled and truth-seeking mind will find any guidance from him. A state of cheerless mockery or passionate discontent, leavened with a flattering sense of superiority to all mankind, such would be the perfected triumph of Mr. Carlyle's teaching. He can pull down, but he cannot build. He leads his votaries out into the wilderness, and leaves them to wander there alone. He stirs up doubt and discontent in their minds, and then abandons them to that unhallowed companionship. Happily we have nothing now to do with his tone on religious subjects. But he has in this work assaulted political morality, the recognised principles of Government, and the British Constitution. We refuse to cast aside any of these at his bidding ; and we believe that he will render no useless service who shall, however humbly, labour to show that morality must be ob-

served in political affairs not less than in the common business of life; that a despotic, meddling, "paternal" government represses the independent exertions of the people, and so obstructs their progress and hinders their wellbeing; that the Constitution, in the perfecting of which so many great men have spent themselves, sparing not their goods, their comfort, or their lives—which so many generations of Englishmen have loved, and been wont to glory in—is not a thing of naught, to be despised and rejected, to be disparaged and cast aside because of some slight defects or some temporary failure; but a rich and noble inheritance,—as Comines called it centuries ago, "a holy thing;" a treasure of great price; to be revered with exceeding reverence; cherished, amended, but never slandered; in a word, that this country, so far as we can see, is not hurrying to destruction, nor, so far as we can judge, is worthy of such a doom.

ART. IV.—*The Works of Sir Benjamin Collins Brodie, Bart., D.C.L., Sergeant-Surgeon to the Queen, President of the Royal Society, &c. With an Autobiography.* Collected and arranged by CHARLES HAWKINS, F.R.C.S. In Three Volumes. London: Longmans, 1865.

THE late Sir Benjamin Collins Brodie commenced the Hunterian Oration in 1837 by saying, "The annual oration which I have this day undertaken to deliver, was founded by the late Sir Everard Home and Dr. Baillie, for the purpose of commemorating John Hunter, and other illustrious individuals who exist no longer among us, but who, while they did exist, contributed to advance the sciences, or otherwise to adorn the character of the surgical profession." He himself is now numbered with those of whom he then spoke; and has already taken a place among them second to none, John Hunter alone excepted. Nor will his reputation suffer much by comparison even with that rare man. If he had not Hunter's brilliant genius and profound originality, if his contributions towards the advancement of the sciences of Surgery were less pregnant and less revolutionary, it may at least be said that he did far more to adorn the character of the profession. In some respects his life and history are more worthy of study and "commemoration" than even Hunter's. Hunter was wholly an exceptional man; Brodie emphatically a representative man. He was a representative man, not in the often-used sense that he represented or embodied peculiar abstract views or theories, but in the sense that he might be taken without hesitation as the representative of the class to which he belonged. While he lived, he did on more than one occasion actually represent the profession to Government, and his name was continually used among us as the symbol of his calling. In works of fiction especially, if any name was required to be called in to attend an imaginary patient, that of Brodie was always selected; particularly in cases of the kind which he was never accustomed to treat. Now that he is dead, his character is still looked up to as realizing, with a near approach to perfection, both what the public would desire the profession to be, and what the profession would wish themselves to become. And the recent publication of his collected works, in which a most interesting but fragmentary autobiography is included, brings himself and his life vividly before us again.

BENJAMIN COLLINS BRODIE, the fourth of six children, was born in 1783, at Winsterslow in Wiltshire. His father, who was rector of the parish, seems to have been a man of considerable

attainments and intellectual power. Unable to afford the expense of sending his children to the large public schools or the universities, and unwilling to trust them elsewhere, he determined to take upon himself the sole charge of their education. As a schoolmaster, he was a strict disciplinarian, and the studies of the young Brodies were constant and severe. With many minds a too early and unremitting application defeats its own object, but in the present instance it produced nothing but good. Sir Benjamin Brodie was wont to attribute his success in life very much to the habits of regular and arduous study in which he had been trained in his youth. The household was a very quiet one, seeing but little society, and accustomed to trust to itself for those things which give a zest and interest to life. He thus grew up a home-bred boy, shy, modest, and retiring, "thinking too much of himself in some things, too little in others," but with habits of reflection, and with an independence of character which might have been extinguished by the experience of a public school. That he should enter the medical profession was determined, not so much by any special liking or expressed wish of his own, as by the will of his father, who was led to choose that path for one of his sons, by the fact that Dr. Baillie, Dr. Denman, and Sir Richard Croft, three distinguished medical men of the time, were connected with him by family ties. The son obediently followed the leading of his father. He scarcely even asked himself whether he should be happy in the choice or no, but accepted it as a matter of course, almost as if it had been arranged before he was born. Not only had he no bias in favour of the profession, but there had been no special direction towards that end given to his studies. He had become a good Greek and Latin scholar; knew a little French and Italian; and as much mathematics as enabled him to study the elementary parts of astronomy, mechanics, and physics.

It was in October 1801 that he first came up to London to commence his professional studies, which at that time were very differently arranged from what they are at the present day. Nearly every General Hospital in London has now a medical school attached to it, in which lectures on the various sciences which belong to the profession are delivered, and theoretical instruction in Medicine and Surgery is given to the students who have entered to study the practice of the hospital; and the Professors attached to the school are for the most part also officially connected with the hospital. It very rarely happens that a student joins the medical school of one hospital, and pursues his practical studies in another. At the beginning of the present century, however, very little general or theoretical instruction was given in connexion with any of the hospitals.

This was supplied by various Anatomical Schools, which were the property of independent individuals, in no way necessarily connected with any hospital. A student might join one of the schools for the purpose of dissecting, of learning his anatomy, and of receiving instruction in other matters, and might proceed to "walk" any one of the hospitals he pleased.¹ Among these schools, one of the most famous was the so-called Hunterian School of Anatomy in Great Windmill Street, which received its name from the distinguished William Hunter, who had taught here, and who had transmitted it to the equally distinguished Dr. Baillie, from whose hands it passed into those of Mr. Wilson. It was in this school that Brodie began the study of Anatomy. His work there was done under a strong sense of duty, and in trustful obedience to the advice which his relation Dr. Baillie had pressed upon him, to make himself master of Anatomy before he proceeded to study Disease. The first nausea of the dissecting-room was soon overcome, but no great affection for Anatomy was acquired. Moreover, he felt solitary among his fellow-students. There was no one, with the exception of Lawrence, to whom he could talk with freedom, or with any hope of response, on the matters that as yet chiefly interested him. Dugald Stewart and the problems of psychology, Homer, Virgil, and literary criticism, were all lost upon the rough untutored fellows who dissected by his side at Wilson's. A mind less evenly balanced, less subject to discipline and the duty of obedience, might easily have been led to turn away from the profession in disgust. If we may judge from some slight indications, it was not without a struggle that Brodie pursued his path. Happily, his intercourse was not confined to Mr. Wilson's pupils. His relations Denman and Baillie took much notice of him; his brother was in London studying Law; and he had joined some friends, among them Dr. Maton, in founding a sort of literary debating club, where everything was discussed except theology and politics.

A summer's holiday at home was followed by another winter at Wilson's, and in the following spring he entered St. George's Hospital, for the purpose of attending the surgical practice of Mr., afterwards Sir Everard Home. During his first winter he had listened to the surgical lectures of Mr. Abernethy, and had been led, through the enthusiasm of the lecturer, to choose pure Surgery as that branch of the profession to which he should devote himself—his want of a university degree shutting him

¹ It is a matter for very grave consideration, whether many advantages connected with the old system are not now entirely lost, and whether a revival of that system, with some modifications, might not prove beneficial to the profession, and more especially to science.

out from the career of a physician. With his entrance into the Hospital he felt that he was beginning a new life. In the study of Anatomy, as a preliminary to the medical profession, the mind is for the most part passive; it is then learning how to appreciate the accuracy, the exactitude, the iron rule of nature. There is no room for any display of logic, of imagination, of mental acuteness. The student has only to remain obedient and quiet until an image of the mysterious mechanism of the human body, in its minutest details, has been stamped upon his senses and his memory. But the moment that he crosses the threshold of the hospital all is changed. The mind is at once called into great activity; the faculty of observation, the power of inference are set at work; probabilities have to be calculated, and the judgment has to be largely used. Brodie, whose mind had been previously interested in works of imagination and speculation, had found Anatomy rather dull work; but in the investigation of disease by the bedside, and in the appreciation of remedies and treatment, he recognised that the profession could afford him all the intellectual occupation that he desired. His lessons in the Hospital, too, threw back an interest on the dissecting-room, and he returned to Wilson's in the following winter with an awakened zeal in Anatomy, able to follow Dr. Baillie's advice from choice as well as from obedience. The spring of the following year was saddened by the death of his much-loved father, but the loss sent him back to the Hospital with a renewed determination to work. In the October of the same year he was again to be found at Wilson's, but this time assisting to teach the other students as well as improving himself. During the next summer, that of 1805, he occupied the post of house-surgeon to St. George's Hospital, a situation which vastly increased his opportunities of study. At the conclusion of his term of office in the succeeding October, Mr. Home proposed to make him his private assistant, and the offer was gladly accepted. Such a position, besides being compatible with the winter duties in Great Windmill Street, and bringing in some small emoluments, was one of great advantage to Brodie, inasmuch as it brought him into close contact with one who, whatever may have been his faults, was a good surgeon, and whose love for Comparative Anatomy, though marred by an overweening personal ambition, could not but have a very beneficial effect on a young surgeon. For two years and a half Brodie continued with Home, learning some surgery, teaching at Wilson's, and doing a good deal of work in Comparative Anatomy. During this time he was often thrown into the company of Clift, who afterwards became the Conservator of the Hunterian

Museum. Home also made much of him, introducing him to Sir Joseph Banks and other distinguished men of science; and the shy, retiring young surgeon might often be found in the library of the Royal Society's President, where, on Sunday evenings, Davy, Wollaston, Young, the elder Herschel, Cavendish, and others, met to talk together about things as great as the universe, and, in spite of Peter Pindar, as small as fleas. He was, in fact, admitted a member of the aristocracy of science.

The influence of these two years and a half on the future of Brodie's life can hardly be exaggerated. In his boyhood his studies were rather literary than scientific; and, during the first two years of his residence in London, the ignorance of his fellow-students drove him to seek for elevating intercourse in the society of men whose tastes were for the most part confined to literature. The profession he had adopted seemed to him at that time a duty rather than a pleasure—a mechanical routine to be mastered for the sake of the competency it promised, rather than one of the paths of intellectual culture. He was apt, we imagine, to rank science far below literature, and especially below philosophy, technically so called, as an intellectual pursuit or as an exercise of mental power. His experience in the Hospital, however, opened his eyes to the amount of thought involved in a successful practice of the healing art, and his happy intercourse with the bright band of distinguished men of science into whose society Home had brought him, showed him that science was well justified by her children of that day, who stood second in intellectual vigour to none of the minds of the age. From that time forward Brodie and science were inseparable. Throughout the remainder of a long life none were so ready as he to utter just praises of science; none so ready to foster all scientific efforts. Literature never ceased to be pleasing, nor philosophy enticing to him; but science, either in its pure or its applied forms, ever afterwards claimed and received his warmest affections. In 1808, while he was as yet a mere senior student, not quite twenty-five years of age, he was appointed assistant-surgeon to St. George's Hospital. From the day of his election, Home resigned to him much of his own duties, and the absence of the junior surgeon, Mr. Gunning, with Lord Wellington's army in the Peninsula, placed in Brodie's hands the care of a large number of patients. He immediately gave himself up with vigour to his new duties. Every day he spent hours in the Hospital, taking notes and studying cases. The porters and other menial officials of the place were astonished to see him working as busily as if he were still a student, instead of treating the patients in that rapid and cursory manner which became the dignity of a surgeon. A year or two before, he had joined Mr. Wilson in delivering lectures on Sur-

gery at the school in Great Windmill Street, and very soon found that the greater share of the work fell upon himself. So successful and popular with the students was he, that he began to take part in the anatomical lectures as well. The absence of private practice, however, left still some spare time on his hands, and that he sedulously devoted to experimental researches in Physiology. In 1809 he presented to the Royal Society an "Account of a Dissection of a Human Fœtus, in which the Circulation of the Blood was carried on without a Heart." It was printed in the *Philosophical Transactions*, and though he himself in after years set little or no store by it, he was on the strength of it elected a Fellow of the Society, on the 15th of February 1810. In November 1810, when twenty-eight years of age, he delivered a Croonian lecture, "On some Physiological Researches respecting the Influence of the Brain on the action of the Heart, and on the Generation of Animal Heat," for which a Copley medal, "the highest honour the Society has to bestow," was awarded to him. In 1811 he contributed a paper containing "Experiments and Observations on the different Modes in which Death is produced by certain Vegetable Poisons;" and, in 1812, two papers containing further experiments and observations on the same subjects, animal heat, and the action of poisons. The Copley medal was at that period not given with the same jealous care which marks its distribution at the present day, and was perhaps on some occasions granted for memoirs of decidedly inferior merit. The selection of Brodie's researches for the honour has, however, been ratified by the importance which has been attached to them ever since, and which has led to their being described in nearly all text-books of Physiology. It may be worth while to enter into them somewhat fully here.

The experiments on the different modes in which death is produced by certain poisons, were undertaken with a view to "ascertain in what manner certain substances act on the animal system so as to occasion death, independently of mechanical injury." The author's purpose was not so much a forensic as a purely physiological one. He desired not so much to assist in the solution of the various practical questions that come up in the witness-box, as, by destroying piecemeal the various members of the economy, to get, amid the unloosing of the bands of life, some insight into the laws governing the actions of animal bodies. Poisons are, indeed, in the hands of the physiologist, most valuable instruments of analysis. By them he is enabled, with some degree of success, to annihilate this or that function of the body, and to observe what takes place when the remainder are thus deprived of the help of their fellow. Hence any advance in our knowledge of their physiological properties

carries with it all the benefits that result from the improvement of a scientific instrument, or of a method of observation. The action of poisons is, it is true, an exceedingly obscure matter, but it shares that feature in common with all the deeper parts of Physiology. There are few physiologists of note who have not at some time or other of their lives been induced to attack these difficult problems; and if their labours have not always produced striking and important results, their researches have at least been great opportunities for enunciating and defining their views on fundamental physiological doctrines. Among such the investigations of Brodie will always hold a high rank. Since the date of his memoirs much progress has been made in the chemical and forensic aspect of these things; and, with regard to one poison which he studied, viz., urari, recent inquiry has brought to light some very important facts, having a most decided influence on the general progress of Physiology, which had escaped his notice. But as concerns the physiological action of the other poisons, it will be scarcely too much to say that our knowledge in that direction has received but few material additions since his time.

The other researches, begun with the intention of testing the truth of the views of the brilliant Bichat concerning the heart's beat being independent of the brain's action, ended in coming upon a result which at that time was judged, and rightly judged, to be of extreme importance. Various hypotheses had been put forward by the older philosophers to account for the fact that a very large number of animals, the so-called warm-blooded creatures, have a fixed, constant, individual temperature, which is, in the main, independent of any external source of warmth, being at times below, but mostly above, that of the surrounding atmosphere, and which is said to be due to Animal Heat. In the pages of the learned Haller, one may read how, it being taken for granted that the general heat of the body was merely a manifestation of the heat of the blood, some thought that a certain amount of caloric was innate in the heart, by whose efficacy the blood was continually warmed; how others, among them the great Newton, fancied that heat was generated in the heart through the influence of the same humours that drove that organ to its pulsations; how a third sect attributed it to a fermentation or effervescence in the blood; others to the movements of the body; and still others to the friction of the blood-globules as they roll along through the narrow capillaries. The same author enters into an exhaustive discussion of the merits of these various views. All such conflicting shadows of opinion¹ were, however, dispersed and driven wholly away by the bright

¹ Exception should be made in favour of Mayow, who dug up the truth about oxidation and respiration, and then half-buried it again with rubbish.

light of the chemical discoveries of Black, Priestley, and Lavoisier. Under the teaching of those great men, it began to be conceded that animal heat was an effect of respiration, the result of the combustion of carbon (and hydrogen) into carbonic acid (and water) by the oxygen of the breath,—that the temperature of the body and that of a stove were identical in their causation, being both produced by the very same process. But the word “respiration” was at that time used to denote a change supposed to take place in the lungs only. By it was understood an oxidation in the lungs of the carbon of the blood by means of the oxygen of the breath. In that process the rest of the body had no share, except in so far as it furnished material for combustion, and received the benefit of the resulting warmth. The lungs were looked upon as the furnace where all the actual burning took place, the blood-vessels, as species of hot-water pipes, carrying all over the body the heat arising from the combustion in the lungs. Whatever processes were taking place in other parts of the body, brain, muscle, or viscera, might be fulfilling their functions in bringing forth other fruits of living action, as sensation, motion, secretion, etc., but they had nothing to do with the production of animal heat. The physiologists of that day were too much inclined to regard the body as a bundle of machines or organs, each organ having its own particular function and nothing else much to attend to, and all being bound together by no strong bond, save that of the so-called vital principle. Against this theory of Lavoisier, it was urged, with great force, that if their views were true, the lungs ought to be the hottest part of the body, which they certainly were not. This difficulty was, however, for a while supposed to be laid by the highly ingenious, but it must now be said barren speculations of Crawford, on the specific capacity for heat of venous and arterial blood; and although Lagrange and Hassenfratz contended that the essential part of respiration, the oxidation of carbon, took place, not in the lungs, but in the capillaries of the body at large, their views were not generally accepted for many years afterwards, until, in fact, they were supported by the observations of Magnus on the relative quantities of oxygen and carbonic acid contained in venous and arterial blood. At the time of Brodie's memoirs the theories of Black and Lavoisier reigned supreme, and it was because his results were unexpectedly in such direct contradiction to their views that they attracted so much attention.

For the purpose of showing that the heart could continue to beat in the absence of a brain, Brodie employed artificial respiration on animals who had been decapitated, or whose brain had by other means been destroyed. By the regular action of

a pair of bellows attached to a tube introduced into the wind-pipe, air could be driven in and out of the chest in a way exactly simulating ordinary respiration. When this was done, the heart continued to beat, the muscles of the limbs and trunk to contract when stimulated, the blood to be changed from a venous to an arterial colour in its passage through the lungs; in fact, except that there was no consciousness, no voluntary movement, and apparently no secretion, the animal machine seemed to be performing the same functions as during life. According to the theory of Black, the respiration, the change of the blood from a venous to an arterial character in the lungs, being in such a case still carried on, animal heat ought also to have been generated, and consequently the insufflated corpse ought to have maintained its natural temperature as long as artificial respiration was continued. Brodie, however, found that it gradually but persistently became cooler. Nay more, when two rabbits of the same size, breed, and colour were killed, and the one left untouched, while the other was insufflated, the latter always cooled the most rapidly, for the obvious reason that in its case, a certain amount of cool air was at frequent intervals brought into contact with the warm interior of the animal. He moreover obtained the same results when he refrained from mechanically destroying the brain, and merely suspended its action by a narcotic poison; and, with the help of Brande, demonstrated that not only did the blood appear to the eye to undergo in the lungs the usual change from the venous to the arterial condition, but also that the amount of carbonic acid given off by the animal during artificial respiration, to no extent differed from that proper to life and health. He drew from his experiments the conclusion that animal heat was in no direct way connected with respiration; that by respiration no (he afterwards changed the "no" for "little") heat was generated, but that the sole condition and source of the elevated temperature of warm-blooded creatures was the integrity and functional activity of the brain and nervous system.

The results thus obtained by Brodie were corroborated, with unimportant modifications, by subsequent inquirers; and it may at the present day be said that ordinary artificial respiration, after the destruction of the brain, or during the suspension of its activity, is insufficient to maintain the temperature natural to the living healthy animal body. The conclusions, however, drawn by him from these results may be looked at from two points of view. On the one hand, they may be considered as a protest against the chemical theory of Lavoisier, and they doubtless did contribute to the subsequent acceptance of the truer doctrines. On the other hand, they seem to ascribe to

the brain a work hitherto unnoticed or unknown,¹ and indicate a disposition to rebel against the dominant scheme of independent organs and functions.

It must be confessed that the development of physiological science has taken the direction which these researches may thus be supposed to have pointed out. Not that Brodie saw by any means clearly the true meaning of his results. Had he done so, the papers of Home's young pupil would have shown, not signal ability only, but great genius. He thought he saw in them a clear contradiction of chemical theories of life, and an undoubted support of so-called vital theories; and was inclined at first to believe that the nervous system generated heat in some peculiar, mysterious way; whereas in reality they only contradicted chemical theories which were erroneous, in so far as they were narrow and limited, and opened up the way to wider and truer views of the same kind. Since his time the theory of Lavoisier has been superseded, not by doing away with it altogether, but by extending it. And as in the old-fashioned mazes he gets to the central tree the soonest who at first seems to be going directly away from it, so, in the history of physiological science, the way to a physical and chemical explanation of vital actions has been often gained by what seemed at first sight a turning the back on Chemistry and Physics altogether. Again and again the appeal to vital principles has turned out in the end to be an appeal to a wider Chemistry and truer Physics. At the present day we regard animal heat as due, not to combustion of carbon in the lungs, but to an oxidative metamorphosis of all the tissues of the body, some to a greater, and others to a less extent. The lungs are, we now think, not a furnace to which all burning is confined, but a chimney through which issues the smoke generated by a combustion which goes on everywhere, and that most fiercely in the tissue or part where life is most active. In fact, the most advanced philosophy teaches that all the measurable forces of living bodies are due to combustion, to oxidation, or at least to chemical transformation, and believes that they may, when our knowledge is wide enough, be all expressed in terms of units of heat. To affirm that heat can be produced in the animal body without previous oxidation, without a metamorphosis of its chemical substances, or that oxidation can there take place without heat or some equivalent force being set free, is to contradict, not the physiological science only, but also the whole physical philosophy of the present day. We may admit that the brain has a great influence on animal heat, but we can do

¹ Unless it be by some obscure theorizer. See the amusingly excited note in Milligan's translation of Majendie's *Physiology*, 1829, p. 578.

so only under the assumption that it affects either the sum-total of the bodily metamorphosis, or the manner and amount in and to which the force arising from the ordinary oxidation is either distributed and dissipated as heat, or transformed into some other mode of energy. An exact interpretation of Brodie's results demands a quantitative examination of all the circumstances of the experiments, much greater and more minute than he, with the resources then at his command, was able to give to them. That such an examination has since, as far as we know, not even been attempted, indicates that the experiments have not now the same importance that they formerly had. Like their author, their work is done; they form part of the history rather than of the working capital of science. What is really the same subject, the influence of the nervous system on chemical transformation, *i.e.*, on secretion, nutrition, etc., is now being attacked from other points with a success which, during the last few years, has been very great, and has explained much which seemed to support the erroneous part of Brodie's views. No line of research, in fact, seems to promise more fruit than that of which Sir Benjamin Brodie's inquiries may be regarded as one of the earliest efforts. If we look at them in this light, in tracing out the genesis of one small branch of that scientific thought, which waxes as the years roll on, we may recognise in them a value which increases with time, even though the particular praise which was bestowed on them at the date of their publication, and which won for him the Copley medal, may seem exaggerated, if not mistaken. In the line of English physiologists who, few and scanty as they be, have handed down the apparently vital theories of John Hunter, and little by little have interpreted them, without radical change, into the rigid physico-chemical doctrines of the present day, the name of Brodie will always occupy a high place.

Three other memoirs complete his purely physiological writings. One, "On the Influence of the Nerves of the Eighth Pair on the Secretions of the Stomach," was printed in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1814; another, "On the Influence of the Nervous System on the Action of the Muscles in general, and of the Heart in particular," was read as a Croonian lecture in 1813, but by the desire of the author was not published; a third, "On the Effects produced by the Bile in the Process of Digestion," appeared in Brande's *Quarterly Journal of Science*, in 1823. The two first are both connected with the same subject which had previously engaged his attention, the bond between the nervous system and the organic, that is, the chemical and physical processes of the animal body; and what has been said of the earlier papers applies equally to these. The matter was

one of surpassing interest to Brodie. He saw in it not a mere idle question to be answered by curious men, but an image of, and in some sort a key to, that mysterious connexion between the immaterial mind and the material body, which was ever a subject of much thought to him, which comes prominently forward in his *Psychological Inquiries*, and which led him "to say to a friend, in speaking of his lectures on the Comparative Anatomy of the Brain, 'The complexity of the mechanism of the higher brains is enough to make one giddy to think of it.'"

Although during the whole of his life Brodie never failed to take the greatest interest in all matters relating to Physiology and Anatomy, and as an active Fellow of the Royal Society was frequently busied with new discoveries in those sciences, his own personal exertions in them may, except from 1819-23, when he held the post of Professor of Comparative Anatomy and Physiology to the Royal College of Surgeons, be considered to have ended within a few years after his appointment to St. George's Hospital. In 1809 he had taken a house. In 1812 Wilson wished to make over to him the school in Great Windmill Street, in which they had conjointly delivered anatomical and surgical lectures. Acting upon Home's advice, he declined the offer, which was afterwards accepted by Charles Bell. He took, however, another house in the same street, in which he fitted up a museum, and where he continued to deliver surgical lectures until the year 1829, when he transferred them to St. George's Hospital. By far the greater part of his time was spent in the Hospital, where his studies were unremitting and laborious. His attention being drawn to diseases of the joints, the paucity of knowledge on the subject led him to make some original investigations, the results of which were communicated in 1813 to the Medical and Chirurgical Society, of which he had become a member in 1808. As an effect of these inquiries, and of the practical and scientific reputation he was acquiring, he found that patients came to consult him in increasing numbers; and he began to feel that his physiological experiments must be laid aside, that his business in life was not pure science, but actual practice. Although his scientific epoch, if we may so call it, was a very happy, perhaps the most happy period of his life; and although in his later years he longed for some respite from patients and active duties, in order that he might return to the studies of his early days, he never regretted the choice he had made of becoming a successful surgeon rather than a distinguished physiologist. Nor has the world any reason to deplore it. It is true that England is not overburdened with working physiologists; those that deserve that name at the present day may be counted on the fingers, and

many of them are harassed with other duties. She was not overburdened then, though in this respect she held at that time a rank among other nations which she holds no longer. Yet she could afford to spare Brodie. Distinguished scientific men may be got any day, may be trained at any time, if love be present, and scope (and a livelihood) be allowed, while the qualities necessary for a perfect surgeon are more rare. If a man has industry, a tolerably good head, and a humble, steadfast love of truth, he can hardly fail in producing good results in pure science when he sets himself heartily to the work; whereas great success in the practical art requires as well moral and social qualifications that are not always to be found. The one deals with nature, who demands only obedience; the other has to do with nature too, but also with men and women who need as much ruling as she needs obeying. Had Brodie devoted himself to pure Physiology he might have proved himself not merely a fruitful labourer but a great discoverer, or he might have settled down into an ordinary Professor. Judging from what we know of him, it is probable that he would not have ascended to the highest heights of pure science. That absence of pronounced bias towards any particular path of knowledge, which proved of such great utility in the life he actually adopted, would not have been the best augury for his progress in pure science. For a career of that kind an enthusiasm is necessary, an enthusiasm such as that of Edward Forbes, an enthusiasm that is often all the more useful for being apparently sometimes blind and heedless. On the other hand, a strong feeling concerning "duty," which was ever uppermost in Brodie's mind, and which is the grand support of all who have to act, would have been for the most part lost in a life devoted to abstract inquiry. The man of science, as far as his researches are concerned—and if he be real, he and his researches are one—needs no such source of strength. He has only quietly, humbly, and truthfully to push forward in the way that opens up for him the more clearly the longer he pursues it. "Duty" to such a one is superfluous, if not unintelligible. Men of pure science, again, are content often to look forward to the results of their labours as useful only in future. Sir Benjamin Brodie had that longing to see the immediate fruits of his works, which is characteristic of a practical mind. Even in his abstruser speculations, such as those which he developed in his old age, it was not so much the love of abstract truth as the hope of achieving good that stirred him. His *Psychological Inquiries* are to be regarded as not so much an effort in mental science, as a transcript from the note-book of a physician, who, calmly talking over and wisely considering the symptoms of humanity, points out what

he considers the best treatment and remedies to be adopted. But if Sir Benjamin Brodie might not have become a leader in science, he did become one of the greatest of English surgeons. His success justified his choice.

It is very interesting to observe the position he took in reference to the conflicting claims of the science of life and the art of healing. There is very considerable difficulty in judging fairly of the mutual relations of these two things. Though, theoretically considered, the latter is the practical application of the former, practically speaking they stand apart from each other. A physiologist is not necessarily a good practitioner, but rather the contrary; and the converse is equally true. It is matter of uncertainty, and yet not without importance, how far the two should be combined. If we turn to the public for advice, we find them in a state of hopeless contradiction or vacillation. At one moment they shrink from everything that is not entirely practical, and make haste to shun any manifestation of science, as foreboding unwise and dangerous treatment. It is said of Sir Charles Bell that the falling off of his patients after the appearance of a scientific memoir from him, generally led him to publish a practical clinical lecture, with a hope of restoring the balance. At another time the public rush all agape after the latest scientific discovery, and hope all things of the last new physiological theory. Very often an abstruse paper has happily produced an unexpected rise in patients. Nor is the profession itself by any means unanimous on the matter. There are many, and such are generally called "highly practical," who delight in making a mock of all science, and feel a special pleasure in adopting courses for which no reason can be rendered: the Pharisees, as it were, of Medicine, worshipping the traditions of the elders, and accepting no physiological doctrines until they have, in process of time, acquired the stamp of the sect. In the eyes of such men, Physiology, if not unclean, is at least nothing more than a mere plaything, wholly useless in everyday life. Others again, on the other hand, are perhaps too "hastily scientific," too ready to accept the flickering light of a few academical disputations as a guide through the darkness of the human body, too willing to act upon any advice that is written in letters of Chemistry or Physiology, and not in the language of common sense. To such, Chemistry, or Galvanism, or some other section of knowledge, is a shibboleth, and the recent advance of Physical Science the dawning of a millennium. A third class, forming, as we believe, the bulk of the profession, while refusing no ray of light or offer of help that comes from Physiology or Chemistry or elsewhere, temper the zeal and eagerness of science with the wisdom and caution of experience. They may

be said to be practical *in re* and scientific *in modo*, inasmuch as they are distinguished, not by their wearing the externals of science, not by their resting their treatment on the result of vivisections and chemical experiments, not by their giving themselves up to any dominant scientific doctrines, but by their studying their cases and governing their practice in that truthful, unwearied, catholic spirit, and trustful obedience to nature, which is the token of all science properly so called. They feel that the bedside and laboratory are as yet too far apart for them to pass rapidly from one to the other; but they feel, too, that truth and success are to be won by the same means in both.

It need hardly be said that it was to this last class that Sir Benjamin Brodie belonged. His youthful intercourse with the muse of pure science prevented him from ever disparaging her, while his having felt, from personal knowledge, how fragmentary and uncertain, how far behind the urgent necessities of everyday life, were the doctrines of Physiology, saved him from blindly following their lead. Ever anxious to connect the phenomena of disease with those of health, ever striving to lay bare the deep-seated general laws governing both alike, he was still aware that what he knew cast but a stray light on what he had to do, that, while now and then some far off truth in Physiology lighted up the obscurity of a harassing case, it happened far more frequently that relief came both to the patient and the doctor through a quick following up of the hints that accident or acute observation started, through treatment which science neither suggested nor could give a reason for. He saw that the honest performance of his practical duties could leave him but little leisure for scientific pursuits, that he could not be a great surgeon and a remarkable physiologist at the same time. He did not care, or rather he saw he was not the man to be, like Young, a great philosopher and a moderate practitioner. But he felt that he could carry into his active life the same spirit that had already given him so great a success in his leisure studies, and the walls of St. George's Hospital could testify to the way in which he set to work. Every day he spent hours there. He studied the cases that came under his care with as much assiduous, conscientious, painstaking accuracy as if he were preparing his notes for publication in the *Philosophical Transactions*. He felt that every patient called for as much research as any subject of his previous memoirs.

The public soon began to learn that a man of such a temper was one who could be fully trusted. The few patients quickly became many. In 1816 he married, upon an income of £1500 a year; and after the publication, in 1819, of his papers on

Diseases of Joints, in the form of a book, his practice very rapidly increased. In 1823 his annual income from fees alone amounted to £6500, being about half of what is stated to be the limit which it in no year exceeded.

In the life of a busy surgeon, and especially of one enjoying unbroken success and uniform progress, there are naturally but few events of which others will care to be told. In the autobiography we meet more than once with such a remark as, "During this time my recollection furnishes me with very little that is worthy of being recorded. My mode of life was uniform enough." The chief facts of Brodie's external history may soon be enumerated. In 1817 he gained, through his straightforward conduct, the friendship of Sir William Knighton, and upon the advice of that gentleman, was called in to see the wonderful sebaceous tumour on the head of King George IV., of the removal of which so ludicrous an account is given in the *Life of Sir Astley Cooper*. In 1828 he became surgeon to the King, and in 1830 he treated with great temporary success the dropsy of that monarch. In 1832 he became, upon the death of Sir Everard Home, sergeant-surgeon to King William IV. In 1834 he was elevated to the rank of baronet, and thus received the highest political honour open to the profession. In 1822 the resignation of Mr. Griffiths changed his position at St. George's Hospital from that of assistant-surgeon to full surgeon. In 1828 the partial retirement of Sir Astley Cooper largely increased his practice, particularly in the department of Operative Surgery. In 1830 the pressing demands of his private duties compelled him to give up his systematic course of surgical lectures at St. George's, though for some years afterwards he continued to give occasional clinical discourses. In 1834 he became, by virtue of his position as sergeant-surgeon, one of the examiners at the Royal College of Surgeons. In 1837, looking forward to some leisure in the coming years, he purchased Broome Park, at Betchworth in Surrey. In 1840, "after having filled the place of assistant-surgeon for fourteen years, and that of surgeon for eighteen years," he resigned his office, at the early age of fifty-six, partly because he now began to feel the necessity of diminishing the amount of his labours, and partly from a generous wish to increase the opportunities of the active and deserving young men he saw around him.

With the exception of memorable occasions such as these, his life might seem to lookers-on full of sameness: patients in the morning, patients in the afternoon, patients in the evening, and even in the night, with, at one period of his life, the frequent harassment of long provincial journeys. But, though objectively monotonous, it was subjectively of great and varied

interest. Even the private patients had sometimes charms that were not limited to the fees they brought. The treatment of many cases became, of course, after a while, a mere matter of dry routine. A few questions, a rapid glance, and both the nature of the disease and the proper remedy were at once divined. Little mental exertion was required for, and therefore little pleasure derived from, instances of maladies which had been seen and studied again and again. All cases, however, were not of this description. Every day was sure to bring to his observing eye some feature of disease that awakened curiosity and stimulated the mind, something that had been looked for long, something that had not been expected at all. No day could fail to add fresh links to various chains of thought, to bring fresh proofs or new corrections of growing theories and views. Especially true was this of his hospital experience, where disease could be studied more rigidly and with greater scientific accuracy than in the private consulting-room, and where the intellectual pleasure of observing any striking symptom or result of treatment was increased by the satisfaction of explaining its importance or meaning to a group of intelligent and inquiring students. "Some of my happiest hours," he writes, "were those during which I was occupied in the wards of St. George's Hospital, with my pupils round me, answering their inquiries, and explaining the cases to them at the bedside of the patients." Science, again, was a never-failing source of pleasure to him. He took part in all the new and stirring discoveries, and mixed with all the distinguished men of his time. And if he needed or cared for other excitements he had his share in them too. The surgeon who rises to be the leading surgeon of the day is necessarily brought into close contact with all phases of life, the highest as well as the lowest. He sees, moreover, characters at seasons when real features come to the surface, and learns secrets which are hid from all the world. He has, perhaps, on the whole, better opportunities than most men of getting behind the scenes, and seems to take some part in all the life of his time. Among that knowledge which was buried in the grave with Brodie, a great deal that appeared to him most likely worthless, would be highly prized by many a gossiping mind.

It is difficult to form a just estimate of the good effected by such a life as Brodie's. The number of valuable lives spared or lengthened, the amount of human suffering lessened by his skill, with the benefits to mankind thus indirectly wrought; all, in fact, that is implied by the well-known Homeric line which asserts that a healer is worth a hundred other men, by no means comprises all he did. His professional writings,

though they were but few, were of the highest order. His book on Diseases of Joints at once took, and has since maintained the rank of a standard work. It may be said to have inaugurated a new epoch in the treatment of those maladies. And the same observation will apply to his other larger treatises, while his various short observations, occasional papers, and lectures, are a rich mine of practical ideas and suggestive hints, to which a practitioner will again and again turn when baffled in his art. But his unwritten influence was far larger than his written. With the death of such a man there is lost to the world a store of wisdom, in which it can never share. In the case of Brodie this was perhaps larger than with most distinguished men. He himself was wont to say that nine-tenths of his knowledge would perish with him. All his life long, however, and especially during his later years, he was working upon the men of his time in a way which was but dimly visible to himself, and which cannot perhaps even as yet be fully appreciated by others. We have said that he was emphatically a representative man; he was a pattern to the public of what the profession might and ought to be, and an example to the profession of what it might and ought to become. In both functions he did great and good service. Before his time men had been much accustomed to associate eminence in the surgical profession with individual talent marred by coarseness, abrupt humour, or personal vanity, and often united with great ignorance in matters outside the art. Brodie showed them that general culture, science, and philosophy were helpmates rather than hindrances to professional ability, and that it was best for one who aspired to be a leading surgeon, not to discard nor to affect to despise the mind and manners of a gentleman. The whole tenor of his life did much to raise the surgical art in the opinion of the world. Equally beneficial was his influence upon his brethren. The profession and the public are not always agreed as to who deserve to be considered the most eminent surgeons or physicians, but for once they heartily joined in ranking Sir Benjamin Brodie as *facile princeps*. Perhaps no one was ever so universally esteemed and looked up to by his fellows as was he. This was partly due to the great respect he in turn felt for his fellows. The large class of general practitioners, to whose care, after all, the health of the community is in the main intrusted, he always held in high estimation. He never delighted, as many in his position do, in snubbing them. On the contrary, whenever he was called in consultation to some obscure spot in the country, he used to take with him a list of questions, to be put to his humble brother, in order that he might learn something from the latter's

experience, and he was wont to say that many a time the benefit which he himself in this way received was greater than that which he was able to bestow upon the patient. An acknowledged leader of the profession, such as he was, would naturally have a great power of moulding and forming the minds and characters of others, especially of those who entered the profession at the time when he was in the zenith of his fame. Every student who entered the hospitals would be sure to see in himself, with more or less distinctness, a future Brodie. And it was well for the profession that it had a man of Brodie's stamp at its head. He was, in many respects, far fitter to hold that position than his immediate predecessor, Sir Astley Cooper, whose acknowledged eminence, being beyond defence, need not fear criticism. No two men could be more unlike than were these distinguished surgeons. The only point in which they touched was the love each bore to science, and they differed even in their attitude towards science. Brodie looked upon Anatomy chiefly as the basis of Physiology; and in Physiology he saw a means of intellectual culture, a stronghold of the healing art, and a great help towards solving the riddle of human nature. His own physiological labours were connected with important questions, the answers to which turned both the thoughts and practices of men. Sir Astley Cooper loved Anatomy partly for its own sake, just as he loved dissecting, partly on account of its direct utility in Mechanical Surgery, and partly because it was a path along which he might tread towards fame. And his own labours were prompted by one or other of these feelings. The one was in his proper sphere when in the midst of quiet discussion, the other when, with the help of students, he was dissecting an elephant under adverse circumstances.

In his professional capacity, Cooper was brilliant, somewhat off-hand and hasty perhaps, delighting in difficult and extraordinary operations, restless under the necessity of minutely and laboriously investigating an obscure case, in his glory when an unforeseen accident in the operating theatre dismayed his fellows, and called for prompt decision and immediate action. Brodie, though never failing in emergencies, disliked the glamour of operations, looked upon the knife as a reproach rather than as a credit, was cautious and wisely slow in judgment though quick in ratiocination, to the last modest and retiring, and shone most when thought and wisdom were most required. Both loved their profession, but Cooper loved fame more than the accomplishment of duties, and it may perhaps be said, loved praise more than fame. If Brodie loved anything more than his profession, it was that general pursuit of truth and performance of duty of which the surgical art was only one example; and if he had ambition, it

was ambition of the purest quality, mixed with nothing that was not proper to a noble mind. In Cooper's eyes, the healing art was a sphere in which natural ability, a quick hand and eye, a tact in dealing with men and things, were sure to meet with success. Brodie saw in it a continual attempt, oftentimes unsuccessful and disappointing, to solve baffling problems, a path of duty which could only be happily trod with the help of a watchful study of nature, a faithful, childlike, humble obedience to all she taught, and a wise appreciation of all the hints she gave. The influence of Cooper's example was to make young surgeons inclined to overrate their own importance, to think much of the externals of their art, of personal address and skill in the use of the knife, and to be calculating rather how they should deal with patients than treat diseases. Brodie taught them to look upon themselves, not as single individuals about to secure the admiration and fees of a large clientèle, but as members of a body which, by its history, its education, and its connexions with science, was called to great exertions in order to overcome or to soothe the sufferings of mankind.

And not only by virtue of his moral nature and temper was Brodie's influence over his brethren a benign one; in the more strictly intellectual features of his professional character he was equally potent for good. His method of healing, which by the force of example became the method of many others, may be briefly described as the union of skilled diagnosis with a wise and happy adaptation of ordinary remedies. By his excellence in diagnosis he helped very materially to construct the edifice of modern Medicine, and to keep his particular department of Surgery on a level with the rapidly developing one of the pure physicians. To one not conversant with the details of disease, the mere distinguishing one disease from others may seem to be only preliminary to the more difficult task of treatment; but in reality it is much more than half the struggle. The true appreciation of a malady being rightly got, the manner of curing it follows in most cases as a matter of course. For true diagnosis, the accurate sorting and setting apart the various sets of symptoms which we call diseases, must not be confounded with a mere superficial distribution of names. A name may be given without trouble, and therefore without result; but two diseases, alike in their superficial and external phenomena, but unlike in their deep-seated and fundamental qualities, cannot be distinguished until we have gone right down into the essential nature of each. Diagnosis is in fact merely the expression of Pathology, the science of disease. And it is only by knowing diseases that we can hope to cure them. It is astonishing sometimes to witness how

effectual the simplest remedies and plainest directions turn out when they are suggested by an accurate knowledge of the nature of the malady,—in other words, when a correct diagnosis has been made. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, when a particular treatment has been remarkably successful after the failure of many others, the result has been due to the therapeutic blow having been directed, not at random, but with clear intent. A slight tap in the right place will do what no amount of beating the bush could effect. Many of the diseases which afflict us are so dreadful because they are mere shadows. They torment us in the gloom of ignorance; when light approaches they melt away almost of themselves. And though there are many which we fail to touch, even when we seem to know most about them, we have, through diagnosis, at least the melancholy satisfaction of foreseeing all their gravity. In the art of diagnosis Sir Benjamin Brodie was a master, and great was the delight which he took in the work. His other characteristic, the wise use of remedies, almost necessarily followed from his efficiency in this. Perfection of diagnosis and multiplicity of remedies are always to be found existing in an inverse ratio to each other. He who is careless in his analysis will be profuse with his prescriptions; and he who has gone to the bottom of a malady will not have to go much further in seeking for the cure. Apart, however, from those remedies suggested by the results of diagnosis, there are also a large number of purely empirical remedies and plans of treatment, satisfactory indications for which fail either because the nature of the disease can with our present knowledge be probed to a certain depth only, or because our knowledge of the *modus operandi* of drugs and other therapeutic agents is so imperfect. The various members of the medical profession vary very much in their attitude towards these sealed missives of cure. Some are eager for them, use them frequently and fearlessly, are alternately borne up by hope and cast down by disappointment in their experience of them. New remedies, always joyfully accepted by patients, are not without charms for professional men, and fashion here, as elsewhere, has a powerful sway. Other practitioners are fond of confining themselves purposely and rigidly to a very scanty list of drugs, like Brodie's old master in pharmacy, who in his "open shop" had many show-bottles, but, for the most part, only four use-bottles, one for each of the quarters from which he believed the wind of disease to blow. It is a very common thing to hear men, accounted remarkably successful men, exclaim in their old age, "Give me opium, quinine, and sulphur," or, "calomel, digitalis, and antimony, and I will cure all diseases that can be cured;" and tales have been told of those who had but one pre-

scription, which, if not regarded as a panacea, was at least offered as treatment to all sorts and conditions of men. On the other hand, there is a small class of men who state that they conscientiously abstain from every treatment for which they cannot render a reason from beginning to end. It need scarcely be said that Brodie belonged to none of these. While accepting no treatment rashly, and never obstinately refusing to receive assistance either from the newest elegant pharmaceutical preparation or from the latest and most ingenious mechanical contrivance, he held that many remedies, however old-fashioned, were of the greatest use when one had learnt from experience the exact time and place in which to employ them. His scientific culture was too pronounced to allow him ever to fail of reaping the first and last fruits of Physiology and Pathology, while his practical wisdom and humility kept him from ever discarding an unmistakable help because he could not write down the scientific formula of its action; and we may safely say that the great bulk of the profession is treading in the same path. It is confessedly difficult to disentangle the influence of a single man from the mixed impulses of an age; but the fact is patent, that during the past half century the progress of the healing art, and the intellectual and moral development of those that practise it, have taken place exactly in that direction towards which all Sir Benjamin Brodie's efforts turned. Everywhere, even in the humblest representative, may be seen the same drawing near to science, the same desire to rest all treatment on a rational basis, and the same consciousness of the ennobling effect of uprightly pursuing its duties. It would be absurd to say that he himself was not borne upon a wave which began elsewhere; it would be unjust to think that he was not foremost in urging the movement on.

Though naturally not of a very strong, and certainly not of a very robust constitution, he lived, notwithstanding years of laborious exertion and times of almost incessant toil, to see the fruit of his labours; to witness, beside his own personal success, that development of the sciences, and that exaltation of the character of the surgical profession, for which he had striven. Without trespassing much on a subject that has often been selected as a butt for sarcasm, we may perhaps venture to say that the length of his life was in part the result of his own care. Seeing so clearly as he did how much mental exertion depends on a comfortable physical condition of the body, he considered that carelessness in regard of his health was worse than a waste of time. In his early days he once allowed a too intense application to render him for a while unfit for his duties, but he never, we believe, repeated the mistake. As far as was in his

power he so kept his body, that in his old age he was able to enjoy the honours that came upon him.

We have already mentioned, that in 1834 he received the highest political mark that can be bestowed on the medical profession. Had there been other higher ones he would undoubtedly have had them, and as undoubtedly would not have cared much for them. He told his students more than once that they were to seek not political but scientific rank. "Our profession," said he, "is not a political one." And the words which have been chosen by Mr. Hawkins in which to give a facsimile of Sir Benjamin's handwriting, do not merely express a sentiment put in to grace an introductory lecture; like everything else that Brodie said, they simply spoke his real feelings. In telling the students what they were to look forward to, he was talking of his own desires. Looking back on his own life, he could not but recognise its great success in the wealth, professional reputation, and social rank he had attained to. One thing only was lacking to him—some external token that science as well as the world acknowledged his labours, and was proud of his worth.

His cup might be said to be full when on the 30th of November 1858 he was elected President of the Royal Society. We may fairly believe that no event of his life ever gave him such pleasure as this. The Royal Society, the nurse of English science, though at times it has suffered from the influence of cliques, has had the good fortune never to degenerate into an Academy. This may partly be attributed to the fact that its fellowship is not restricted to cultivators of pure science, but that intellectual prowess is leavened with the leaven of high social station and of distinguished practical ability. In their President the Fellows have often wisely sought not so much rare success in one branch of science as a catholic appreciation of all kinds of knowledge. In no one could such a quality have been found to a more eminent degree than in Sir Benjamin Brodie. For three years he adorned that office as he had adorned his profession; and it was with the greatest regret that the Council, in November 1861, unwillingly accepted his unwilling but forced resignation. An affection of the eyes, which even the skill of a Bowman was unable to arrest, was beginning to render him unfit for all active duties. The same cause compelled him to resign the Presidency of the General Medical Council, where his wisdom and experience had been of especial use. The life that had been so rich in works was beginning to fail. His general health, however, continued so far good that he was able to be in London during the winter of 1861-2, and to attend and speak at a meeting of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical

Society, when an address of condolence to the Queen on the death of the lamented Prince Consort was voted ; a fit subject for his last public speech.

At the end of April he returned to Broome Park, and after a few days was seized with fever. Very soon a malignant affection of the right shoulder began to show itself. He gradually got worse, and on the 21st of October 1862 he died. His death was such as might have been expected from his life. He, the greater part of whose days had been spent "in the midst of the valley of the shadow of death," who had ever been most earnest in the search for truth, was not likely to have been heedless of the things behind the veil, or to have been unready himself to pass beyond it.

- ART. V.—1. *The Salmon.* By ALEX. RUSSEL. Edinburgh, 1864.
2. *View of the Salmon Fishery of Scotland.* By MURDO MAC-KENZIE, Esq. Edinburgh, 1860.

THERE is more in the title and the title-page of a book than people are apt to imagine. Many an author, who has to his complete satisfaction rounded his sentences, polished his periods, and finished the fair copy of his manuscript for the printer, will acknowledge the perplexity he has experienced in finding an appropriate name under which to introduce his work to the public. Mr. Russel has overcome this common difficulty,—if indeed he ever felt any,—and has found for his book in one simple word—and *that* the mere name of the noble fish, on which he has given to the world perhaps as able and comprehensive a treatise as ever has been written on that or any other subject—a title plain and unpretending, qualified by no supplementary specification of his plan of action. Yet, how suggestive ! how seductive !—“THE SALMON.”

From whatever point of view we regard the salmon, he will be found to assert an importance and claim an interest far greater than attaches to any other of our British fishes. If we look at him artistically, for symmetry of form and gracefulness of outline, for brilliancy of hue, he is perfection. Consider him gastronomically—Is he not the king of fishes ? In his season—and the brightest and most enjoyable season of the year is his—what dinner is not graced by his presence ? Comely in death as he was handsome in life, how right royal he is to look at as he lies in state, unconsciously awaiting the panegyrics and laudations which are, more or less, awarded to departed notabilities—to none more worthily than to him at whose obsequies the assembled guests are about to assist ! We cannot trust ourselves to dilate on so exciting a theme. Why needlessly provoke the appetite by beatific visions of dexterously divided portions of firm, rich, pink flake, with its creamy curd, and the more luscious cut from the under part of the fish, neatly, temptingly disposed side by side on our plate, over which the crisp, fresh-sliced cucumber sheds a rich aroma ! If we do make mention of another condiment, too often recklessly, ignorantly, taken with salmon, it is simply to record the novel and sensible proceeding of a learned German professor of our acquaintance, who, after doing ample justice to his solid fish, called for the lobster-sauce, and helping himself to half a tureen, made a second fish course of it, and pronounced it excellent.

Take the salmon commercially. Its acknowledged value is

attested by the enormous amount of legislative enactments passed from very early periods of our history down to the present day, to regulate the fisheries and to insure its preservation. These laws, we may suppose, were originally framed, in respect of the salmon being a staple article of food, and grants were made by the Crown of fisheries in sea and estuary and river with the design of insuring a regular supply of what was in early times a necessary—not a luxury: for before the means of ready transport were thought of, the salmon was as recognised an article of diet to those within reach of the precious commodity as beef or mutton is now.

The excellence and the value of the salmon standing thus confessed, we would fain know something of its habits and manner of life, of its instincts and peculiar organization. We stumble on the very threshold of our inquiry. The salmon is a mysterious fish even to those who have made it a study. Its rapid growth, the metamorphoses it undergoes before it arrives at maturity—from parr to smolt—from smolt to grilse—from grilse to the perfect fish; its annual migration to the sea—its return to the river in which it was bred, to deposit its spawn on the gravelly beds up the stream; its amphibious nature, which renders it necessary that it should be now a denizen of the salt, now of the fresh water—sea and river each claiming it as its own; its strength of purpose and perseverance in overcoming the natural obstacles in the way of its journey—all is mystery.

Charles St. John, while residing beside the estuary of the Findhorn, did not fail to observe the habits of the salmon—

“During the spring and summer, it is an amusing sight to watch the salmon making their way up the river. Every high tide brings up a number of these fish, whose sole object seems to be to ascend the stream. At the shallow fords, where the river, spreading over a wide surface, has but a small depth of water, they are frequently obliged to swim, or rather wade (if such an expression may be used), for perhaps twenty yards of water of two inches in depth, which leaves more than half the fish exposed to view. On they go, however, scrambling up the fords, and making the water fly right and left, like ducks at play. When the fish are numerous, I sometimes see a dozen at once. . . .

“The jumping of the salmon up a fall is a curious and beautiful sight, and the height they leap, and the perseverance they show in returning again and again to the charge, after making vain efforts to surmount the fall, are quite wonderful. Often on a summer evening, when the river is full of fish, all eager to make their way up, have I watched them for hours together, as they sprang in rapid succession, looking like pieces of silver as they dashed up the falls with rapid leaps. The fish appear to bend their head to their tail, and then to

fling themselves forward and upwards, much as a bit of whalebone whose two ends are pinched together springs forward on being released. I have often watched them leaping, and this has always seemed the way in which they accomplish their extraordinary task."

We claim a peculiar right to quote Mr. St. John's words on this subject, for being in Sutherland with him many years ago—the year may be recognised from the circumstance of the late Duke having, in consequence of the decline of the fish, wisely proclaimed a jubilee for the salmon—we sat with our lamented friend on the rocks above the falls of the Shin, on a lovely afternoon in the late spring, to watch the fish going up, speculating on the chances of this or that fish succeeding in making his landing good on the narrow ledge of rock at the top of the fall, over which the stream was rushing with great violence—the fish, now struggling, with half his body in mid air hanging over the pool below—now gaining a little, now losing ground—and finally, making a vigorous effort, was either lost to our sight, or, spent with his exertions, fell heavily back to the foot of the fall, to recover his strength and "get his wind" for another leap. We counted nearly a hundred fish that made their way to the upper level, some of which we put at twenty pounds' weight.

Now, a word of the salmon as a *game* fish—an object of sport. Half a century ago, rod-fishing for salmon was but little practised—more perhaps in England than in Scotland. The upper proprietors of rivers were content to supply their tables by netting; spearing or leistering¹ was also resorted to; and as this mode of capturing salmon demanded considerable skill and dexterity, the art was not unfrequently cultivated by gentlemen for their amusement, but was more successfully carried on upon a larger scale by unauthorized persons, in season and out of season, as much for sport as profit. The rod-fishings, until within the last forty years, were of so little moment that the Salmon Acts contained no clause whatever to regulate them—the object of these laws was the fixing the fence or close times, and the making certain provisions for facilitating the journey of the fish from the sea to its spawning beds in the river. The harvest of the salmon river was at the river's mouth, and the interests of the proprietors of the lower waters were alone deemed worthy of legislative care.

But the time arrived when our fish was no longer to be put in the same category with vulgar cod and herring, when his value was not to be gauged by the price he might fetch per pound in the market as mere provender. He was now to take rank with the noble hart of the forest—to be honoured, as that

¹ Leistering has been long practised in Norway, and under nearly the same name. There is a parish in one of the best fishing districts called Lyster.

sainted animal the fox is by the huntsman. He was to inaugurate a new sport, to create a new order of sportsman, who should preserve and watch over him as jealously as he might the wild bird of the heather, or the more gentle pheasant of the woodland covert. Through him was to be set in movement a new industry, giving employment to hundreds of new hands; the most costly appliances were invented for taking him scientifically, artistically. The rarest and most beautiful specimens of the feathered tribe were made subservient to the sport. Fabrics of steel of the finest temper—of gold and silver—silken skeins of richest dye,—were all put in requisition to make fitting offerings to him. Bright eyes and fair hands help to trim the lure that tempts the poor fish to his fate!

We turn to Mr. Russel's book for an eloquent defence of rod-fishing for salmon:—

"But *is* the salmon good for sport? There actually are people that will ask such a question, though to all but the grossly ignorant it seems to verge on the insane, if not on the profane. Perhaps there may even be some who, being assured that the salmon *is* good for sport, are capable of asking next, what is *sport* good for? But to this extreme class we merely reply, that it is good for health and for amusement—at least as good for these purposes as much of the walking and riding that is done under the sun, and greatly better than most of the eating, drinking, and dancing that is done under the chandelier. We may consent to admit—for it is nothing to the purpose—that salmon angling is actually one of the most costly, and is apparently—that is, to the eye of all but the person suffering—one of the dreariest and most desperate of recreations. The expense and the labour are great; the material recompense inappreciable, and often quite invisible. The average cost of a salmon taken on the rod fisheries of the Tweed (and Tweed is not an extreme case), was lately calculated as varying between £3 and £5, counting nothing for time and for travelling expenses,—the latter item, it must be understood, being proportionately very heavy, because a salmon fisher cannot, like a grouse shooter, remain at his station for weeks together, but is restricted to only two or three days after each flood. Yet the money is cheerfully paid, and the disappointments no less cheerfully endured. Salmon-fishing is indeed a passion, perhaps unaccountable as to its origin, but certainly irrepressible in an ever-increasing proportion of the people; while in individuals the appetite, once implanted, almost invariably grows rapidly till the end, on the very little indeed that it now-a-days has to feed upon. It is strange to think of the exceeding desperateness of the chances of success which suffice to tempt men away from their business and their families to some of our salmon-streams; yet those who have most often felt and seen the hopelessness of the undertaking, are just those who are most eager to try it again. Look at that otherwise sensible and respectable person, standing mid-way in the gelid Tweed (it is early spring, or latest autumn, the only

seasons when there is much chance), his shoulders aching, his teeth chattering, his coat-tails afloat, his basket empty. A few hours ago, probably, he left a comfortable home, pressing business, waiting clients, and a dinner engagement. On arriving at his 'water,' the keeper, as the tone of keepers now is, despondingly informed him that there is 'nae head (shoal) o' fish,' although, at the utmost, 'there may be a happenin' beast,' or, as we have heard it expressed, with that tendency to a mixture of Latinisms with the Border *patois*, which is to be ascribed, we suppose, to the influence of the parochial schools, 'There's aiblins a traunsient brute.' But in his eagerness and ignorance he knows better than the keeper; and there he is at it still, in his seventh hour. The wind is in his eye, the water is in his boots, but Hope, the charmer, lingers in his heart."

Who that has been bitten with the mania for salmon-fishing—its fascination is little less than mania—will not acknowledge the truth of this picture; will not regard it almost as a photograph of himself, and a *reflet* of his own feelings?

"It has been maintained," Mr. Russel goes on to say, "though not perhaps in cool print, by men of sense and sobriety—men not ignorant of any of the delights to which flesh has served itself heir—that the thrill of joy, fear, and surprise (now-a-days surprise is the predominating emotion) induced by the first tug of a salmon, is the most exquisite sensation of which this mortal frame is susceptible,—whether he come as the summer grilse, with a flash and a splash; or like a now run but more sober-minded adult, with a dignified and determined dive; or like a brown-coated old inhabitant, with a long pull and a strong pull, low down in the depths."

The most prejudiced unbeliever cannot choose but admit that there must exist some extraordinary charm in a pursuit which takes such a strong hold on the affections of its followers—which can lead them, men of whose sanity there can be no question, to undergo willingly all and more than Mr. Russel so graphically paints. In what consists this charm? Let us—not invidiously—compare salmon-fishing with the two sports of the field that have equally keen and enthusiastic admirers. Taking fox-hunting first: we will suppose the case of a good horseman, with a perfect horse under him; he jogs on quietly to the meet, full of pleasant anticipations of sport; he exchanges greetings with his friends and neighbours at the covert-side; it is a good scenting day, and the ground is in capital order; he comes in for "a good thing;" his horse carries him well; he is well forward at the kill; he has enjoyed his gallop thoroughly. As to the hunting—of which he sees little, and cares perhaps less—that is managed by the huntsman, who, too impatient to let the hounds work out the scent, usually *lifts* them when in difficulties, in order to insure a fast run. Hunting, real hunting,

went out with the slow hound of bygone days ; it is now but steeple-chasing under another name, and, but for the stirring music of the hounds, a drag does almost as well. After all, it is the horse that has done the work.

Is it not somewhat the same in deer-stalking ? We will assume that our sportsman is a strong walker, hardy and lasting, and take it for granted he is a good shot with the rifle—in these days who is not ? Under the guidance of his stalker or forester, he enjoys a glorious travel over moor and mountain, refreshed perhaps occasionally with an extempore bath in a cool burn, and is at length, by the skilful strategy of his attendant, brought up to his stag. The “ bonnie beast ” is there within eighty or a hundred yards of the boulder behind which master and man are almost breathlessly crouching ; the tips of his antlers, barely showing above the heather, would scarcely indicate his presence, if it were not for an attendant hind or two who are keeping ward and watch over their sultan. After a long and tedious interval of pleasurable suspension—the rifle, may be, resting the while on the rock, and covering the lair of the unconscious hart—the alarm is given by the hinds, and the noble animal lazily rises, looks round him, stretches himself leisurely, and presents a broadside to the line of fire. Echo has hardly finished giving back the sharp crack of the rifle, when the ready hunting-knife has finished the work. It may be a good head ; so much the better—we will suppose it to be perfect—but *there is an end of the stalk*. For how much of his success has our sportsman been dependent upon his forester ?

But let us not speak grudgingly of the sport of deer-stalking for the exceptional man who can enjoy it by his own energy. We have access to a journal of one such—a man who has stalked and shot more deer than most in Scotland, and who thinks no more of the public when he is writing his memorandum of his day's sport, than when he is creeping to his stag. We will indulge our readers with a peep at the notes of one day's sport. The date is the 19th September :—

“ I started at ten, and looked the whole Glut Forest to the head—*blank* ; lunched at 1.30 in the Glut water half-a-mile above Glenmore (lunch, the heel of a loaf and some weak brandy and water, followed by the never-failing dessert, *a pipe*) ; we then crossed the flow in for the head of Glenbaun, and on to the Cromalt burns, which we looked and double looked but in vain—then had another nip of B. and W., and another pipe, and a long look at the country in general, and Orkney in particular, where we could distinctly see the waves breaking upon Hoy (it was very clear), then up and off home, *via* Glenbaun, Liavid, etc. ; when we got near Liavid burn (downwind, could not help it) we noticed two or three ravens working pretty high up the burn [since

I found the dead hind last Wednesday through the assistance of the ravens, I have a sort of respect for them; in fact, they seem to follow me, and to-day I may say they found for me a living stag], at same moment got a very fresh track going up the burn; next moment saw a whole flight of ravens get up off something, so I went up the burn to see, still getting the fresh track. Robert at once said, 'A deer has just got our wind, sir, and gone up the burn and put up the ravens' (and he was right), so I went cautiously up the burn, looking very sharp. Presently we came to an old dead sheep; I said, 'This is all, Bob.' 'No, sir,' said he, 'go on, I am sure a deer is on before us,' so we went on about 200 yards, when Robert, who was close to me, touched me and pointed silently, and, by Jove! there were a pair of horns lying in some deep heather, about 80 or 90 yards from me! I down at once and proceeded to creep in, knowing very well his head would be sure to be looking down the burn. After creeping a while, I raised myself a little, to get his horns again, to make sure of my cover; and as I was creeping on very gently (for now I was only about fifty or sixty yards from him), from some cause or other which I can't make out, up he got and cantered up the burn 'end on,' and up got I, cocked, and shot him dead (at any rate, he came down on his nose, and could not rise) with the first barrel; then in I ran, but he was so violent, kicking and tearing, that I did not dare to go near him. He then struggled till he fell over a bank into the burn, and I let him have his own way for a minute; then when he was lying a little quiet, I saw the main jugular throbbing, so I made a rapid plunge at it with my knife, and ran out of the way; however, the deed was done, and he fairly pumped the blood out of his body, and made the little burn run red, till at last nature had to give way, and he died, but not before he had wriggled and struggled about twenty yards down the channel of the burn from the place where he first fell. We then greealloohed him, and covered him up in a bank with heather, and went home, arriving at seven P.M., very delighted and very hungry, so I enjoyed my dinner, consisting of soup made from his predecessor (the stag of last Wednesday), etc. etc. Now for the cause of all this struggling and kicking and subsequent death: the little leaden messenger had gone right along his back, cutting the hair in a line exactly parallel to, and about one inch from the black line of his back, and then through the neck, touching, but not breaking the bone. Perhaps a learned physician would call it an *abrasion*, and subsequent *concussion of the cervical vertebrae of the spine*."

To fox-hunting, as well as to salmon-fishing, a spice of danger adds zest to the thing. The fox-hunter may chance to be conveyed to the nearest farm-house upon a hurdle or a gate; the fisher may be nearly drowned by his own boots, and be landed by his own clip in a strong stream or an eddying pool. The utmost mishap that can befall the deer-stalker is a fit of rheumatism occasioned by the frequent alternations of heat and cold and wet to which he is necessarily subjected, and this, it must be admitted, is by no means a comfortable risk to run. Neither

of these contingencies, we imagine, enters very largely into the estimate of the pleasures to be derived from the respective pursuits, so we will put them out of the question, and will endeavour to show cause why salmon-fishing may justly claim precedence over other sporting pursuits—why it is more powerful in its attractions, and more grateful to the self-love of its followers.

And first, then, a fisher is thrown mainly upon his own resources—that is, always supposing him to be intimately acquainted with his river; that he has fished it in every state; in high water, still coloured and fining from the last spate, the stream yet full and strong and rapid; at low water, bright and clear and gentle in its flow, when the boulders, over which but a few days since the stream was dashing furiously, show their rounded faces high and dry above water; that he has noted carefully, by some well-known mark on rock or bank, the height of the water, knowing that an apparently trifling difference in its level will cause the fish to shift their lay, to move upwards to the neck of the stream, or to fall back to the tail of the run,—that he has studied, in a word, the anatomy of his river. We need not say much of his method of handling the rod; the throwing a good line—straight to the point and light—is a necessary accomplishment—it ought to be a matter of course; but it no more follows that the man who is an adept at casting, could kill a fish when he has hooked him, than that the Eton boy, who can flick a fly off the stable-door with his elder brother's four-in-hand whip, would be able to drive a team in a crowded thoroughfare.

Suppose our ideal fisher to know exactly where to look for his fish. Let us suppose him, after a vast expenditure of patience and perseverance and hard work, to have succeeded in hooking it. It is now, at the first mad rush of the fish, when the reel is grinding delicious music, that the real qualities of the man are brought to the fore—skill combined with coolness and judgment; dashing readiness with patience; force tempered with gentleness; now humouring the wild impetuosity of the fish, keeping the while a steady strain upon him. If our readers desire a specimen of the qualities brought out in this sport—the dexterity, the decision, the patience, the fertility of resource—we would pray his attention to the narrative, not written for the public, of one who is no mean master of the art, and who has the rarer quality of painting his scene in natural colours to the life:—

“Do you remember saying a salmon was as good as lost if he went over the Ess on the Findhorn at Relugas?” writes Sir A. Cumming to St. John. “A strong and active fish played me a trick last week; and contradicted your idea, by taking me down from

Rannoch over the Fall as far as the Pool above the Divie junction. The night had been stormy, with heavy rain, and although I expected 'she' would 'grow' in the course of the day, I thought that by an early start I might get a few hours' fishing before the water came down, especially as fish very often take greedily *just before* a grow. I was at the river by four A.M., and commenced at Rannoch (Randolph's Leap). I found the water much as I left 'her' the night before, small and clear, the only chance of fish being just in the white broken water at the throats of streams, or in the deep holes amongst the rocks. Rannoch is fishable only from one small ledge or bench, about two feet square, and 25 feet above the level of the water, to which bench you must scramble down the face of the rock, and from this spot you fish the whole pool, beginning with the line as the fly comes off the bar of the reel, and letting out yard by yard till the fly is working in the 'spouts' or narrow rapids, 80 to 90 feet down the stream. If you hook him you must play and kill him in the pool, *if possible*, your gillie clipping him on a small bed of gravel down below your feet, it being impossible to follow him if he takes down the water, from the small two-feet square ledge, without first ascending to the footpath, and redescending to the bed of the river; this you cannot manage with a fish on, owing to trees and projecting rocks. The pool is fished from the right bank.

"Well, I rose him at my feet almost at the first throw, to a small fly about half an inch long; he came deep and shy three times, and refused to take it or any other. I guessed him at about 17 lbs. Leaving him to his own reflections, after making an appointment with him for a later hour, I tried the pools above, hurrying along to the best spots in anticipation of the water rising. I worked till eight o'clock, keeping on the same fly described before. I had more than average sport, killing four good new run fish, viz., one of 12 lbs., one 10 lbs., and two of 9 lbs. At eight, the water beginning to grow, I reeled up, and rushed down to Rannoch to show my early friend another fly; but the water having fairly commenced to grow, I put on a fly above two inches long, and the tippet being triple gut, I, by an interposition of Providence, put on a triple casting line. Having cautiously descended to my stand, I showed it to him at once; he made small bones of it this time, and rushing up like a bull-dog, or like one of your lovely Peregrines, took the fly greedily. I just let him feel I was at the other end of the gear, and knew instinctively that the good steel was well into something firm. At first he seemed not quite to realize the situation, and after a few sulky and dangerous shakes of the head took to sailing steadily up and down the pool, once or twice approaching the rapids below, but turning again by gentle persuasion; these tactics he continued for nearly an hour, my man waiting for him on the gravel below, and out of my sight. By this time the effects of the last night's rain became fully apparent, the still, dark pool below my feet had turned into a seething pot, without a quiet corner for the fish to rest in, and the water had risen nearly twenty-four inches above its size when I hooked him. The *upshot*

was, he *shot down* the narrows, and went rolling heels over head down the foaming 'Meux and Co.'s Entire' (this being the usual colour of our summer floods). To stop him was impossible; I held on above the rapid till I thought my good Forrest rod would have gone at the hand, and certainly the fine single gut I had on earlier would have parted with half the strain.¹

"All I could do was to give him what line he required until he found a resting-place behind some rock; this he did after rattling off fifty yards of line. Waiting some minutes till he seemed quiet, I threw off some ten yards more line, and turning the top of the rod up stream, I darted it down to my man on the gravel below, having cautioned him not to alarm the fish by letting the line get taut. To scramble up the rocks, and down again to the gravel bed, to resume possession of my rod, was two or three minutes' work, and just as I seized hold of it, the fish having ventured from his shelter, was, in spite of his efforts, hurried down at racing pace, taking more line than I liked, while I followed, crawling and leaping along some impossible-looking country, such as I would not have faced in cold blood.

"By this time he had nearly reached the Fss or fall, and all seemed lost. I do not think he really intended going over; for when he felt himself within the influence of the strong smooth water, he tried his best to return, but in vain; over he went like a shot, and long ere I could get round some high rocks and down to the lower part of the fall, I had 80 or 90 yards of line out, and to follow him farther on this side of the water was not possible, owing to the steep rock rising beside the stream. To add to the embarrassment of my position, I found, on raising the point of my rod, that in going over the fall the fish had passed beneath some arch deep under water, thus making my case appear very hopeless. But determined not to give it up yet, I sent my man up to the house of Relugas, where he found an old three-pronged dung fork and a garden line, with which we managed to construct a grapnel; and at the second throw in, I got hold of the line below the sunken arch; then fastening it to my right hand, I made my man throw the whole line off the reel and through the rings, and having drawn the remainder of the line through the sunken arch, and clear of the impediment, I formed a coil, and with my left hand pitched the end of it up to him, where he passed it through the rings again from the top of the rod, fixed it to the axle of the reel, and handed me down the rod to where I stood. From the long line out, and the heavy water, I could not tell whether the fish was on or not, but the line looked greatly chafed all along.

"I now tried the only plan to end the business; leaving my man hold-

¹ *Memo., en parenthèse*—I once asked several old sportsmen what weight was on the line at the very heaviest strain you could put on with rod in hand, as when holding on like grim death to an insubordinate fish, the end of the line being attached to the hook of a spring balance—i.e., what weight the balance would register. One man guessed 35 lbs., another, laughing at him, said he would bet 20 lbs. to be nearer the mark; none guessed less than 15 lbs. ! The fact is, you cannot, with the best and strongest tackle, draw out more than 3½ or 4 lbs.

ing the rod, I went to a bridge some distance up the river, and having crossed to the other side and come down opposite him, he pitched the rod over to me; I felt that, if he was still on, I was sure of him, and reeling steadily up the 80 yards which were out, I followed down to the big round pool below, where, to my surprise, I became aware that he was still on. He made but a feeble resistance, and after a fight of two hours and forty minutes, we got the clip into as gallant a fish as ever left the sea—weight, 19½ lbs., and new run. The last hour-and-a-half was in a roaring white flood. The fly was, as you may imagine, well ‘chawed up.’”¹

In the second chapter, on the Natural History of the Salmon, Mr. Russel enters fully into the vexed question of the migration of the parr to the sea, and its return to the fresh water as grilse. So long ago as 1849, we chanced to be in Sutherland, and took the opportunity of an introduction to Mr. Young of Invershin to pay him a visit, in order to hear from himself an account of the experiments he had made, and was still engaged in making, on the habits of the salmon. Strong in his *first year's* theory, he showed us his preparations in spirits of the different stages of growth of the fish from the ova to the perfect parr, both without and with its silvery dress for commencing its journey to the sea, and he certainly succeeded in convincing us, by arguments the most conclusive, as we thought, that *his* theory was the right one. It came to pass, singularly enough, that while we were the guest of the well-known sportsman and naturalist, the late Mr. Charles St. John, not many days afterwards, Mr. Shaw, the champion of the other theory, paid him a visit, and he straightway made it equally clear to us that *his* evidences for the *second year's* migration were to the full as strong as those of his rival experimentalist were for the first year's. It was not, we believe, till some years later that the *half-and-half* theory was broached—that half the parr make their descent the first year, and half the second. Hear Mr. Russel on the result:—

“Although, on the whole, the evidence must, we think, be held as thus establishing that one half of the fish descend at one year, and the other half at two years of age, still, if this compromise is not accepted, and a decision one way or the other is insisted upon, then it must be held that by far the weightiest and best-tested evidence is in favour of two years.”

But there remains yet another difficulty to be got over before we get to the perfect salmon. It is a question “whether the young of the salmon, after descending as a smolt, ascends that same season or the next,” and Mr. Russel takes occasion to regret the looseness of the experiments that have been made to

¹ *Memoir of St. John.*

ascertain this point; the more so, as, better and more carefully conducted, they might have tended to the solution of the former question, the age at which the parr descends.

We have not space to follow our author in his reasoning, nor to reproduce the facts and figures he brings forward on both sides; but we cannot but admire his impartial and lucid summing up of the evidence. It leaves us very much in the glorious state of uncertainty in which a jury may be supposed to be, after the judge has read over his notes, collated the various and conflicting depositions of the witnesses, and has bid them (the benighted jurymen) consider their verdict.

Here again, Mr. Russel quaintly observes, "we are brought up with a jerk, so to speak, by the new and startling question, *Is the grilse a grown or transmuted salmon smolt, or, in other words, is the grilse an adolescent salmon?* Here is a man," he says, "a man of Ross, who actually hesitated to declare his belief in the popular and accepted fact of a grilse being a young salmon;" and beginning in a strain of good-humoured banter, he proceeds with hard facts and figures to demolish Mr. Mackenzie's bold theory, in which achievement the reader will be disposed to think him perfectly successful. "However," he continues, as he takes breath after his long argument,

"there is considerable difficulty in the way of obtaining conclusive evidence from experiments made on the fish after it has assumed its migratory habits, and can no longer be kept under inspection and protection. . . . Some of these experiments, nevertheless, even by the great extent to which they have failed regarding their special purposes, have served to admonish us of another fact, of which we were scarcely in search,—the fact that there is an enormous destruction of salmon life taking place elsewhere than in the rivers and by the inventions of man."

This brings us to the consideration of the third section of the book before us, which treats of the Decay of salmon. Assuming the fact of the general diminution in the produce, Mr. Russel observes that

"there have been some serious mistakes in estimating the amount as well as the period of the decline. It has been a good deal forgotten that the excessive plenty of olden times, besides being somewhat more matter of tradition than of evidence, was rather a partial or local than a general or national plenty. . . . That salmon have greatly diminished, are even still diminishing, and ought to be increased, are all truths; what is here sought to be guarded against is merely the deduction that that diminution is to be measured either by the decrease in the yield of some of what used to be the most productive fisheries, or by the facts that formerly salmon were in some places a cheap and abundant commodity, and now are everywhere a costly luxury."

No doubt the modern facilities of transport have opened new

markets for fish that formerly were *par force* consumed in the neighbourhood of the fishery, and must have been there almost a drug. Steam and rail have in fact rendered the salmon an universal fish, attainable in the most remote parts of Great Britain, and by so doing have made that a question of national importance, which was essentially of local interest only; still, however, the supply not being equal to the demand, it remains a costly luxury in the distant quarters in which it is purchasable, while it is put altogether out of the reach of those to whom formerly it was a cheap and abundant commodity as food.

We cannot, however, follow Mr. Russel in his other proposition, for the decrease in the yield of rivers is general, not partial. If it could be shown that any one river—say in Scotland—produced at the present day as great an amount of fish as it did fifty years ago, while another exhibited a great falling off in its produce, it would be only fair to set one against the other, and strike an average to come at the actual increase or diminution as compared with former yields. But if, as we believe, and as Mr. Russel's statistics seem to show, the decline of the fish is common to every river in the United Kingdom, we think we should be safe in taking almost any one of them as a sample river to exhibit the lamentable loss the country has sustained.

It is easy to understand how, in comparatively small rivers like our own, a fish that, not only in the different stages of its development, but in its mature state, must of necessity travel out and home by the same road, must pass through the same toll-bars, and run the gauntlet of all the murderous devices and appliances the ingenuity of man can invent to intercept it on its journey—not to mention the perils of the sea, and the natural enemies it must needs encounter in the prosecution of the Grand Tour in the deep which mysterious instinct bids it annually perform—has but a slender chance of attaining longevity. It is indeed almost matter of astonishment that it should not be cut off altogether,—that its race should not become extinct; and the more so, since the same causes have operated to a most extraordinary degree in bringing about a scarcity of salmon in the mighty waters of the Western World, compared to which our proudest streams are but as rivulets,—"in regions where the fish is, or was, incomparably more abundant, and the means and inducements to capture incomparably smaller, than at almost any time, and in any district, in the United Kingdom." The following statement would appear incredible if it were not borne out by facts. Mr. Russel says—

"Some of the American rivers, whose salmon supplied food only to a few hundreds of wandering Indians, are reported by recent travellers

to have been depopulated, and the supply to have been brought far below the demand, merely by the disregard of seasons, though very slight care and a little well-timed abstinence would have continued and increased a natural supply capable of meeting ten times the demand. There are few regions in the world that had more salmon, and that even yet have fewer men, than Labrador and the northern shores of the lower St. Lawrence; yet even there it is complained, in most of the recent works regarding British North America, and also in various documents issued by the Canadian Government, that abundance has by neglect and abuse been turned to scarcity. . . . When we see the results even on the St. Lawrence and its tributaries, running through comparative deserts, we need not wonder at the evil results of much greater means of destruction employed on a much more exhaustible field."

It would be beyond our limits to set forth in array evidence to prove what must be generally admitted, that salmon "from the earliest historical period down to less than a century ago, abounded to excess in the neighbourhood of English and Irish, still more of Scotch rivers, accessible to migratory fish." Mr. Russel has diligently looked up and set in order all the old authorities that bear upon the subject; and all concur in their testimony of the abundance of the fish. For want of regular statistics, which in the olden time existed not, he has drawn upon the journals and letters of early travellers in Scotland, and from these he gives many quaint and curious extracts; nor does he omit to make mention of the old legend about the stipulation of apprentices and servants not to eat salmon more than a certain number of days in the week—a legend which seems to belong to no one district. The Royal Commissioners of Inquiry into the Salmon Fisheries of England and Wales met the story everywhere, but its evidence nowhere. "We endeavoured," they say in their Report, "to obtain a sight of one of these instruments, but without success, though we met with persons who stated that they had seen them; and the universal prevalence of the tradition seems to justify belief in it." Tradition has handed down to us many stories much more improbable, which are received by common consent, and we are quite willing to accept this one as evidence. But, as we think, no proof is needed of former abundance: of present scarcity there can exist no doubt whatever.

Our author has confined himself almost entirely to Scotch rivers; but, *mutato nomine*, the same deplorable tale may be told of the decay of salmon in English rivers. The English Commissioners of Inquiry, we are told, state that the evidence as to those rivers of England and Wales where the fish had not been quite extinguished, showed a decline ranging from nine-

tenths to ninety-nine hundredths, within the memory of living witnesses. Let us take the instance of a river, small indeed, but which was in days of yore one of the best salmon streams in England,—the Christchurch Avon, whose fish formerly commanded a fancy price in London. There is yet a man living who can remember a hundred salmon being taken in the nets at one haul at Claypool, near the junction of the Stour with the Avon. For many years—certainly until the present laws came into operation—that number would fully have represented the amount of fish taken in any one season.

We are now brought to a consideration of the causes of the decline of the fish, of which, says Mr. Russel, one of the chief and irremovable is the increase of land drainage:—

“Salmon do not incline to enter, nor even though they may have entered, to ascend a river, either when it is in high flood, ‘roaring from bank to brae,’ or when it is dwindled and limpid, but when it is between these two conditions, subsiding, and in some degree clarifying. Now the effect of increased drainage—by which we refer, not so much to the drains of the arable districts as to the open ‘sheep-drains’ of the pastoral districts at the water sources—is to bring down the water more quickly, and in greater volume, and then to carry it seaward with greater rapidity; thus making addition to the two extreme conditions of water, in which fish do not incline to travel. . . . One consequence of this is, that the fish are kept longer hanging about the mouths of rivers, where, besides the numbers taken in the stake and bag nets, they fall a prey to their natural marine enemies. . . . And the changes caused by drainage must tend to an increase in the destruction of the ova—the greater suddenness and violence of the flood washing the spawn away while in process of deposition, or even after its being covered.”

There is yet, we think, another natural cause for the rapid flow of flood-water to the sea,—the clearance of forest, and the breaking up the ground for arable and pastoral purposes; altogether independently of artificial draining. We are led to this conclusion by drawing a parallel with the rivers in Switzerland, where it is notorious the inundations have of late years been much more calamitous than formerly.

We fell in one day with the *curé* of a village in the Canton of Friburg, who, like ourselves, had walked down to the banks of the Sarine, then in full flood, and roaring like a cataract, to look at the river, which threatened, as he informed us, to carry away some day his church and the cluster of cottages nestling near it. In answer to a question we propounded, how it came to pass that people could have been incautious enough to build churches and raise dwelling-houses within the danger of any extraordinary rise of the river, he stopped suddenly before one

of the biggest trees in the pine wood, through which our path lay, and, pointing to one of its lower boughs, which, heavily weighted with moisture from the recent rain, was bent to the ground, said:—

“ You would hardly be able to estimate the amount of water hanging on that single bough. Imagine, then, those bare hillsides clothed with larch and fir, more luxuriant in foliage, and of more giant growth than these in the plain; and conceive, if you can, the mass of fluid arrested before it reaches the earth, held in suspense, to trickle gently down, to percolate the earth, to fill the springs, before it arrives at the great drain of our valley. A thoughtless and improvident waste of the forests has had much to do with this, although other causes, natural but inexplicable, have helped to bring about the clearance of the wood” (*dénueement* was his word) “above a certain level on which it formerly grew. The rain now sweeps in a sheet of water down the mountain slopes to swell the river at once; it has lost all respect for its former bounds, and carries desolation in its mad career, running off as rapidly as it had grown.”

May not this apply equally to the Tweed? We say the Tweed because we think the character of that river more changed than that of any other; but it must hold good more or less with most of the rivers in Scotland, for it is well known that within the last century vast tracts of woodland have been cleared, and the ground laid down in arable or pasture.

Another mischief to be dealt with is the obstruction and pollution of rivers, incident to the rise of population and industry on their banks; the poisoning of waters by mine works; the emptying of noxious refuse from factories; conversion of rivers into sewers for the drainage of towns. Of this we have all heard and read of late, *usque ad nauseam*. The baneful and unsavoury subject is now, however, in process of *ventilation*, and it is to be hoped that stringent measures will be generally adopted to cure an evil, the result of which is not the diminution, but the extinction of fish.

The question of *close-time*, or, as it is more generally called in England, the *fence-months*, naturally presents a great difficulty to any uniform legislation respecting it.

“ The application,” says Mr. Russel, “ of the same rules regarding seasons in rivers differing very widely from each other in their natural circumstances, and in the habits of their fish, was a most pernicious mistake. As a Highland laird very aptly expressed it, thirty years ago, to a Parliamentary Committee, ‘ To prohibit early rivers from beginning (the fishing) till late ones are ready, is as sensible a plan as it would be to prohibit the farmers in England from cutting their crops till the harvest was ready in the Highlands. . . . At the same

time, there are some considerable practical difficulties in the way of having a close-time varied for various rivers; and the main fact that great evil has been caused by too long and too late fishing, and that there has been a want of variety as to legal seasons, have been to some extent acknowledged by the recent Acts, which shorten the fishing season as a whole, and give the Commissioners very considerable power as to varying the period for opening or closing."

With regard to the fishing by *net and coble*, we assume that the grants conferring the right can be legally established. It is not to be wondered at that man's ingenuity should have been taxed to render the engines of capture as deadly as possible; we would go the length even—always supposing the right proved—of designating it fair fishing, if it can be proved at the same time that, when the original grants were made, the donors contemplated the mischievous perfection to which the art of fishing could be carried; that its results would be to give to some few favoured individuals the right to gather at the river's mouth the harvest which was sown in the upper part of the water; in other words, to appropriate to themselves at the least nine-tenths of the fish that were born and bred in the river above, thus rendering the fishery, or, let us say, the *fishing*, comparatively valueless to scores of proprietors along its banks. "They are grants from the Crown!" it is argued; "vested interests are not to be lightly regarded!" We may observe in passing, that whenever we hear the plea of *vested interests* urged, we have little difficulty in foreseeing what is coming; in the majority of cases it is employed to cover some act of injustice, or some unworthy motive. "But it is the law," returns the advocate, "and the law must be respected!" To which it may be replied, "It is one thing to keep the law, another to respect it."

But have these privileges been abused? And if abused, is there no legitimate mode of correcting the abuse? It seems to be too lightly conceded, or taken for granted, that there can be no assailable point in the triple armour of the monopolists of the fisheries. We are willing to admit that the modern salmon legislation is good as far as it goes, and well calculated to bring about the especial objects, to protect the peculiar interests to which all its enactments have been directed; but it is not heretical to assert that any law whatever which operates to the especial benefit of one class, and to the detriment of another, when, moreover, the latter has undeniably an equally powerful claim for protection, is an unjust law. Let it be glozed over as it may, however ingeniously, salmon legislation, both ancient and modern, has been one-sided and partial. Every law has been framed for the sole behoof of the proprietors of the fisheries at

the mouths of rivers ; and if a selfish class or two,—selfish in respect of the direct interest the lower proprietors have in protecting the breeding of the fish,—have doled out a niggardly boon to those on the upper waters, in the shape of a twenty-four or thirty-six hours' run of the fish in the week, it has been grudgingly bestowed, and is miserably insignificant to what they may fairly claim.

It is altogether lost sight of, that in this interval between six on the Saturday evening and six on the Monday morning, so generously allowed, the river may be in such a state as to prevent the fish entering ; it may be heavy spate ; it may be thin water ; and this may and does occur frequently in the fishing season. "So much the better for us !" say the owners of cruives and net-fisheries below. "There is not a clean fish in the river !" groans the disappointed angler, who has been impatiently looking forward to a day's fishing above.

Little need be said of the concession made to the rod-fisher of an extension of open-time, of allowing him a few weeks' more chance of killing a fish after the net and cruive-fisheries are closed. One ought to be grateful for small benefits ; but as fair rod-fishing for salmon never did and never will do much harm to a river, we think there is no great claim to gratitude to be asserted by those who exercise the *prepotenza* of the fisheries. This concession, moreover, trifling as it is, really operates greatly to the advantage of the lower proprietors, in giving an inducement to protect the fish in spawning-time, to which—we speak advisedly of the Spey—the upper proprietors were formerly utterly indifferent.

Mr. Russel runs a tilt, as might be anticipated, against the fixed or standing nets, "for here," he says, "we come to the chief culprit, and have got evidence against him both curious and conclusive :"—

"Fishing by stake or bag nets (the former being a species of net hung on stakes driven into the beach, with cells or traps a little beyond low water, and the latter being a species kept stationary by anchorage, and ordinarily reaching some hundreds of feet beyond low water) is an invention only about thirty or forty years old, as regards at least the places in Scotland where it is now practised ; while, as regards England and Ireland, it is of still more recent date. It is not only novel ; it may be said to exist only through the omission or ignorance of the Legislature. The chief aim of legislation on the subject, both in England and Scotland, from *Magna Charta* downwards, has been to prevent the raising of 'standing gear' in 'the run of the fish ;' but this prohibition did not extend to the sea-coast, partly, perhaps, because that was not then known to be 'the run of the fish,' and partly because no sort of engine had at that time been invented capable of standing and acting effectually in the open sea.

It has since, however, been discovered—and most diligently has the discovery been put to use—that the sea-coast is almost as much the course of the fish as is the channel of the river or estuary. The salmon returning to the fresh water does not lie off in mid-ocean, and then, as with a needle and compass, steer right into the river's mouth. It feels, or, as Sir Humphry Davy expressed to the Committee of 1824, *scent*s its way along the shore for many miles."

These engines were soon generally adopted by any one possessing a stretch of sea-beach, to the rapid and continuous loss of the river fisheries. To illustrate this, Mr. Russel gives a tabular statement of the returns of "two fisheries, forming in value half the whole Tay," for three decades, one before their erection, one during their existence, and one after they were suppressed. These are conclusive enough, but he says,—

"In addition, we may mention that the number of boxes (each box containing 100 pounds of fish) shipped from the river fisheries of the Tay in 1812, the last year of the stake-nets, was 1175; in 1819, after they had been completely removed, 5694."

Our "culprit" stands convicted, on his own showing, of delinquencies committed by himself; he is caught "red hand;" but we have no means of knowing the number of pilgrims he has caused to diverge from their road to incur other dangers scarcely less sure and fatal. "These engines," said the English Commissioners of Inquiry, "are baneful to the fisheries, not only on account of the number of fish which they destroy, but also because they scare and drive them away to sea, when they come in shoals seeking the rivers, thereby exposing them to be injured or destroyed in a variety of ways."

"The fact here set forth," Mr. Russel remarks, "is recognised in all the old legislation, which prohibits fixtures in the rivers and estuaries, on account not so much of their success in capturing, as of their effect in deterring and frightening; any 'white object,' though incapable of anything but scaring, being prohibited equally with engines of capture."

We are at issue with Mr. Russel about the "*white object* being incapable of anything but scaring." We are much more inclined to fancy it was used rather as a *bure* for fish—and was on that account declared illegal—unless, indeed, the Norwegian salmon has peculiar idiosyncrasies. An old Norway fisher, in giving us his experiences of the fishing and fisheries in that country, writes:—"Sometimes the face of a smooth rock on the side of a fiord is painted white; the salmon rush at it, taking it to be a fall of water, and a man, perched on a wooden stage erected above, is waiting for them with a net."¹

¹ See also Lloyd, *Scandinavia*, vol. i. p. 86. 1854.

One of the worst enemies of the salmon, however, the seal, is at the same time the terror of the salmon-fishers on the coast, "who wage a constant war upon them for the great damage they do to their stake-nets, which are constantly torn and injured by these powerful animals. Nor is the loss they occasion to the salmon-fishers confined to the fish which they actually consume, or to the nets that they destroy, for a seal, hunting along the coast in the neighbourhood of the stake-nets, keeps the salmon in a constantly disturbed state, and drives the shoals of fish into the deep water, where they are secure from the nets."¹

Poor, persecuted salmon! Your two direst enemies are quarrelling over your destruction, while Acts of Parliament are making, Commissioners are inquiring, and Local Boards are sitting in council for your preservation.

Salmon legislation comes next in natural succession to Mr. Russel's consideration, and he has, by his method of treating the subject, contrived to give a popular interest to the chapter, dry and uninviting as its heading argues it to be. One cannot fail to be struck with his preamble, that "for more than six hundred years the preservation and increase of salmon has been the subject of legislation in all the three kingdoms; and from the first, as now, the leading principle of legislation has been to prevent the fisheries being worked in excess of the natural powers of reproduction. From of old, too, as now, that principle has been applied mainly to two points—to prevent the fisheries being worked for a season either too long or mistimed, and to prevent any of them being worked unfairly or too severely in respect to machinery, as by engines more effective in capture than the engines ordinarily in use, or operating to obstruct and deter as well as to capture. In other words, the fixing of the proper duration and dates of close-time, and the regulation or prohibition of obstructive, destructive, and *especially fixed engines*, were the objects aimed at six centuries ago, and are objects not quite attained yet."

Passing over the ancient legislation, some of it very amusing, which Mr. Russel quotes from the statutes of both kingdoms, let us see what later legislators have done to bring about the objects which centuries of law-making had only been able partially to effect.

Lord Westbury, in a judicial decision, seems to have summed up most clearly "the leading principles and objects which the Legislature had had in view in all the Statutes, which might be held as mainly declaratory of the common law." "The first was the object of securing to the salmon a free access from the lower to the upper fresh waters of the rivers, which are the natural spawning-grounds of the fish; the second was to secure

¹ St. John's *Wild Sports*, p. 224.

the means of return to the young salmon or smolt down to the sea; the third was the prohibiting the taking of unclean fish during certain periods of the year when it was out of season as an article of food."

How are we to interpret the expression, "securing free access?" The words have a broad signification. Clearly they are condemnatory of all fixed engines, and by implication would be equally so of over-fishing with the net, for such is the perfection at which net-fishing has arrived—so rapid the succession of the nets, and so skilful the fisherman—that it is wonderful if a fish can pass them. Mr. Russel, however, very justly says: "It would have been better that Lord Westbury had stated separately and emphatically another object, which, at the utmost, he only includes as part of one of the three objects he selects for specification,—the forbidding any fishery owner increasing, through ingenious appliances or otherwise, the efficiency of his instruments to the injury of his neighbours or the general interest."

Many abortive attempts were made to legislate and adjust the differences between two parties, whose interests, if fairly considered, are identical. The battle raged fiercely between the proprietors of the upper and those of the lower fisheries,—between right and might. It is impossible to read Mr. Russel's statement of the case without a feeling of indignation:—

"The upper proprietors, as Sir Walter Scott expressed it, were made mere 'clocking-hens for the lower heritors,' and took an absolute disgust at the process of incubation. Their grounds were turned into mere lying-in hospitals and nurseries; they scarcely ever saw salmon but as infants, as mothers in a delicate condition, and as invalids only 'as well as could be expected.' They were to nurse them when they were young, and to heal them when they were sick; and the people below were to kill and sell them when they had attained health, size, and weight. The upper proprietors were to take care of them for two years without killing them, and the lower proprietors who could take no care of them, were to kill them before they had been two days, or perhaps two minutes, within their realms.

"If landed proprietors used game as fishing proprietors are apt to use salmon, 'shooting down the hens,' and not letting one head escape which by any means, fair or foul, they could possibly destroy, nobody could doubt the sure and early result. And yet, to make even this a parallel to the case of salmon, we must suppose that, in addition to his own reckless slaughter, a proprietor had no ground on which birds would breed, and nevertheless so acted as to make enemies of those on whose grounds they did breed, and who had the eggs and the young at their mercy."

All honour to the Duke of Roxburghe, who, foremost in the

fight, wielded his *bill*, and succeeded in "turning the tide of battle."

"If the time was come," says Mr. Russel (for a change in the existing system), "the man had come too. That man was the Duke of Roxburghe, who was strongest and foremost, especially as to finding the sinews of war, in leading a series of successful assaults upon the old and decaying system, in the cause, not, truly speaking, of upper proprietors against lower, but of preservation and increase against waste and decay. Without seeking *éclat*, or claiming merit, or even getting much assistance, the Duke gave to this good work years of trouble and thousands of pounds; to him the owners of salmon-fisheries, low and high, owe more than they know of, and certainly very much more than they have acknowledged."

The Tweed bills of 1857 and 1859 paved the way to more complete and general legislation; certain mischievous engines, called "stell-nets," on the lower water, and the no less murderous cairn-nets on the upper, were got rid of; the close-time was lengthened, and the rod-fishing had a great extent of grace accorded to it; the killing foul fish at *any* time was prohibited; spearing or "leistering"—"burning the water," as it is sometimes called—was declared illegal; the meshes of nets were restricted as to size (one and three-quarters of an inch from knot to knot); the closeness, both as to distance and time, with which ordinary or wear-shot nets may be worked, fixed; obstructions caused by dykes or dams were *attempted* to be removed, etc; etc.

In 1861, the Lord Advocate, "being strongly opposed and weakly befriended," failed in passing a bill which would have struck at the root of a great evil. It provided for the abolition of all fixed engines. In the following year he succeeded in passing the bill which forms in the main the existing law for all rivers north of Tweed. In it he omitted altogether the question of fixed engines, leaving it in a better position to be dealt with separately hereafter. The annual close-time was fixed at 168 days; the weekly close-time at 36 hours—from six on Saturday night to six on Monday morning. Rod-fishing was to end on the last day of October, unless the proprietors desired an earlier closing; fishing with lights was prohibited, as well as the sale and use of salmon roe.

The English Act of 1861 makes sundry and necessary provisions for the removal of obstructions, and for the prevention of pollution of rivers:—The annual close-time, from 1st September to 1st February, being 153 days. Two extra months, till 1st November, are given for rod-fishing. The weekly close-time is from twelve at noon on Saturday to six on Monday morning (six hours more than given by the new Scotch law).

The minimum size of the meshes of nets is fixed at two inches from knot to knot. All fixed engines are pronounced illegal, wherever placed, with the exception of "fishing weirs and fishing mill-dams," and of "any ancient right or mode of fishing as lawfully exercised at time of the passing of this Act, by any person, in virtue of any grant or charter, or immemorial usage."

Shortly after the appearance of Mr. Russel's book, a bill brought in by Mr. Baring and Sir George Grey, "to amend the Salmon Fishery Act in England (1861)," passed into law (1864). This contains many valuable clauses, the first of which relates to the establishment of a Board of Conservators in each district, their qualification, and powers to appoint water-bailiffs to act under them; to issue licenses provided by the Act; to purchase any legal rights to weirs; authority is given to the water-bailiffs to inspect all weirs, dams, and fixed engines, to examine and seize all illegal nets and other instruments for fishing. Licenses for rod-fishing, available only for the season, and good everywhere south of Tweed, are fixed at £1; those for weirs, etc., to be determined by the Conservators. The proceeds of such licenses to be applied to defraying the expenses of carrying into effect in each district the said Acts.

"This method of raising funds," says Mr. Eden, the Inspector of Fisheries, in a letter to the Chairman of the Central Committee of the Severn Association,¹ "by taxing all engines used in the capture of fish, is on the principle that every one who was to benefit by the protection of the fishery should contribute towards that protection. This was as fair a system as could be devised, and, moreover, it had the advantage of being well tried in Ireland ever since 1849. The present state of the fisheries in that country was only so good as it was in consequence of that Act. In Ireland ample funds for the protection of the fisheries had been raised. For the Shannon—a river similar in size to the Severn—£1300 odds had been obtained last year, and £1400 odds this year. . . . The 11th section of the English Act prohibited the use of all fixed engines, but allowed all ancient rights enjoyed at the time of passing the Act. . . . In Ireland, where they had found one legal weir there were fifty illegal ones, and the removal of the latter had occasioned a great public benefit, as also to the owners of the fisheries."

¹ To the Severn Fisheries Association, now in the twenty-third year of its existence, is due the credit of restoring to their noble river something of its old reputation as a salmon stream. The Chairman of the Central Committee says, in a letter to us:—"Hitherto we have effected some little good with very small funds; but all the credit is due to Mr. George, our secretary, who really is an invaluable man, and salmon enthusiasts all over England owe him a debt of gratitude for the very lucid and forcible suggestions he has made from time to time to the Fishery Commissioners, many of which have been embodied in the new Act."

The main provisions of the Irish law (1862-1863) are the fixing 168 days for the close-time, and permitting angling from the 1st February to 1st November. The question of fixed nets is scarcely set at rest. Bag-nets are, however, prohibited in any river, as so defined, with the exception of cases in which the right of salmon fishing in the whole of a river or its tributaries belongs to one proprietor. No *new* fixed nets can be erected anywhere. No cruive or trap can be used within fifty yards of a mill-dam, unless the mill-dam has a pass approved by the Commissioners. Every cruive must have an open passage for the fish. This free gap, or, as it is commonly called in the country, the "Queen's Gap," must be in the deepest part of the stream, in a line parallel with the direction of the stream at the weir, its bottom level with the natural bed of the stream above and below the gap; its width in its narrowest part must not be less than one-tenth part of the width of the stream; it need not be, however, made wider than fifty feet, or narrower than three. No person to be entitled to compensation by reason of the enforcing of any free gap in any weir. The Act (1863) contains also a scale of licenses for engines: bag-nets, £1; stake-nets (Scotch), £30; rod, £1. It gives also most extensive powers to the Commissioners.

A late English Act (1865), among other good provisions, establishes licenses: rod, £1; *otter, lath, or jack!* £3; *cross-line*, £2.

From this summary of the laws of the three countries, we gather that, by taking what is best from each of them to form one whole, a better general law might be produced common to Great Britain and Ireland.

Mr. Russel opens his fifth chapter, on "Future Salmon Legislation," with a most appropriate injunction to the public and the Legislature, regarding the question of fixture fisheries on the coasts of Scotland:—

"Clear your mind of cant!" "The public mind," he says, "which of course the legislative mind reflects, has become infected with the idea that these engines are a 'property' which it would be robbery to take away; but the fact, easy of demonstration, is, that the so-called property is in truth stolen goods, or rather the means of stealing goods that had for centuries been the lawful property of others. . . . In Scotland all property in salmon-fisheries is constituted by, or derived from Crown grants. Now the sum of the whole matter, as to fixed grants, is condensed in this little fact, that the Crown never made a grant of salmon-fisheries with the intention or under the slightest suspicion that the fishing was to be performed by fixed nets. All the charters for sea-coast fisheries were granted, and all those fisheries worked long before those engines were resorted to or thought of. It

is therefore not an inference but a simple matter of fact, that, if the owners of sea-coast fisheries were now compelled to recur to the machinery which they used at first, and which is the *only kind permitted to their neighbours*, still they would have left to them all that was ever intended they should have, and all that they ever had, till within these few years, they, at their own hands, seized what had from ancient times belonged to others. The question is not whether the sea-shore proprietors holding fishing charters" (an end ought to be made at once of such as do not) "shall retain their right of salmon-fishing, but whether they, and they alone, shall be allowed to fish by any and every means they can devise; more especially, whether they are to be allowed to use a species of engines not contemplated when they acquired their right of fishing, not used by them till a very recent period, and strictly prohibited to all their neighbours. It is not a question of taking away any 'right,' but of applying the same regulation to the same right at one spot as is applied to it at another round the corner. It is not a question of taking away any portion of any kind of 'property,' but of bringing all portions of the same kind of property under the same law."

We agree that fixed engines on the sea-coast and estuaries are simply usurpations, defensible on no plea save the miserable one of prescription :—

" You tell a pedigree
Of threescore and two years—a silly time,
To make prescription for a kingdom's worth."

What is the intent of all salmon legislation? It is not to serve the interests of this or that individual, but to restore as nearly as possible to its former plenty a valuable commodity which has been suffered by wasteful extravagance, by selfish greed, and by unrestrained abuse, to become a "costly luxury" instead of a staple of food. Of food! and in these ominous days, threatened as we are by a still further dearth of one of our most precious products, with the prices of meat at an unprecedented height, we hold that the most stringent measures ought to be adopted, the utmost powers of the law be put in force, to turn to the best account the ready means we have of increasing our store of provisions. Is a question raised about the absolute value of the salmon as food? Are there persons who look upon salmon legislation as a mere fight between the rod-fisher and the fish purveyor? Let us go back to a page in the early part of Mr. Russel's book :—

"From the reports of the Irish Commissioners we learn that, in 1862, apparently an ordinary year, three Irish railways conveyed 400 tons, or about 900,000 lbs. of salmon, being equal in weight and treble in value to 15,000 sheep, or 20,000 mixed sheep and lambs. In Scot-

land the Tay alone furnishes about 800,000 lbs. . . . The weight of salmon produced by the Spey is equal to the weight of mutton annually yielded to the butcher by each of several of the smaller counties."

The mischief caused by the stake and bag nets to the legitimate net-fishing admits of no doubt. They are baneful in their effects in a national point of view, as tending to the decrease of the salmon, not only by preventing the "free access of fish to the rivers," but by the incalculable waste they occasion by scaring them out to sea. The "beggar-my-neighbour" game that is played by their owners is senseless as it is unprofitable,—a species of gambling by which all lose. In England they have been condemned; in Ireland they are in process of extinction. In Scotland alone it is hesitated to acknowledge the principle of all law, which is asserted in its sister countries, that the "public good is paramount."

We cannot agree with Mr. Russel that the proprietors of these illegal fisheries have a claim to be dealt with tenderly by the law, that it should "do its spiriting gently;" nor would it, we think, be dignified to "treat them as belligerents," and terrify them into terms. It may almost be taken for granted that they are doomed, that it is only a question of time. The case, again, of the pollution of rivers is at the present day acknowledged to be a *national question*, in a sanitary sense, irrespective of the injurious effect it produces on the lives of the poor fish. They will, however, come in for their measure of relief in the large and comprehensive legislation which an evil of such vital importance must eventually provoke.

There remains yet to be dealt with an abuse which has been overlooked or lightly regarded in the several acts mentioned above, which form the salmon law of the land. There is certainly a discretionary power given to the special Commissioners,¹ but the magnitude of the abuse demands special legislation—special clauses in acts to meet it; we allude to the over-fishing

¹ In Ireland we find the Commissioners exercising the authority delegated to them in a way calculated to work an immense benefit. The following is an instance of the extension of the weekly close-time being summarily ordered. "*Bandon, County Cork*.—It having been proved that net-fishing is carried on in the tidal and fresh-water portions of the Bandon river to such an extent as to be highly injurious to the fisheries of the river, Notice is hereby given, that we propose to make Bye-laws to the following effect, viz:—The use of nets of any description for the capture of salmon or trout in the tidal portion of the river is prohibited between six of the clock on Friday morning and six on the succeeding Saturday morning. And the use at any time of nets of any description whatever for the capture of salmon or trout is prohibited in the fresh-water portion of the said river." The Commissioners intimate they will be prepared to receive protests in writing, from any persons who have objections to make, up to the 1st August. The notice is signed by the Commissioners, and dated July 12, 1865.

by the recognised legitimate means of net and coble, and to the suicidal faculty that is permitted and invariably exercised by the owners of these engines, of killing the fish *before it has arrived at a state of maturity.*

It has not been sufficiently considered in any legislative enactments that the taste, the rage for salmon angling, has added a new commercial value to the property along the river bank. The rod-fishing in a river is now a most valuable possession, even narrowed as it is by the rapacity of the owners of the lower fisheries, and it might be rendered tenfold more valuable by fair and equitable laws. We leave out of our calculation the increased inducement it might hold out to fishers to visit remote districts, and to spread much money on their course; the employment it would afford to so many more of the people as attendants or gillies; the additional impulse it would give to a trade which has already grown within a few years to an extraordinary extent, and given employment to hundreds of hands in the manufacture of fishing implements. Still less would we insist on the common benefit that would be conferred by facilitating the means of enjoying a healthful and manly sport. We merely say that property which involves such consequences is justly entitled to protection. Mr. Russel suggests a remedy :—

“The present system is a *scramble*; each man having a few yards of river bends his efforts to catch as many fish as he can; and the grand object of all the innumerable and complicated laws on the subject is to prevent his efforts from being too effective. This is a system of very natural growth, but it has now grown to be a great and unnecessary evil and an anachronism. The proportionate value of every man's rights in any river is now accurately ascertained; why should not all the owners on any given river form themselves, as it were, into a joint-stock company, this man having a fourth share, and that a fortieth, and then proceed to fish the river in the way best for all of them, considered as one interest, and divide the money proceeds among the shareholders according to the number and proportion of their shares? More specifically, our radical reform is this—to erect and work in each river at such place, or several places, as might be most suitable, some engines which shall, during periods properly regulated and restricted, take possibly every fish which ascends to them, or allow all to pass, dividing the expense and the produce among the proprietors of the fisheries in the proportion which the present value of the fishery of each bears to the present value of the whole.”

The project is one well worthy of being entertained by our law-givers. The pleasant consummation might be brought about by an Act of Parliament appointing special Commissioners, with powers to investigate and settle the claims,

and to apportion the shares; to legislate for the cruive, or trap or instrument for waylaying the fish; to control its action, its seasons, its too great efficiency; to organize a strong and effective staff of water-bailiffs along the river from the uppermost spawning beds to the mouth; to constitute a board of management, subject to their inspection, for finance and business detail.

And not the least of the advantages to be derived from such a method of conducting the fisheries would be the easy means afforded by it of correcting an abuse which has always appeared to us most monstrous and most patent, but which has been altogether overlooked or disregarded hitherto—the wholesale and indiscriminate destruction of the adolescent salmon. While the whole object of salmon legislation has been to protect the fish and to increase its value as food—as property—the system of destroying it in its second stage, before it has arrived at maturity, has never been attacked. It is positively astounding to see in the tabular returns quoted by Mr. Russel the proportion of grilse killed to that of salmon. The most rigorous provisions are made in the several Acts, for the protection even of the roe of the fish, and immunity is extended to the infant parr. And if to the parr, why not to the grilse? The same reason holds good; in neither case has the fish arrived at maturity. Let us take, at hazard, from Mr. Russel, one return of the annual produce of the Tweed Fisheries (1856, the last issued), we here find the number of salmon 4,885, of grilse 33,992,—nearly six-sevenths of the fish killed were fish that had not bred! A system such as this is clearly as detrimental to the increase of the salmon as its policy is short-sighted, and its results injurious to the owners of fisheries. We should be glad to see in the next Salmon Act a clause or two prohibiting the taking (except with the rod) or selling any grilse under four pounds weight.¹ In giving the privilege to rod fishers, it will be seen that they must use it for sport, not profit. It is a small boon. Fair fishing with the rod never yet hurt a salmon-river, and the number of grilse killed by the angler would be insignificant.

We have not space to follow Mr. Russel in his exposition of the “non-legislative remedies,—better nursing and cheaper fishing,”—which are treated of in the last section of his book. He insists on the importance of Pisciculture, which is now so suc-

¹ To those who do not know the accuracy with which an experienced fisherman can estimate, almost to a fraction, the weight of a fish at first sight, it may appear hard that the law should compel him to return a grilse to the water without having first put it into the scales. They may be assured he will incur no risk of getting into trouble.

cessfully carried out at Stormontfield, and sets forth the advantage that would accrue from the adoption of his co-operative scheme.

"One effect of such a reform," he says in the concluding paragraph, "would be a great saving of expense in wages and materials, which at present seem to amount, on the chief fisheries, to nearly three-fourths of the total value of the produce; and a still grander result would be the putting an end to wasteful strife, opening up a free field for amicable co-operation, and making simple a hundred questions which are now complex, by transforming, at one stroke, the contending parties from competitors to partners. In a word, it would introduce into the piscatorial realms the three great, well-known, and much-coveted benefits of Peace, Reform, and Retrenchment."

Mr. Russel has done good service in pleading the cause of the ill-used, persecuted salmon, and putting forth its pretensions to be esteemed and protected as food, as property, as sport, advocating alike the claims of the public generally, of the proprietors of fisheries, and last, not least, of anglers. But he has done more than that. By the clear, historical survey he has given of old and new salmon-legislation, by chronicling the different provisions of the several Acts that have been passed from early ages down to the present day, and more especially by collating, as it were, the laws as recently enacted for the three countries, he has rendered easy a task which seems to have perplexed and baffled all our legislators hitherto, however much they agreed in its importance, that of framing on good, sound principles one complete Act for the preservation and protection of the salmon. That achieved, it would be difficult, we think, to show cause why such an Act should not be common to the United Kingdom.

The extracts we have given will enable our readers to judge with what skill Mr. Russel has *served up* his salmon. The workman is always at his work; never turns aside to dally with any other attraction. His style is unaffected, unstudied—not spoilt by the ever-recurring Shaksperian quotations and allusions which tell to the initiated. He is clear, vigorous, hard-hitting, but never losing temper—full of spirit and life.

- ART. VI.—1. *Lady Audley's Secret*. By M. E. BRADDON. 3 vols. London, 1862.
 2. *Aurora Floyd*. By M. E. BRADDON. 3 vols. London, 1863.
 3. *Eleanor's Victory*. By M. E. BRADDON. 3 vols. London, 1863.
 4. *John Marchmont's Legacy*. By M. E. BRADDON. 3 vols. London, 1863.
 5. *Henry Dunbar*. By M. E. BRADDON. 3 vols. London, 1864.
 6. *The Doctor's Wife*. By M. E. BRADDON. 3 vols. London, 1864.
 7. *Only a Clod*. By M. E. BRADDON. 3 vols. London, 1865.

If the test of genius were success, we should rank Miss Braddon very high in the list of our great novelists. The fertility of her invention is as unprecedented as the extent of her popularity. Month after month she produces instalments of new novels which attract countless readers, and are praised by not a few competent critics. Three years ago her name was unknown to the reading public. Now it is nearly as familiar to every novel-reader as that of Bulwer Lytton or Charles Dickens.

Miss Braddon cannot reasonably complain that, in her case, striving merit has been suffered to fret and pine unheeded. Almost as soon as *Lady Audley's Secret* appeared, it was lauded by distinguished critics, and eagerly purchased and read by an enthusiastic section of the public. Daily newspapers which habitually neglected, or carped at works that fell short of a very high standard of excellence, became conspicuous for the exceptional compliments they paid to this authoress. Even a weekly journal which is noted for lavishing stinging sarcasms on the female novelists in whose works High Church principles are unsupported or scoffed at, has bestowed ungrudging praise on the writings of Miss Braddon. As novel after novel issued from the press, the laudatory epithets were, when possible, more copiously showered upon her. Her triumph has been nearly complete. By the unthinking crowd she is regarded as a woman of genius. The magazine to which she contributes is almost certain to have a large circulation, and to enrich its fortunate proprietors. She has bewitched so many persons, that those who have the misfortune to be blind to her charms have had small chance of being listened to when pronouncing an adverse judgment.

Her position in the world of letters can be almost paralleled by that which one of her personages held in the world of art. In *Eleanor's Victory*, Launcelot Darrell becomes an artist, after

being balked of a property which he had hoped to inherit. He paints a picture called "The Earl's Death." It is emphatically described as a "sensation" picture. Miss Braddon goes on to say that "although the picture was ugly, there was a strange, weird attraction in it, and people went to see it again and again, and liked it, and hankered after it, and talked of it perpetually all that season; one faction declaring that the lucifer-match effect was the most delicious moonlight, and the murderess of the earl the most lovely of womankind, till the faction who thought the very reverse of this became afraid to declare their opinions; and thus everybody was satisfied." Now, there is a "faction" which does not think her "sensation novels" the most admirable product of this generation, and considers that, judged by a purely literary standard, they are unworthy of unqualified commendation. To that "faction" we belong. We shall purposely avoid applying a moral test to these productions; for those who apply it are generally prone to condemn that which they cannot praise, chiefly because others think it admirable. On this principle bear-baiting was denounced by the Puritans; smoking is called a vice by the members of the Anti-Tobacco Society; and drinking a glass of beer is considered scandalous by the supporters of the Permissive Bill. A novel which deserves censure from a literary point of view cannot merit high eulogy solely on account of its morality. That which is bad in taste is usually bad in morals: it is sufficient, then, as it is fair, to apply the test we propose to the works of Miss Braddon.

As yet they have never been criticised otherwise than singly. Thus the leading peculiarities which characterize all of them have not been pointed out. Unless we regard them collectively we shall be unable to form a comprehensive opinion regarding them. It is as unjust to determine the merits of the author of several works on the strength of one only, as it is to decide on the quality of a book after perusing a single page. Putting aside the earlier and more crude works of this authoress, and taking those only which have rendered her so notorious, we shall analyse each of them in turn. It may be that an account of the different plots will not be unwelcome to some readers, and may convey information to those who have neither time nor inclination to peruse all the shilling monthly magazines, or the novels reprinted from them.

The scene of *Lady Audley's Secret* is Audley Court, a "very old and very irregular and rambling mansion," situated in Essex. We are assured that "in such a house there were secret chambers." Equally natural is it that there should be a lime-tree walk, "a chosen place for secret meetings and for stolen interviews." Trees overshadowed this walk so as to form a

"dark arcade," at the end of which stood the rusty wheel of an old well. Upon everything about the house peace is said to have laid her "soothing hand;" "ay, even upon the stagnant well, which, cool and sheltered as all else in the old place, hid itself away in a shrubbery behind the gardens, with an idle handle that was never turned, and a lazy rope so rotten that the pail had broken away from it, and had fallen into the water." The foregoing passage forms, as it were, the keynote to the work. From the outset everything is mysterious. It is certainly puzzling how a well could hide itself, and a rope be lazy and rotten!

Sir Michael Audley is the proprietor of the rambling mansion and dismal walk, the rusty wheel and lazy rope. Although a widower, the father of a charming daughter aged eighteen, yet it was not till "the sober age of fifty-five" that he fell ill of "the terrible fever called love," having "never loved before." The lady who attracted him was Lucy Graham, governess in the family of a village doctor. She was supposed to be twenty years of age, and is said to have been "blessed with that magic power of fascination by which a woman can charm with a word, or intoxicate with a smile." Sir Michael "could no more resist the tender fascination of those soft and melting blue eyes, the graceful beauty of that slender throat and drooping head, with its wealth of showering flaxen curls, the low music of that gentle voice, the perfect harmony which pervaded every charm, and made all doubly charming in this woman, than he could resist his destiny. Destiny! why, she was his destiny!" It was not beauty which alone attracted Sir Michael: he loved without being able to help it. He but fulfilled his destiny. Miss Braddon teaches us to say, with the followers of the Prophet, "It is fate." She has to explain, however, wherefore, if it were Sir Michael's destiny to fall in love, it was necessary to depict Lucy Graham as having been so very fascinating. Does she consider destiny to wait upon good looks?

Before passing on we must notice the heroine's hair. All Miss Braddon's heroes and heroines are specially remarkable in this respect. Lucy Graham had "the most wonderful curls in the world—soft and feathery, always floating away from her face, and making a pale halo round her head when the sunlight shone through them." "No one but a pre-Raphaelite would have painted, hair by hair, those feathery masses of ringlets, with every glimmer of gold, and every shadow of pale brown." At page 237 of the same volume we read of "her yellow curls glistening with the perfumed waters in which she had bathed;" and at page 251 that "my lady's yellow curls flashed hither and thither like wandering gleams of sunshine." This is quite

in the style of the advertising female who professes to have the power of making any lady "beautiful for ever."

Robert Audley, the nephew of Sir Michael, is one of the prominent actors in this story, and he is in every way so unlike other men of his class, that we shall give a full account of him. He is a barrister by profession, and briefless by choice. Having an income of four hundred pounds, he is able to live without toil or trouble. His favourite amusements are smoking German pipes and reading French novels. It was his custom, when the weather was very hot, and he was very tired, to stroll into the Temple Gardens, where, "lying in some shady spot, pale and cool, with his shirt-collar turned down, and a blue silk handkerchief tied loosely about his neck, [he] would tell grave benchers that he had knocked himself up with over-work. The sly old benchers laughed at the pleasing fiction." That Robert Audley should have chambers in Fig-Tree Court, should live there on his income, and spend his time in smoking German pipes and reading Balzac's novels, is very likely; but that he should meet "sly old benchers" in the Temple Gardens, who took any interest in his welfare, is as incredible as that a private soldier strolling through Hyde Park on a summer's evening should be accosted in familiar terms by the Duke of Cambridge. It seems difficult to conceive anything more ridiculous than the foregoing passage; yet Miss Braddon has shown that she can surpass it; for at page 116 of the second volume we read that "elderly benchers indulged in facetious observations upon the young man's pale face and moody manner. They suggested the probability of some unhappy attachment, some feminine ill-usage, as the secret cause of the change. They told him to be of good cheer, and invited him to supper-parties, at which 'lovely woman, with all her faults, God bless her,' was drunk by gentlemen who shed tears as they proposed the toast, and were maudlin and unhappy in their cups towards the close of the entertainment." When Miss Braddon was writing fancy sketches like this, the wonder is that she should have not been a little more bold. Why did she not add that the judges graced the supper-parties with their presence, and enlivened them with curious stories and comic songs? In order to complete the portrait of this very extraordinary young barrister, we must add that he is characterized as being "a fellow who turns his collars down, and eats bread and marmalade." It is true that a rival says this of him; but Miss Braddon would not have put such a charge into the rival's mouth if she had not thought it a grave one. Once she makes him describe himself to Lady Audley in these terms:—"You have no sentimental nonsense, no silly infatuation, borrowed

from Balzac and Dumas *filis* to fear from me. The benchers of the Inner Temple will tell you that Robert Audley is troubled with none of the epidemics whose outward signs are turn-down collars and Byronic neckties." One other specimen of Robert Audley's conversation will conclusively prove that in everything he differs from ordinary male mortals. He is telling a friend about Lady Audley, and thus describes her:—"She's the prettiest little creature you ever saw in your life, George, . . . such blue eyes, such ringlets, such a ravishing smile, such a fairy-like bonnet, all of a tremble with heartsease and dewy spangles, shining out of a cloud of gauze!" This is nearly as amusing nonsense as the stories about the "sly old benchers."

Another person who figures in this novel is George Talboys. He deserted his wife, went to Australia, lived there for three years and a half, then returned to England with £20,000, and learned that his wife had died shortly before his return, leaving an infant son under the care of her father. George Talboys is the attached friend of Robert Audley. They go together to the village of Audley, where they spend some time, and visit Audley Court during the absence of Sir Michael and his wife. Alicia, who remains behind, receives her cousin and his friend. They express a desire to see a portrait of the lady of the house. It is in her bedroom, the door of which is locked. However, they succeed in their object, entering the room through a secret passage. The portrait must have been an extraordinary work of art; certainly, the language in which it is described is an extraordinary specimen of writing. In the portrait, Lady Audley "had something of the aspect of a beautiful fiend. Her crimson dress, exaggerated like all the rest in this strange picture, hung about her in folds that looked like flames; her fair head peeping out of the lurid mass of colour as out of a raging furnace. Indeed, the crimson dress, the sunshine on the face, the red gold gleaming in the yellow hair, the ripe scarlet of the pouting lips, the glowing colours of each accessory of the minutely-painted background, all combined to render the first effect of the painting by no means an agreeable one." We should think neither the first nor the last impression could be other than painful. It perplexes us to know what Lady Audley was really like when we read a passage like the foregoing, a few pages after having read one like the following:—"The innocence and candour of an infant beamed in Lady Audley's fair face, and shone out of her large liquid blue eyes. The rosy lips, the delicate nose, the profusion of fair ringlets, all contrived to preserve to her beauty the character of extreme youth and freshness." As might be anticipated, the effect of the portrait on the two friends was very startling. George Talboys

was struck dumb; Robert Audley spoke of it "with an air of terror perfectly sincere." They returned to their inn. A storm of thunder and lightning commenced and raged violently, the effect of which on George Talboys was to make him still more moody, whereas Robert Audley "calmly retired to rest, serenely indifferent to the thunder, which seemed to shake him in his bed, and the lightning playing fitfully round the razors in his open dressing-case." The latter clause merits special notice. We have heard of many curious freaks committed by lightning, but that it should play round razors without injuring, or even exciting a spectator, is a phenomenon of which we never heard before, and shall never read of again except in a "sensation" novel.

Next morning the pair went out to fish. Robert Audley fell asleep on the bank of the stream. When he awoke, his friend had disappeared. Unable to learn any tidings of him, he concluded that he had been murdered, and that Lady Audley was guilty of his death. He begins to collect proofs. Piece by piece he links together the chain which connects Lady Audley with the crime. So industrious, wary, and expert does he become, as to force the authoress to say, that "though solemn benchers laughed at him, and rising barristers shrugged their shoulders under rustling silk gowns when people spoke of Robert Audley, I doubt if, had he ever taken the trouble to get a brief, he might not have rather surprised the magnates who underrated his abilities." Yet this energetic young man is depicted as little better than a fool. Four chapters after the passage about the solemn benchers and rising barristers, we read that, being on a visit to Audley Court during the winter,—"he had even gone so far as to put on, with great labour, a pair of skates, with a view to taking a turn on the frozen surface of the fish-pond, and had fallen ignominiously at the first attempt, lying placidly extended on the flat of his back until such time as the bystanders should think fit to pick him up." When not lying on the ice "placidly extended on the flat of his back," or doing something equally unnatural and ridiculous, he manifested his good breeding by smoking cigars in Lady Audley's boudoir. Truly, Miss Braddon has very strange notions about the manners and customs of young and inexperienced barristers!

The result of Robert Audley's researches was to confirm him in his belief, and also to change his nature. A more marvellous instance of conversion we never met with. It shows that Miss Braddon's views are decidedly original as to the effect which the unravelling of a mystery has on the mind of a young barrister who is addicted to reading Balzac's novels and

smoking meerschaum pipes. These are her own words :—" The one purpose which had slowly grown up in his careless nature, until it had become powerful enough to work a change in that very nature, made him what he had never been before—a Christian."

After his conversion, Robert Audley succeeds in attaining his object. He winds a chain of damning facts round Lady Audley. She makes a desperate attempt to free herself, by procuring his death, setting fire to an alehouse in which he is passing the night. He escapes and accuses her of being a murderess. Eventually, she admits the truth of the charge, as well as the fact that in marrying Sir Michael she committed bigamy, seeing that her husband was alive. This was George Talboys, whom she had pushed down the old well. The matter is hushed up, and instead of being tried for murder she is sent to a private madhouse in Belgium, where she languishes and dies. It afterwards appears that she was innocent of the crime of murder, for George Talboys got out of the well and went to America. He opportunely revisits England, to the great joy of his friend. It is not said that Robert Audley ever repented of having been the means of causing his aunt to end her days prematurely in a madhouse, charged with a crime of which she was innocent. On the contrary, there is the usual amount of marrying and giving in marriage. Babies are born in due time, and every one rejoices. The authoress concludes by hoping that " no one will take any objection to my story because the end of it leaves the good people all happy and at peace."

For a reason very different from that anticipated by the authoress do we object to this story. The short extracts we have given serve to show that the personages are not like living beings. They prove also how thoroughly ignorant Miss Braddon is of the ways of the world and the motive springs of the heart. With the exception of Phœbe Marks, the lady's-maid, not a single personage has any resemblance to the people we meet with in the flesh.

Lady Audley is at once the heroine and the monstrosity of the novel. In drawing her, the authoress may have intended to portray a female Mephistopheles; but, if so, she should have known that a woman cannot fill such a part. The nerves with which Lady Audley could meet unmoved the friend of the man she had murdered, are the nerves of a Lady Macbeth who is half unsexed, and not those of the timid, gentle, innocent creature Lady Audley is represented as being. Whenever she is meditating the commission of something inexpressibly horrible, she is described as being unusually charming. Her manner and her appearance are always in contrast with her conduct. All this is very excit-

ing; but it is also very unnatural. The artistic faults of this novel are as grave as the ethical ones. Combined, they render it one of the most noxious books of modern times. And, in consequence of faults like these, we cannot admit the plea that the story is well told, that the plot is very cleverly planned, that the work is one which, once begun, cannot be relinquished before the close. This plea might be urged in favour of the vilest tales. It is not enough that any work should interest, it must be capable of being perused without the reflecting reader being induced to lament the time he has lost over its pages. No discriminating reader ever laid down these volumes without regretting that he had taken them up, and that their authoress should have so misemployed her undoubted talents as to produce them.

The difference between it and *Aurora Floyd*, Miss Braddon's next novel, is chiefly a difference in names and accessories. Archibald Floyd is another Sir Michael Audley. Like the latter, the former, when advanced in years, marries a beautiful but penniless woman. Mr. Floyd's wife "was a tall young woman, of about thirty, with a dark complexion, and great flashing black eyes that lit up a face which might otherwise have been unnoticeable, into the splendour of absolute beauty." This lady did no wrong beyond giving birth to a daughter who commits bigamy and is suspected of being a murderess. Almost at the outset, we are warned against disbelieving anything in this novel. The trick is a hackneyed one. What is notable in this case is the manner in which Miss Braddon introduces her statement. Having to tell us that the lady was not discontented, and loved her husband, she does it in this wise: "If this were a very romantic story, it would be perhaps only proper for Eliza Floyd to pine in her gilded bower, and misapply her energies in weeping for some abandoned lover, deserted in an evil hour of ambitious madness. But as my story is a true one, not only true in a general sense, but strictly true as to the leading facts which I am about to relate, and as I could point out, in a certain county far northward of the lovely Kentish woods, the very house in which the events I shall describe took place, I am bound also to be truthful here, and to set down as a fact that the love which Eliza Floyd bore for her husband was as pure and sincere an affection as ever man need hope to win from the generous heart of a good woman." In addition to considering this as a very round-about way of stating a very simple fact, we regard it as one of those blunders which a true artist would never commit.

Before examining into the details of this novel, we shall indicate the nature of the plot. *Aurora*, the heroine and daughter

of the wealthy banker Mr. Floyd, is first engaged to Talbot Bulstrode, then to John Mellish, whom she marries. Mr. Mellish has a groom, James Conyers, who had formerly been in the employment of Mr. Floyd. With him, Aurora, while still a girl, had fallen in love. He had enticed her away from a French boarding-school, and induced her to marry him. This was her secret, and because she would not reveal it to Talbot Bulstrode, he had broken off the engagement. Before marrying for the second time, she learned, on good authority, that her first husband was dead. When he re-appears as her second husband's servant, she tries to bribe him to leave the country. Terms are arranged between them. She has an interview, and pays him the required sum. A few minutes afterwards he is shot through the heart. Aurora is suspected of having committed murder as well as bigamy. Like Lady Audley, she has been guilty of one crime only. This being satisfactorily proved, she is re-married, and her trials are over. Curiously enough, Aurora has no child by either husband till after the clearing up of the mystery which surrounds her. On the last page but one of the third volume, is the announcement of the birth of a "black-eyed" boy.

The distinctive characteristics of Aurora are her eyes and hair. The former are "like the stars of heaven;" the latter is blue-black. We are told that, "like most young ladies with black eyes and blue-black hair, Miss Floyd was a good hater." This is rather puzzling, seeing that Lady Audley was represented as an excellent hater, although her eyes were blue and her hair red. There must have been something terrible in Aurora's eyes, for on one occasion she is represented as looking at a man "with her eyes flashing forked lightnings of womanly fury." Of course, the possession of such eyes and hair is made the theme of many impassioned paragraphs. The following is a specimen:—"The thick plaits of her black hair made a great diadem upon her low forehead, and crowned her as an Eastern empress; an empress with a doubtful nose, it is true, but an empress who reigned by right divine of her eyes and hair. For do not these wonderful black eyes, which perhaps shine upon us only once in a lifetime, in themselves constitute a royalty?" In another chapter she is depicted "with her coronet of plaits died black against the purple air," and again with "her long purple-black hair all tumbled and tossed about the pillows." Be it observed that her hair changes its colour according to circumstances. At one time it is simple black, at another blue-black, then dead-black, and lastly purple-black. The last change occurs in the tenth chapter of the first volume. In the second volume the epithets are repeated without much variation. There Aurora is

spoken of as "that Egyptian goddess, that Assyrian queen with the flashing eyes and serpentine coils of purple-black hair." She is also represented lying on a sofa, "wrapped in a loose white dressing-gown, her masses of ebon hair unveiled and falling about her shoulders in serpentine tresses, that looked like shining blue-black snakes released from poor Medusa's head to make their escape amid the folds of her garments. . . . One small hand lay under her head, twisted in the tangled masses of her glorious hair." In this same volume Miss Braddon observes, that "some women never outlive that school-girl infatuation for straight noses and dark hair." Remembering what she has written about Lady Audley's golden locks, we must admit that Miss Braddon is not given to admire any particular hue, and that she evidently loves hair for its own sake, provided that it be abundant.

From a lady novelist we naturally expect to have portraits of women which shall not be wholly untrue to nature. We have seen that Lady Audley is quite as fantastic a sketch as that of any of the male characters. The following example will prove that Aurora Floyd is equally wanting in the traits which constitute a true woman. A half-witted servant having kicked a lame dog of which she was very fond,

"Aurora sprang upon him like a beautiful tigress, and catching the collar of his fustian jacket in her slight hands, rooted him to the spot upon which he stood. The grasp of those slender hands, convulsed by passion, was not to be easily shaken off; and Steeve Hargraves, taken completely off his guard, stared aghast at his assailant. Taller than the stable-man by a foot and a half, she towered above him, her cheeks white with rage, her eyes flashing fury, her hat fallen off, and her black hair tumbling about her shoulders, sublime in her passion.

"The man crouched beneath the grasp of the imperious creature.

"'Let me go!' he gasped, in his inward whisper, which had a hissing sound in his agitation; 'let me go, or you'll be sorry; let me go!'

"'How dared you!' cried Aurora, 'how dared you hurt him? My poor dog! My poor, lame, feeble dog! How dared you to do it? You cowardly dastard! you—'

"She disengaged her right hand from his collar, and rained a shower of blows upon his clumsy shoulders with her slender whip; a mere toy, with emeralds set in its golden head, but stinging like a rod of flexible steel in that little hand.

"'How dared you!' she repeated again and again, her cheeks changing from white to scarlet in the effort to hold the man with one hand. Her tangled hair had fallen to her waist by this time, and the whip was broken in half-a-dozen places.'"—(Vol. i. pp. 273, 274.)

When Aurora's husband suddenly found his wife thus em-

ployed, we are told that he "turned white with horror at beholding the beautiful fury." If he had been a genuine man, and not the puppet of a female novelist, he would have turned away with loathing from the sight. An authoress who could make one of her sex play the chief part in such a scene, is evidently acquainted with a very low type of female character, or else incapable of depicting that which she knows to be true. We are certain that, except in this novel, no lady possessing the education and occupying the position of Aurora Floyd could have acted as she is represented to have done.

The same impression of unreality is produced by the other characters. There is Lucy Floyd, who "was very pretty, certainly, with pink cheeks, a white nose, and rose-coloured nostrils," and who gloried in what at one time is styled golden hair, at another "amber tresses." She is a pretty doll. So silly is she that in the matter of dress she is quite ignorant of what will suit her. Indeed, Aurora is obliged to reprove her in this strain: "Why, you silly Lucy, don't you know that yours is the beauty which really does not want adornment? A few pearls or forget-me-not blossoms, or a crown of water-lilies, and a cloud of white areophane, would make you look a sylphide; but I dare say you would like to wear amber-satin and cabbage-roses."

The gentlemen are, if possible, still less attractive and life-like than the ladies. There is a Talbot Bulstrode who combines in his own person more contradictions than any other man who ever figured in a novel. At thirty-two he had "run through all the wealth of life's excitements and amusements." Yet he was too proud to be either vicious or foolish. Although a "captain of Her Majesty's 11th Hussars," yet he "was fond of scientific studies, and he neither smoked, drank, nor gambled." Once only he went to the Derby, and then he turned away at the exciting moment of the great race. It is said that "those who spoke of him summed him up by saying that he wasn't a bit like an officer." As represented by this authoress, he does not resemble a rational being.

After having depicted the wicked Lady Audley and the tempestuous Aurora Floyd, Miss Braddon celebrated the victory of a heroine who is at once unnatural and namby-pamby. In one respect, *Eleanor's Victory* differs essentially from the other works of this prolific authoress. *Lady Audley* contains one secret only: this one contains three. Eleanor has a secret, so has Gilbert Monckton, a staid solicitor, and Launcelot Darrell, a contemptible scapegrace. Thus there is abundance of "sensation" in this novel also. Soon after beginning it, we are excited. Towards the commencement of the

first volume, George Vane, a ruined and irreclaimable spend-thrift, commits suicide. The loss, at play, of a sum of money he can ill spare, is the incentive to do this. His daughter Eleanor, aged fifteen, thereupon swears to be revenged upon the man who had won her father's money, and thus hastened his death. This takes place in Paris. She then returns to London, and after eighteen months have elapsed, becomes the companion of Laura Mason, who lives with a widow named Darrell, and is the ward of Gilbert Monckton. Some time afterwards the widow's son, Launcelot, returns from India. He falls in love with, and proposes, but without success, to Eleanor. Meantime she discovers that he had not gone to India: she suspects that he might have been in Paris at the date of her father's death, and that he is the person on whom she had sworn to wreak her vengeance. Simply in order to further her plan, she accepts the proffered hand of Gilbert Monckton. The guilty Launcelot is in expectation of succeeding to the property of Maurice de Crespigny. Shortly before the old gentleman's death, he learns that the property is bequeathed to another. Thereupon he gets a forged will prepared and substituted for the real one, according to which the property went to Eleanor. She, however, cares more about revenge than money. Suspecting foul play, she watches, and detects Launcelot in the act of substituting the forged will for the genuine one. For a time she fails in bringing this home to him, but does so ultimately, and then, at the request of his mother, refrains from making his guilt public. Launcelot becomes an artist, and rises to fame. The moral of the story seems to be, that to cheat an old man at cards and to forge a will are no impediments to attaining distinction in the world, and, indeed, are rather venial offences. Let the authoress speak for herself on this momentous point: "And although the artist did not become a good man all in a moment, like the repentant villain of a stage-play, he did take to heart the lesson of his youth. He was tenderly affectionate to the mother who had suffered so much by reason of his errors, and he made a very tolerable husband to a most devoted little wife." When this novel appeared, it was highly praised. The severest critics saw nothing to object to in it. In the most censorious of the journals the following words were written: "This appears to us to be the best of Miss Braddon's novels, for it is a sensation novel without any glaring impropriety in it, with several characters cleverly drawn, and with a plot that does the authoress great credit." From the outline we have given of the plot, our readers will be able to estimate the justness of these remarks. They will probably agree with us in thinking, that if there be

no "glaring impropriety" in this novel, then all novels may be absolved from censure on the ground of immorality.

Several of the personages are less objectionable than the story. If we except her conduct as an avenger, the heroine is an interesting person. When describing her appearance, Miss Braddon gives us her theory about a face. It will be seen that, much as she values hair, there are other things she admires more. After saying that Eleanor's eyes were "grey, large, and dark," she proceeds thus:—"I would rather not catalogue her features too minutely; for though they were regular, and even beautiful, there is something low and material in all the other features as compared to the eyes. Her hair was of a soft golden brown, bright and rippling like a sun-lit river." Elsewhere it is said that her "glorious hair was suffered to fall from under the bonnet, and stream about her shoulders like golden rain." Again, she is depicted "with her white bonnet, and nimbus of glittering hair." The following remark is fresher, though by no means in better taste, being a capital example of "sensation" writing:—Eleanor stood with "her long auburn hair streaming over her shoulders, with the low light of the setting sun shining upon the waving tresses until they glittered like molten gold." Before quitting the subject of hair for the present, we must note by far the most remarkable of the many variegated tints with which Miss Braddon colours the hair of her heroines and heroes. She makes one of her personages, called Laura Mason, "a little romantic girl with primrose-coloured ringlets."

The most curious incident a novelist ever imagined occurs in these volumes. Gilbert Monckton, Eleanor's husband, becomes jealous of her, without being able to verify his suspicions about her infidelity. He discovers, however, that although she may not love another, yet she does not love him. Thereupon he deserts her, and writes a letter, from a distant town, proposing a separation. She, in her turn, runs away from the house her husband has forsaken, changes her name, and engages herself as companion to a lady. Her husband soon repents him of his conduct. When he wishes to make amends he cannot find his wife. Through an accident, the couple, who had run away in opposite directions from the same house, meet again and become reconciled.

John Marchmont's Legacy may be summarily characterized as a tale of destiny. "The awful hand of Destiny" menaces us in the first chapter, and in the sixth the authoress asks—"Has the solemn hand of Destiny set that shadowy brand upon the face of this child?" Indeed, Miss Braddon reiterates shallow phrases about "Fate" or "Destiny," as if she thought that, by so doing,

her readers would be reconciled to the improbabilities with which she surfeits them.

There are three heroes in this novel, of whom John Marchmont is the least conspicuous, although his position is not the least enviable. When we first make his acquaintance, he is acting as a supernumerary for a shilling nightly at Drury Lane. Brighter days are in store for him. Owing to the unlooked-for deaths of several relations, he succeeds to the estate of Marchmont Towers, and to the enjoyment of an income of eleven thousand pounds. But his wealth profits him little, for he is in the last stage of consumption. He is a widower, and his daughter Mary, who is but a child, will eventually become mistress of Marchmont Towers. Should she die without issue, her cousin, Paul Marchmont, will succeed. A year before his death her father marries Olivia Arundel, a lady of strong religious views, and who entertains an unquenchable love for her cousin Edward. The marriage is a matter of convenience for both parties. John Marchmont thinks that Olivia will make a good guardian for his daughter after his decease, while Olivia is tempted by the dignity she will attain to. After her husband's death, Olivia acts the double part of exacting guardian and harsh stepmother to Mary. She is harassed by the knowledge that the latter is loved by Captain Edward Arundel. Mary, unable to bear her stepmother's treatment, flies from Marchmont Towers, and is married to her lover. Being obliged to leave her alone for a short time, he is laid up for some weeks on account of a railway accident. Paul Marchmont and Olivia plot together to make away with Mary. The former does this that he may succeed to the estate, the latter that she may punish him who was insensible to her charms. Captain Arundel recovers, but cannot learn where his wife is, or whether she is alive. He is told that she suddenly left Marchmont Towers one night, and is supposed to have drowned herself. Meantime she is kept prisoner in a boat-house, where she remains some years, and gives birth to a son. As years pass away Captain Arundel ceases to think that his wife is alive, and becomes engaged to another lady. On the wedding-day, Olivia repents and tells him where his wife is concealed. Paul Marchmont commits suicide. Olivia becomes mad. The wife who has been restored to Captain Arundel soon dies. After a few years he finds final consolation in marrying her with whom the marriage had been so dramatically hindered. It will be seen that the plot is nearly as involved as the incidents are startling.

With Olivia, Miss Braddon has taken great pains. She is the daughter of the Rector of Swampington. Before marriage she did her duty, and disliked it. As a reward, the bishop used to

compliment her on her devotion. Censorious old ladies unhesitatingly lauded her wondrous self-denial, and her assiduity in ministering to the wants of the poor and the ailing. All this gave her no relief; for, like Miss Braddon's heroines, she was oppressed by a sad secret—"She was weary of life." Less is said about her secret than is said about her hair, which, of course, is unlike that of any one else. "It had not that purple lustre, nor yet that wandering glimmer of red gold, which gives peculiar beauty to some raven tresses. Olivia's hair was long and luxuriant; but it was of that dead, inky blackness which is all shadow. It was dark, fathomless, inscrutable, like herself." What terrible hair!

As far as we can gather, the only reason why Olivia was so madly in love with her cousin was that his locks were red, and hers black. The first time he is referred to, it is said that he had "a nimbus of golden hair" shining about his forehead. In this respect he is not singular; for, as may be remembered, Eleanor Vane had a "nimbus of glittering hair." "That wandering glimmer of red gold" which was wanting in Olivia's hair was conspicuous in that of Captain Arundel; and we are assured that "the glitter of reddish gold in his hair, and the light in his fearless blue eyes" contributed to render him attractive. When married to the girl Olivia detests, he is said to have had "chestnut curls." Circumstances alter hair as well as cases. Even Captain Arundel is made to talk nonsense on this subject. This example is interesting as being an additional one of the kind of talk in which Miss Braddon thinks that gentlemen indulge. He is made to say that he liked certain "girls in blue, with the crinkly auburn hair,—there's a touch of red in it in the light,—and the dimples." So absorbing and important is the great hair question in the estimation of this authoress, that when questioning herself as to why she loves her cousin, she first asks—"Is it because he has light-blue eyes and chestnut hair with wandering gleams of light in it?"

The character of Olivia is as extraordinary as her appearance. What she really was is thus summed up: "Did she sacrifice much, this woman, whose spirit was a raging fire, who had the ambition of a Semiramis, the courage of a Boadicea, the resolution of a Lady Macbeth?" How she acted is shown in one passage, which is notable as being among the passages of the genuine sensational style. She had witnessed love-making between Mary and Captain Arundel. So strange does she look that Mary asks her what is wrong. "Olivia Marchmont grasped the trembling hands uplifted entreatingly to her, and held them in her own,—held them as if in a vice. She stood thus, with her step-daughter pinioned in her grasp, and her

eyes fixed upon the girl's face. Two streams of lurid light seemed to emanate from those dilated grey eyes; two spots of crimson blazed in the widow's hollow cheeks." The latter portion is inimitable. We doubt if, even at the Surrey Theatre, anything like it was ever delivered. After reading that Olivia's hair "was dark, fathomless, inscrutable," and that, when excited, "two streams of lurid light emanated from her eyes," and "two spots of crimson blazed" in her hollow cheeks, we are inclined to think she is but a creature of Miss Braddon's imagination, and that such a personage is as unreal as a hobgoblin.

Paul Marchmont, the villain, is hardly so overpowering as his accomplice. Of course he is notable for his hair, which is said to have given "a peculiarity to a personal appearance that might otherwise have been in no way out of the common. This hair, fine, silky, and luxuriant, was *white*, although its owner could not have been more than thirty-seven years of age." He is but a sorry scoundrel. After being publicly horsewhipped he meekly forgives his chastiser. The loss of honour is as nothing compared with the possession of Marchmont Towers. Had he been drawn after the life, he would have been endowed with some redeeming qualities. When a man acts as a villain, he does not, as Miss Braddon seems to think, cease to be a man. Even had Paul Marchmont been what we are told he was, he would not have committed suicide; but have sneaked away with whatever property he could steal. This authoress adds another to the many proofs she furnishes us with of her entire ignorance of human nature and mental processes, by making Paul Marchmont commit suicide after the manner of Sardanapalus.

Henry Dunbar contains another tale of guilt and crime. The hero is a brutal murderer. With an ingenuity which we must acknowledge without admiring, Miss Braddon has here devised an entirely new sort of murder. The victim is the head of an East Indian banking firm. He had been obliged to leave the army and his country in early life, on account of its being discovered that he had forged a name to a bill, or rather that he had induced another to do the deed by which he was to benefit. Thirty-five years elapse, and he returns home to occupy the post of head partner in the London house. His former accomplice, Joseph Wilmot, who had been scurvily treated, as he thought, contrives to meet Mr. Dunbar at Southampton, there murders his old employer, assumes his name, and becomes possessed of his wealth. The puzzle consists in Mr. Dunbar being suspected of having murdered his servant, the real murderer being regarded as the victim. In the end the truth is

discovered; but the murderer escapes from justice, dying respected and penitent in an obscure village at the sea-coast.

It would hardly have occurred to any other than a "sensation" novelist to make a story like this the subject of a work in three volumes. Few other novelists could have invented anything so diabolical as the murder, or have depicted with seeming complacency the after-life of the criminal. The impression made is, that the murderer was a clever man, and was very hardly used. In her preface, Miss Braddon tells us that "the story of *Henry Dunbar* pretends to be nothing more than a story, the revelation of which is calculated to weaken the interest of the general reader, for whose amusement the tale is written." The most astonishing thing about this is, that Miss Braddon should seriously consider a tale of crime as fitted for the "amusement" of anybody. Her notion of what "the general reader" is may be the correct one. We earnestly trust, however, that he does not possess the morbid tastes of Miss Braddon, and is a less contemptible personage than she considers him to be.

Here, again, we find nothing remarkable about the personages excepting their hair. If the following be true, then many disreputable-looking characters have it in their power to become gentlemen in appearance at a very small cost. After Joseph Wilmot had his beard shaven off, his moustache trimmed, and his hair cut, "he was no longer a vagabond. He was a respectable, handsome-looking gentleman, advanced in middle age; not altogether unaristocratic-looking. The very expression of his face was altered. The defiant sneer was changed into a haughty smile; the sullen scowl was now a thoughtful frown." After this it sounds tame to hear it said about *Laura Dunbar*: "How beautiful she looked, with the folds of her dress trailing over the dewy grass, and a flickering halo of sunlight tremulous upon her diadem of golden hair." Miss Wilmot, the murderer's daughter, possesses, however, the most wonderful locks of any of the personages described by Miss Braddon. For them she cannot find a colour. We suppose they must have resembled those of *Tittlebat Titmouse* after the application of the mixture which made his hair all the colours of the rainbow. Miss Wilmot's "was of a colour which a duchess might have envied, and an empress tried to imitate with subtle dyes compounded by court chemists." Is any particular colour of hair the right one for a duchess to have? If so, we suppose it must match with strawberry leaves.

Towards the end of *The Doctor's Wife*, the authoress says: "This is *not* a sensation novel. I write here what I know to be the truth." Something of the same thing was stated by her at the commencement of *Aurora Floyd*, and indeed novelists

are allowed to make such statements for the sake of effect, without its being expected that they should be literally correct. In the case of *The Doctor's Wife*, Miss Braddon very nearly wrote what was literally true. Had the plot been very slightly altered, and certain passages omitted, this novel would not have contained any one burning for revenge, or thirsting for blood. There are fewer artistic faults in it than in any of the works we have discussed. It proves how very nearly Miss Braddon has missed being a novelist whom we might respect and praise without reserve. But it also proves how she is a slave, as it were, to the style which she created. "Sensation" is her Frankenstein.

Isabel Sleaford, who has read novels and poems till they become incorporated with all her thoughts, marries George Gilbert, a country surgeon, and a strict matter-of-fact man. It is one of those unions about which Sir Edward Lytton loves to write—the union of the Real with the Ideal. Such an union is quite certain to produce misery. In this novel the wife is the sufferer. She is vexed to find the hard realities of life so inferior to the life which is represented in fiction. When suffering from the painful effects of disenchantment, she makes the acquaintance of Roland Landsell, a gentleman who has a splendid property, and who writes poems in the style of Byron, when Byron was a cynic. Mrs. Gilbert makes of this rich but wretched gentleman the hero of her heart. She reads his poems with rapture. She listens to his opinions with respect, mingled with awe. In his house she finds the fruition of her dreams of luxury. The result may be foreseen. But the consequences are not what we should anticipate. No marriage vows are broken. Though overtures are made, yet no offence is committed. At the crisis of the story, Mrs. Gilbert's lover is murdered by her father, and her husband is carried off by fever.

Such is the plot. A rapid sketch of the story will show how gratuitously the "sensation" element has been introduced into these volumes.

George Gilbert pays a visit to Sigismund Smith, who makes a living by writing sensation novels, which are published in penny numbers. By him the country surgeon is introduced to the Sleaford family. It is not known in what manner Mr. Sleaford earns money; but he is supposed to be a member of the legal profession. The truth is that he is the chief of a gang of forgers. Being detected and put on his trial, he is sentenced to ten years' penal servitude. Chief among the witnesses whose evidence led to the conviction of the culprits was Roland Landsell. With him Sleaford was furious, because he

considered it unfair that one whom he styled "a languid swell" should act as an amateur detective.

The Sleaford household was broken up in consequence of the misfortune which had happened to its head. Isabel went out as a governess in the house of a Mr. Raymond. There it was that she was wooed and won by George Gilbert. Through Mr. Raymond they made the acquaintance of Roland Landsell. Everything goes smoothly enough till Mrs. Gilbert's father, having got a ticket-of-leave, proceeds to solicit money from her. She visits him clandestinely, not wishing it to be known that she was his daughter. Her conduct being bruited about the neighbourhood, Roland Landsell goes to watch the pair. He waits till they part, then assaults her father, is recognised by him, has his skull shattered, and afterwards dies. The murderer escapes, makes his way to America, where, we are told, that "for him too a Nemesis waits, lurking darkly in some hidden turning of the sinuous way along which a scoundrel walks."

Although Mrs. Gilbert loses a husband and lover almost simultaneously, yet she has the satisfaction of obtaining a large fortune, Roland Landsell having made a will bequeathing all his property to her, at a time when he expected she would forsake her husband and live in adultery with him. On the whole, the wicked people have the happier fate in this novel.

As the eyes or hair are such very important items in Miss Braddon's catalogue of curiosities, we must not omit to notice those of the personages who fill the leading parts. Mrs. Gilbert has "yellow-black eyes;" those of her lover are stranger still, being of "a nondescript colour." "Sometimes you looked at the eyes, and they seemed to you a dark bluish-grey; sometimes they were hazel; sometimes you were half-beguiled into fancying them black." In perfect accordance with the peculiar philosophy of this authoress, she makes Roland Landsell give vent to the following novel remark: "With red hair and freckles, Mrs. Gilbert might go to perdition, unwept and unhindered." We are led to infer that she was saved by having been born with yellow-black eyes and a straight nose.

We now come to the last of Miss Braddon's published novels. It will not long bring up the rear, for another one is about to be given to the public, and a new one is in course of preparation. Whether or not others are added to the list, it will serve our purpose to examine those she has produced. A novelist who gives upwards of twenty volumes to the world may add others to the heap, but will hardly alter the opinion we shall form respecting their literary merits. The new ones may be very good, but cannot be as original as the old. *Only a Clod* is a proof of this. The stamp of the authoress of *Lady*

Audley's Secret is visible in every page. Style, tone, and method of construction are all old; the names and a few of the epithets alone are different. By some it is regarded with a rapture akin to fanaticism. One eminent critic has designated it as "the most remarkable of the very remarkable books written by Miss Braddon." According to another, "it must surely be pronounced an eminent success."

The truth is, that it contains fewer incidents and a little less crime than the other productions of this authoress. There is not one foul murder in any of the volumes. A man tries to seduce a wife from her allegiance to her husband; but he fails, and dies of *delirium tremens*. His brother is on the point of committing bigamy when an accident occurs to hinder him. A tale of seduction to which we are treated turns out to be a mistake, the seducer having unwittingly married the woman whose ruin he had planned. Compared with Miss Braddon's other novels, this one is almost a moral treatise.

Francis Tredethlyn, the hero, is a private soldier, who comes unexpectedly into a property yielding him upwards of thirty thousand a year. He marries Maude Hillary, who had been engaged to Ensign Lowther, whose servant he had formerly been. Mr. Harcourt Lowther becomes the intimate associate of the rich man. He initiates him into the mysteries of Bohemian life, doing this with the view either of ruining his health, or at least of detaching him from his wife. The authoress exhibits great familiarity with the customs of the least reputable district of London. She tells us Francis Tredethlyn "found that Bohemia was a kind of Belgravia in electro-plate." There, he was carried "to worship at numerous temples, whose distinguishing features were the flare of gas-lamps, and the popping of champagne corks, branded with the obscurest names in the catalogue of wine-growers, and paid for at the highest rate known in the London market." We are assured, however, that he entered those curious temples as a spectator only; that his "worst sin was the perpetual 'standing' of spurious sparkling wines, and the waste of a good deal of money lost at unlimited loo, or blind hookey, as the case might be." Many other particulars are given of what he saw and felt. To us it is a mystery far more perplexing than anything in these novels, how a lady should be able to describe with such minuteness what she designates as "remote and unapproachable regions, whose very names were only to be spoken in hushed accents over the fourth bottle of Chambertin or Clos Vougeot at a bachelor's!"

Harcourt Lowther is unexpectedly baffled in his project. Having discovered that Francis Tredethlyn was in the habit of

visiting a lady at Petersham, he contrives that Mrs. Lowther shall witness an interview between the two. When next she meets her husband, she tells him that they are to remain strangers to each other, and that his presence inspires her "with disgust and abhorrence." The lady in question turns out to be Mr. Tredethlyn's cousin, whom he had long been in quest of, and who had been married to, and then deserted by, Mr. Lowther's elder brother. This, of course, is not explained at the proper time to Mrs. Tredethlyn. In place of giving a clear statement of the affair, her husband determines first to upbraid his pretended friend, and then to fly from his home. It is a peculiarity of Miss Braddon's heroes and heroines that they are always ready to abandon wife, children, and home, and proceed at a moment's notice either to Australia or America. He takes his revenge on Harcourt Lowther by exposing his conduct in the presence of a host of friends. Then occurs the following scene, which resembles that extracted from *Aurora Floyd*, and also one which we did not extract from *John Marchmont's Legacy*. It is remarkable as evincing what Miss Braddon considers to be the way in which gentlemen would act when in a state of passion. Mr. Tredethlyn having finished speaking,

"there was a moment's silence, followed by a sudden smashing of glass. A pair of small sinewy white hands fastened cat-like upon Francis Tredethlyn's throat; and he and Harcourt Lowther were grappling each other in a fierce struggle. It was very long since that gentleman had been weak enough to get in a passion. . . . Mr. Lowther lost his head all in a moment, and abandoned himself to a sudden access of rage, that reduced him to the level of a wounded tiger. . . . It was only for about twenty seconds that his claws were fastened on Francis Tredethlyn's throat. A Cornish heavy-weight is not exactly the kind of person for a delicately-built Sybarite to wrestle with very successfully.

" 'We are rather celebrated for this sort of thing in my county,' Mr. Tredethlyn muttered between his set teeth, as he loosened Harcourt Lowther's grasp from his throat, and hurled him in a kind of bundle to a corner of the room, where he fell crashing down amongst the ruins of a dumb-waiter, half-buried under a chaos of broken bottles and lobster-shells."

This feat accomplished, Mr. Tredethlyn sets off with the intention of starting for South America. No sooner has he departed than his wife longs for his return. Tidings arrive that the vessel in which he is supposed to have sailed has been destroyed by fire, and that all on board have perished. His widow is inconsolable for her loss. When in this state, Mr. Lowther has an interview, and proposes for her hand; which, we suppose, is the right thing for a "delicately-built Sybarite"

to do under the circumstances. His overture is scornfully repulsed. He is ordered to leave the house. Before obeying, he stands for a few moments looking at Mrs. Tredethlyn:—"A strange compound of passionate admiration and vengeful fury flamed in his eyes." After taking his departure, he wanders "to some dismal waste-ground in the neighbourhood of Battersea. . . . There he laid himself down amongst the rubbish of a deserted brickfield, and cried like a child." For Harcourt Lowther a heavier punishment is in store than that of being hurled among broken bottles and lobster-shells, or ignominiously turned out of the house of which he was scheming to become master. While endeavouring to make a drunkard of Francis Tredethlyn, he acquired the habit of drinking to excess. At last, he dies of *delirium tremens* at a German watering-place.

As may be easily divined, Francis Tredethlyn did not sail in the ship which was lost. He had taken his passage, but did not get on board in time. Everything is explained between him and his wife; and they are re-united, to live, as is the manner of such persons at the end of a novel, an unclouded life. In due time after the reconciliation, children are born to them. It is very noteworthy that, in all Miss Braddon's novels, a child never appears till it is wanted. Need we add that poor curates and their wives never figure among her heroes and heroines!

Having now passed in review the long roll of Miss Braddon's personages, what report can we make, what judgment must we pronounce? Have we discovered among them one who thoroughly amuses or interests us; one whom we might be tempted to take as a model, or compelled to admire as the impersonation of anything noble in demeanour and loveable in mind? Is there a single page in her writings from which we have derived any gratification or learned anything new? Have we found her to be a creator of new types, a copyist of living personages, or a creator of unnatural monstrosities?

Applying to her productions the test which we named at the outset, we find that she excels where to excel is no merit, failing utterly in those respects wherein to fail means mediocrity. Of pathos and humour, happy touches and telling sayings, words which depict while they explain, thoughts at once original and impressive, we can discover no traces in her pages. What is conspicuous above all things is the skill with which she groups her materials, and the manner in which she deals with revolting topics, so as to hinder the startled reader from tossing her volume away in sheer disgust. She can tell a story so as to make us curious about the end. Does the power of doing this alone stamp her as a great novelist?

Sydney Smith would have replied, Assuredly it does. When reviewing Mr. Lister's undeservedly forgotten novel, *Granby*, he wrote these words: "The main question as to a novel is, Did it amuse? Were you surprised at dinner coming so soon? did you mistake eleven for ten and twelve for eleven? Were you too late to dress? and did you sit up beyond the usual hour? If a novel produces these effects it is good; if it does not, story, language, love, scandal itself, cannot save it. It is only meant to please; and it must do that or it does nothing."

Now, the reviewers who have lauded Miss Braddon's novels, apply to them only the test employed by Sydney Smith. They tell us that the plots will hardly bear criticism, that the tone is unhealthy, that the views of life are false and mischievous; but they recommend them to us notwithstanding, merely on the ground that each can be read from the first to the last page without our attention ever flagging, or our interest being abated. They are recommended, moreover, as good stimulants in these days of toil and worry, and as well fitted for relieving overtaxed brains by diverting our thoughts from the absorbing occupations of daily life.

Others, again, take different ground. According to them the "sensation tale" is no novelty. They boldly avow that all great novels are as sensational as those of Miss Braddon. If called upon they would cite as examples some of the best works of Scott, and a few of the works of Bulwer Lytton and George Eliot. *The Heart of Midlothian* and *Eugene Aram*, *Adam Bede* and *The Mill on the Floss*, are unquestionably novels wherein there are incidents as highly coloured as in *Lady Audley's Secret* or *Henry Dunbar*. The difference, however, is far greater than the resemblance. These works are truthful taken as wholes, and even the startling occurrences are not at variance with experience and probability. According to Miss Braddon, crime is not an accident, but it is the business of life. She would lead us to conclude that the chief end of man is to commit a murder, and his highest merit to escape punishment; that women are born to attempt to commit murders, and to succeed in committing bigamy. If she teaches us anything new, it is that we should sympathize with murderers and reverence detectives. Her principles appear to us to resemble very strikingly those by which the Thugs used to regulate their lives.

The charge is a hard one; but of its justice we are firmly convinced. The extracts we have given suffice to prove that it is deserved. Let her personages cease to be potential or actual criminals, and they will stand forth as lay figures distinguishable for nothing except the shape of their noses and the colour

of their eyes and hair. They excite our interest only so long as they are blameworthy. Her good people are insufferably stupid. Sir Michael Audley, John Mellish, George Gilbert, Francis Tredethlyn suffer for the sins of others, and seem to suffer deservedly. We can hardly sympathize with fools when their own folly is the cause of their misfortunes. Miss Braddon renders all those who are not wicked so utterly ridiculous, that we are tempted to infer she designed to show how mistaken a thing is probity or goodness.

Tested, then, by a purely literary standard, these works must be designated as the least valuable among works of fiction. They glitter on the surface, but the substance is base metal. Hence it is that the impartial critic is compelled, as it were, to unite with the moralist in regarding them as mischievous in their tendency, and as one of the abominations of the age. Into uncontaminated minds they will instil false views of human conduct. Such notions are more easily imposed on the unwary than eradicated from the minds which have cherished them. Miss Braddon makes one of her personages tell another that life is a very different thing in reality than in three-volume novels. She has manifested this in her own works. But the fact of this difference is a conclusive proof of their inferiority. A novel is a picture of life, and as such ought to be faithful. The fault of these novels is that they contain pictures of daily life, wherein there are scenes so grossly untrue to nature, that we can hardly pardon the authoress if she drew them in ignorance, and cannot condemn her too strongly if, knowing their falseness, she introduced them for the sake of effect. The Archbishop of York did not overstate the case when, speaking as a moralist, he said at the Huddersfield Church Institute, in November last, that "sensational stories were tales which aimed at this effect simply—of exciting in the mind some deep feeling of overwrought interest by the means of some terrible passion or crime. They want to persuade people that in almost every one of the well-ordered houses of their neighbours there was a skeleton shut up in some cupboard; that their comfortable and easy-looking neighbour had in his breast a secret story which he was always going about trying to conceal; that there was something about a real will registered in Doctors' Commons, and a false will that at some proper moment should tumble out of some broken bureau, and bring about the *dénouement* which the author wished to achieve." Though the foregoing remarks have a general application, yet they apply with crushing force to the present case. It need only be added, as advice to those who either possess or delight to buy such

books, that the proper shelf on which to place them is that whereon stands *The Newgate Calendar*.

We should act unfairly if we left on our readers' minds the impression that we do not regard Miss Braddon as an authoress of originality and merit. In her own branch of literature, we hold that she is without a living rival. The notoriety she has acquired is her due reward for having woven tales which are as fascinating to ill-regulated minds as police reports and divorce cases. Her achievements may not command our respect; but they are very notable, and almost unexampled. Others before her have written stories of blood and lust, of atrocious crimes and hardened criminals, and these have excited the interest of a very wide circle of readers. But the class that welcomed them was the lowest in the social scale, as well as in mental capacity. To Miss Braddon belongs the credit of having penned similar stories in easy and correct English, and published them in three volumes in place of issuing them in penny numbers. She may boast, without fear of contradiction, of having temporarily succeeded in making the literature of the Kitchen the favourite reading of the Drawing room.

ART. VII.—*Frost and Fire. Natural Engines, Foot-marks, and Chips, with Sketches taken at Home and Abroad.* By a TRAVELLER.

"THE aim of this book is to show that where light shines, there also force radiates. . . . That is the sum of the whole; but to reach that point is a long stage in an endless journey." To reach the end of this stage, our traveller has made many a journey, sometimes long, but never a weary one; and the result, as recorded in *Frost and Fire*, is a book which many will delight in reading. The method employed by the author is in every sense eminently healthy. He has not been content, while reading books bearing on his subject, merely to glance here, and to cast an eye there, after the fashion of some who play at geology or other branches of science, and, deluding themselves with the idea that they are doing practical work, rush into print with scraps of ill-digested knowledge. True, he calls his book a "rough work, done with sorry tools," but this saying thoughtful readers will readily dissent from, for the main tools that wrought the work were a vigorous mind working in a vigorous body, which for twenty years or thereabout has wandered over the world alive to all sorts of impressions derived directly from nature about the subjects he best loves. So clear-sighted, indeed, are his descriptions, that it is not too much to say that great part of the book belongs to that class of works of which Darwin's *Journal of a Naturalist* is the highest type. Pleasant records of journeys and personal adventure are scattered through two beautiful volumes, as if to prove to his readers that the author has a right to say what he says in the more scientific parts of the book,—a right founded on long experience, which we soon discover has been well employed, even when we dissent from some of the conclusions of the author.

"The following pages," says Mr. Campbell, "are meant for readers who take pleasure in natural science without being philosophers. They are records of things seen or learned, and of thoughts which sprang up while scenes were fresh, or knowledge freshly gained; they are written by one who has no claim to scientific knowledge, and they are printed for people like himself. A traveller's book is not for learned professors, but for that vagrant class who wander and think for themselves—who think of something besides daily bread, or daily turtle and champagne, how to get ease and plenty, and how to get rid of time.

"The aim of this book then is to seek natural forces; the plan of it is a train of thoughts carried from effects back to causes, as far as slender knowledge and capacity will go."

Some of the learned professors will, we fear, object to their exclusion from "that vagrant class who wander and think for themselves;" for vagrancy is a habit that has long been native to many eminent professors and their congeners, men like Agassiz, Darwin, Wallace, Murchison, Lyell, Forbes, Tyndall, Dr. Thompson, Logan, Jukes, Hooker, the late Dr. Falconer, Escher von der Linth, Desor, and a host of others, who find their own country, and even their own continent, too small to yield data for the solution of the physical and biological problems that they set themselves to unravel. Three things, says Lyell, are indispensable to the geologist, the first of which is travel, the second travel, and the third still travel. A geologist is nothing if not a vagabond. A critical palæontologist or a mineralogist may stay at home, if he can find his specimens there, but a physical geologist must wander, because he *must* see many lands; and the spirit of vagabond adventure and love of hardship is, or has been, as strong in many geologists, biologists, and physical philosophers, as it is in the most devoted sportsman that ever shouldered a gun or cast a fly. It is this that makes some of their books so inexpressibly delightful, and it is this union of clear scientific observation with the best kind of vagabondage, that will make Mr. Campbell's book so charming to a wide circle of readers, whether they belong to the class of strictly scientific men, or to the general public, who patronize Mudie. Therefore we cannot admit that the author of *Frost and Fire* "has no claim to scientific knowledge." Whether or not we agree with him in all his views, every qualified person must allow that his book is the work of a strictly scientific mind, cultivated by skilled observation and long reflection, and to this is added a power of exposition by pencil and pen, so perfect that even if you think him to be wrong he almost persuades you he is right.

Before discussing any of the more important views held by Mr. Campbell on ice-work, we will endeavour to give a general idea of the scope and style of the work. "The book treats of forms"—of the forms of the land over large tracts of the earth's surface, of the engines that produced these forms, the forces that drive them, and of the tools that the engines wield. In a curious table of contents the sum of the whole is given arranged in a diagrammatic form. The main *subject* there is seen to be that section of geology, known as "denudation," or the waste and destruction of rocky masses that form continents



ROCKS MOULDED BY ICE.
NYSSEDAL, NEAR EIMSFJORD. ICE-POLISHED GLEN, EIGHT MILES BELOW THE VORING FOSSE. AUGUST 1867

and islands, and the *engines* employed in this work are classified, —as time and frost, rivers, land and sea ice, to which we may add the chemical action of carbonated waters, which, were it part of his object, Mr Campbell could readily prove has produced in limestone countries denudations only second to those that have been brought about by the power of rivers and of ice. The tools that these engines employ, he says, are and have been local glaciers on a modern scale, old local glaciers on a grander scale, some of which are now geologically historical, Arctic currents bearing icebergs, now existing, or that formerly existed, in an old Baltic current equivalent to that which flows along the shores of Greenland, stones and wood borne down by rivers and torrents, and ice-floats; while the signs and other relics that they leave, and have left, are frost marks and weathering, glacial striations, river and sea terraces, and those rounded forms of rock and hill that may be best expressed by the expression that the surface of the land has been *moulded by ice*.

PART II., in like manner, expounds the theory of deposition of strata, the *forces* that bring it about, and by which it is modified,—time, temperature, and light; the *engines* that work it,—air and water; the *tools* that produce its details,—winds and waters; and the *marks* that it leaves,—water-marks, beaches, stream-marks, bedding, rain-marks, fossils, etc.; while PART III. is devoted to the upheaval of the crust of the earth, which thus provides sub-aërial material for these engines to work upon.

The preliminary chapters of PART I., from I. to VIII., deal first with a notice of the great "*cinder heap*" called Iceland; next the difficulties encountered by the geologist who merely sits at home and reasons; the forms of bodies that enter into the constitution of the earth; air, its movements and the laws that regulate them, and the corresponding laws that regulate the movements of currents of water. The plan is good. The laws are expounded, seemingly complex, but in reality simple in their origin, that produce those movements in air and water, the effects of which are seen in denudations of the earth's crust now and in all known time past, resulting in deposition, which could not go on for ever were it not that upheaval, being more or less constant, the material above the sea-level is provided, for the winds, the rains, and the rivers, for glaciers and sea-waves, to play upon, waste, and re-arrange, while vast icebergs, grating along the coasts, plough up sediments beneath the sea-level, and grind the solid rocks on which these sediments lie. So obvious are these effects, that long ago, about the time of the great civil war, the old naturalist Ray dared to say, that but for some compensating process (now

called upheaval), the whole upper world must, in the long-run, be worn away and sink beneath the waves.

At first sight it might appear as if this programme could be of little interest to any except purely scientific readers ; but let any one so minded dip into the book, and he will find that the details of personal experience by which Mr. Campbell acquired his knowledge will force him to read on, and perhaps to acquire an interest in subjects that otherwise he might think lay quite outside his line of thought and action. Wherever the author goes he finds matter for amusement, for keen observation, and often for deep reflection, and many a hint is thrown out on subjects not essential to the volumes, that unintentionally mark the well-accomplished mind.

The chapters are often commendably short. Chapter I., of little more than two pages in length, gives, as we have already stated, a preliminary sketch of that great heap of slags and cinders called Iceland, where the "twin giants, Fire and Frost," "are working within such narrow bounds, that their work can be seen as a whole;" and in Chapters II. and III. the difficulties that beset the mere home-geologist are well set forth. He is forced to take so much on trust, that though "he may understand the teaching of practised men, and believe what he is told," yet "he cannot be familiar with the irresistible power of natural forces, whose power he has only seen upon some pigmy scale."

"No home-bred Englishman has ever seen any power in action which seems strong enough for the work described as denudation. . . . Rivulets cut deep furrows in smooth hill-sides ; . . . but the shape of some great glen,"—and this we may doubt,— "bears no resemblance to that of the small transverse furrows which rivulets make, or to the winding river-bed at the bottom of the glen."

Again, it is well known that the hills and valleys, and even the plains of vast tracts of the Northern and Southern hemispheres, have been moulded by ice so thoroughly, that the eye of the experienced glacialist at once recognises the familiar forms even in regions new to him, and when "it is said that ice and cold water ground down the hills and scooped out the glens," though a home-bred geologist "may believe it all vaguely, he cannot realize it if there is nothing like a glacier within his experience." Likewise he states, and this will also find dissentients, that there are valleys which neither glaciers nor rain-fall and rivers could make. Certainly there are ice-relics that were never made by land glaciers, and it is hard at first to believe that the "earth-fast stone," which the teacher declares to be "a wandering block," was in very truth brought on an ice-raft from a

parent mountain hundreds of miles away, while possibly the rounded hill-side on which it lies was grooved and scratched by the very iceberg from whence the boulder dropped. But when a man has seen a volcano, great glaciers, and icebergs all at work; when he thinks of the meaning of soundings and dredgings, of discoloured sea-water, and of the myriads of sea-creatures that are buried in its sediments; when he knows by experience what great rivers are, and reflects on all the rivers, great and small, that are for ever hurrying "the dust of continents to be" to the ocean; then, by slow degrees, his eyes open to the vastness of geological time; he realizes the fact that the larger part of continents are sea sediments of many ages, solidified and heaved into the air, but only for a time, for "the hills are shadows" themselves, and under the wear and tear of rending frosts, of glaciers and running water, of sea-waves and of chemical solutions, they are for ever being lowered and changing their forms, and in boulders, gravel, sand, mud, and invisible solutions,

" They melt like mists, the solid lands,
Like clouds they change themselves and go."

These are some of the lessons which the author of *Frost and Fire* travelled so much to learn, for "demolition and reconstruction by natural forces are not all within daily experience at home," and having seen and learned these and many other lessons in natural science, he applies them, in Chapters IV. to VIII., to natural objects and home experiments within the reach of almost any one who chooses to open his eyes and think.

The reader will best understand his method if we give a sketch of some of the matter contained in the chapters mentioned above, mingling it here and there with remarks of our own. First, the author deals with forms, and invents signs and formulæ to express them. He then shows the importance of the subject to students of nature, in so far that having once mastered the essential meaning of the forms of clouds, river-deltas, craters, fossils, loose stones, etc., he can at once predicate the causes that brought them about, whether they be found on the surface of the earth, or, some of them, in planets like the moon and Mars, the former of which is so near that, with the help of a telescope, we can partly analyse the structure of its surface.

"No delta (Δ) is seen in the moon; no forks and meanderings" of rivers on its surface. "There are no clouds there from which rain can fall," but craters being produced on the earth, "it is fair to suppose that these lunar shapes, these \bigcirc craters,

also resulted from a combined action of heat, cold, and weight, which did their work, and have now ceased to work on that surface, though still active here." There is no pretence of originality in these terse expositions, but the clearness of the language in which he explains the causes of the forms of clouds, storms, etc., and the pleasant manner, for example, in which he reasons on the conclusions that may be drawn from finding a bit of a broken bottle on the sea-shore rolled into a pebble, brings the subjects of which he treats before the reader in a manner so vivid that even old speculators often sympathize with the thought, like children to whom it might be new. "An ice-ground stone differs from one that is simply water-worn. There are many degrees of wearing, and many varieties of gravel and rolled stones; and a skilled eye can distinguish them." True as this is, and simple as it seems to all the more advanced school of physical geologists, it is astonishing how largely the geological world is still leavened with men who have not realized it. Many first-class geologists familiarly know the smooth, flattened forms and scratches of average glacier stones, but when similar forms and striations are placed before them in stones of Permian age, they dispute or deny the identity of the causes that must have produced them. Gastaldi of Turin, who, reasoning on these things, has demonstrated the existence of glaciers and icebergs during the Miocene epoch in what is now Northern Italy, has received but little honour for the discovery in his own country, and not much more abroad. Here it is, though he does not allude to such cases, that Mr. Campbell's remarks on the forms of stones come well into play. Timid or over-cautious philosophers could not trust themselves to read the meaning of forms and marks in Permian and Miocene conglomerates, when these went against preconceived notions of the gradual cooling of the earth's crust down to a recent period of geological history, or any other vague hypothesis of climate.

We must not neglect to draw attention to the beautiful illustrations of meteorological phenomena, and of currents in water, that occupy Chapters VI. to VIII. The prevalent south-west direction of British and Continental winds are illustrated pictorially by "the strange old trees that stretch out their twisted, tangled, moss-grown, fern-clad arms towards the north-east, and bend their heavy trunks in the same direction, as if seeking for shelter. Trees are vanes, and no other wind-gauge is wanted to show that the atmosphere has a habit of rushing past the British Isles from west to east on its way north. If the true bearings of exposed trees were taken and mapped, a wind

chart might be added to the physical atlas." In like manner the draughts of air in a room are illustrated by a beautiful

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Bent Trees near Little Ormes Head. Sketched in a calm. 1863.

diagram, showing the curved motions of the air by help of fumes, and an elastic balloon filled with light gas; and the sub-

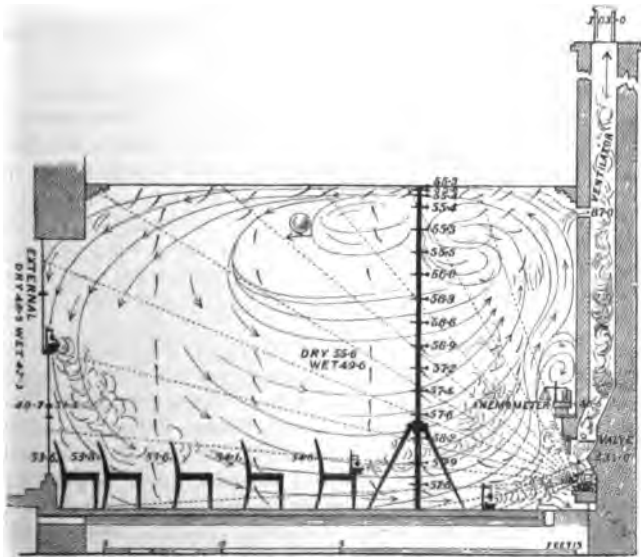


DIAGRAM OF DRAUGHTS IN A ROOM.

Section of a large room, showing the positions and mean amount of deflection of silk vanes; temperature shown by thermometers; force of upward current at the mantelpiece in grains per square foot; moving fumes; balloon; radiation from fire; and the direction in which air circulated under these conditions.

From the "Report on Warming and Ventilation of Dwellings," 320, Sess. 2, 1857.

ject is admirably applied to the ventilation of various kinds of mines, in which Mr. Campbell has had some experience. We wish we could extract largely on this point for the benefit of



Ventilating Engines, commonly used at close ends in Metal Mines.

the Mining Commission. After various remarks on the ventilation of coal-pits, the writer says :—

"In deep cold metal mines, where a few narrow pits all open about the same level, stagnation is the rule. So long as air inside the stone bottle with the slender necks is colder than air outside, it is heavier. There is no natural power applied to lift it, and it cannot flow out for want of fall. Like water collected in an old working, the cold, heavy mine air is a foul deep stagnant pool, which evaporates a little, overflows now and then, and swings about in its rocky bed; but it never changes like water in a river pool, because there is no stream flowing through it. Such a mine is a contrast to one through which air moves constantly.

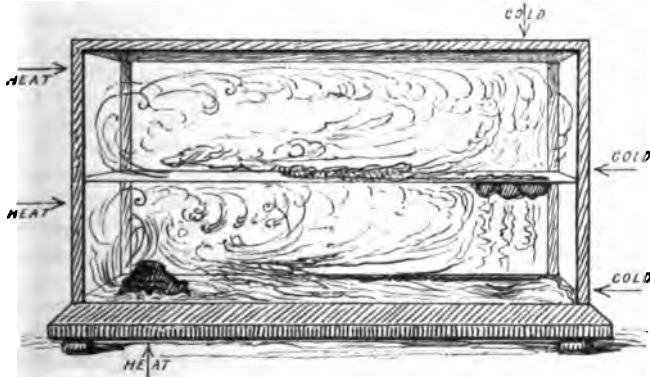
"On a fine, warm, breezy, bright, sunny day, with the sweet breath of fields and heather hills in his nostrils, a pedestrian in search of information comes to a trap-door and a hole like a draw-well. Odours of bilge-water and rotten eggs, mildew and worse things, rise when the trap is lifted, and they contrast abominably with the delicate perfume of beans and hedge-rows. The pool moves when it is stirred; but when left to its own devices, the most delicate tests often fail to show any movement at a pit-mouth. Cobwebs, paper, silk, soap-bubbles, and smoke, which show movement in the stillest room, all indicate repose at the neck of the bottle, for the unsavoury air stagnates in the cold dumb well which holds it.

"If the average temperature inside be 60° , and outside 61° , there is nothing to lift the lowest stratum.

"There is no rattle, no din, no movement here. A dull sleepy creaking sound comes faintly in from a big water-wheel, which is slowly turning and pumping water from a neighbouring hole. The only cheery sound about the place is the rattle of hammers and stones, where boys and girls and strong-armed women are smashing and washing ore in sunlight and fresh air. Like bees they sing as they work cheerily. Their cheeks are ruddy, and their bright eyes dance with fun; but down in the dark well is sickness, silence, and gloom.

"A distant sound is heard below; the yellow glimmer of a candle shines out of the black earth; hard breathing approaches, and the regular beat of thick-soled boots on iron staves comes slowly ticking up the pit, like the beating of a great clock. A mud-coloured man appears at last, and he stares amazed at the stranger perched at the mouth of his den; seated on a sollar, and watching cobwebs with a pipe in his cheek. The miner may be blue, or yellow, green, brown, orange, or almost red, but he is sure to be gaunt and pale-faced. His hair and brow are wet with toil; his eyes blink like those of an owl in daylight; he wheezes, and he looks fairly blown. With scarce a word of greeting, he stares and passes on to the changing house; and the cobweb which he disturbed settles like a pendulum at Zero once more."

The movements of currents of water dependent on heat and cold are equally well shown by a diagram of a glass tank with a lump of rough ice floating at one end, and a black stone placed at the other exposed to the rays of the sun. "When the water



has settled, pour milk gently on the ice," and at first "the white milk sinks in the clear water, and spreads upon the bottom of the tank;" but as the sun warms the stone, and the stone warms the water, while at the other end above the melting ice cools it, "temperature is unevenly distributed, so weights are uneven, the machine turns round," and by help of the milky cloudiness you can study the movements of currents in the water. But the tank not being full, "gives a section of air as well as water,"

and this miniature atmosphere (covered with a sheet of glass) is worked by the same forces that move the water. Smoke, supplied from a piece of tinder, shows miniature storms in the air, "and the systems revolve in the same direction, because the moving forces are the same," and all the phenomena of clouds are produced in this little chamber. This is but a miniature representation of what is always going on on a vaster scale in the ocean and the atmosphere between the tropics and the poles, and these are the forces by which the great agents are set to work that sculpture all the rocky irregularities that produce the tangible features of the solid earth. Heat raises moisture by evaporation; the absence of heat in various degrees increases its weight and it falls; gravity draws it to lower levels, whether in the form of ice-streams or water-streams; gravity also causes rocks to tumble; and friction of ice and fluid water, aided by the solid matter they bear along, moulds all that portion of the earth that rises above the level of the sea. And the sea itself acts as a fellow-worker with these agents, not only in distributing sediment, not only, as Playfair says, by "the powerful artillery of the waves," destroying coasts, but also by floating from the north and south masses of ice which grind along the sea-bottoms and coasts, and modify by abrasion the shapes of their surfaces. Waste is however compensated at the surface by expansion consequent on internal heat, by means of which upheaval of land is always taking place in some way, volcanic or otherwise.

A curious speculation arises from such considerations, especially if we do not look on them precisely from Mr. Campbell's point of view, viz., that of mere expansion and waste. Assume that the earth has cooled from a melted state, and that water at length was enabled to rest upon its surface, which it entirely covered. Because of radiation, cooling and contraction took place. The crust fracturing in lines, and the mass of the crust gravitating towards the centre, crumpled strata forming mountain ranges were forced into the air, and this process, because of cooling, was repeated again and again. The result would seem to be that the more the land rose the deeper the ocean would become—a result inferred by Dana in his theory of the origin of continents.¹ But all the atmospheric agents, and the sea-waves working on coasts, are for ever wasting the land, and striving to reduce it below the level of the sea in the form of new sediments; and when radiation has proceeded far enough, contraction of the earth's crust would cease, for the whole globe may become solid. If, under these hypothetical circumstances, atmospheric agents still work as they do now, every continent and island must inevit-

¹ Dana's *Manual of Geology*.

ably be carried, grain by grain, and stone by stone, into the sea, and the whole land will disappear beneath the waves.

If, on the other hand, after a certain amount of cooling had taken place, heat in the interior of the earth should be generated unequally by the pressure of gravitation, then it is not easy to see why upheaval of land should not be continued for indefinite periods by expansion from below. The feeble conducting power of rocks bears upon this point. These, however, in the present state of our knowledge, are vague speculations; they may or they may not have any value, and at all events they have little to do with the theories of our author. The subject of denudation leads us to one of Mr. Campbell's main topics, treated of in Chapters IX. to XLIV., and entering on this question we cannot do better than quote some of those vivid passages of travel, that show how heartily he threw himself into all the accidents and humours of his position. We will, however, leave the Alpine scenes untouched, most readers having had enough of such descriptions through the efforts of members of the Alpine Club. Among the Alps he studied the effects produced by land ice, but his larger and more important experience lay in Norway, Sweden, and North America, where the universal effects of ice-work force themselves everywhere on the educated eye, even more strongly than in Switzerland.

In 1857 he started from Fjærland Fjord in Norway, to see a small conical glacier near Bergen, which "is constantly changing from dome to cone and from cone to dome," and "it teaches more about glaciers than any specimen known to the writer." After much tramping and rowing, his men took him to a house where he "got some potatoes, and fladt bröd and cold water," and then he turned into a hay-loft.

"I thought I was to have a quiet night, and began to change my stockings in the dark on the hay-floor, when I heard a lot of voices chattering close to me.

" 'Have I company?' said I.

" 'O yes, we are three,' said a girl's voice from amongst the hay.

" 'And do you not sleep in the house?' quoth I.

" 'No, we always sleep in the hay in summer,' said another female treble, 'because of the fleas.' Pleasant look-out for me! There was no help for it. It was raining cats and dogs outside, so I put on a waterproof for a nightgown, and tumbled in amongst the family; and presently I heard them groaning and kicking and catching fleas all round me. I had something to do in the same line myself before long; but I had walked twenty miles over the fjeld with my gun and a heavy knapsack; and in spite of fleas and family I was soon fast asleep."

When he awoke at dawn he found he "had been sleeping in a regular nest of them, big and little. Their lairs were all about

in the hay, and Martha, dimly visible, was still fast asleep, with a sheepskin rolled about her. She may have been about ten years old.

"Another girl now came out and raked Martha out of the hay with a rake; and having seen that operation performed, I too went into the house, took some cold potatoes, and colder water, for breakfast, and started at 5.30." The traveller then walked sixteen stiff miles, partly with a girl "so exceedingly ugly, that I longed to take her portrait," for not only had she "an enormously swelled face," but the colour and texture of her hair was "like the tail of a roan horse," and he asked her for a lock of it. By and bye he crossed a fjord with a lame man

"to a place where the priest sleeps when he comes to preach, and where a lot of painters had lived for some time this summer. There was not a living soul about the place when we arrived, so I got in through a window and took possession of the priest's room. As it grew dark, people came tumbling in from the woods where they had been working, and we had a party round the fire at one of the houses. I could not understand half they said, for I had now got into a fresh dialect; but I fancied my hostess was a witch or a doctress, for men purchased mysterious oil from a bottle, which was carefully weighed; and one pretty girl had a long earnest conversation about some one who had been sick, and who was now 'frisk.' There was an air of mystery about my hostess, in addition to the general odour of cormorants that pervaded her dwelling. Presently the door opened, and the husband, with a wet bag and a creel of live fish, tumbled in; and there we all sat with our faces lighted up by the wood fire, chattering like a flock of gulls; while a little girl, who woke up at the noise, kept screaming like a young cormorant from its nest, 'Moor, gie me fisk.' When supper was ready we supped, and I turned into the hay-loft as usual, but this time I was alone."

Next morning he rowed up the fjord to take a lesson from the glacier. The whole detail is admirably described, the steep protruding glacier below him sliding down the valley, high cliffs on its sides, and above these "the glittering blue ice hung in the most fantastic peaks and spires. Each time the hot sun shone upon this broken edge, from behind drifting clouds, great wedges of ice came thundering down the rocks, broken to powder, and formed a fresh layer on a white cone" (the lower glacier). Then he shows how this "ice-cone was melting, spreading, slipping, grinding, groaning, and polishing rocks, as other ice-cones have done for ages at some former period over the whole of Scandinavia, as glaciers are now spreading and sliding on high plateaux above the Sogne Fjord, in Iceland, and in Switzerland." . . . "About 400 yards off" from the end of the glacier "there was a field of

Ice-cliff advancing. Ridge of upper glacier, about 3000 to 4000 feet above the valley, falling in nevamniches.



*Ice-polished
rocks, and
forest.*

Firs.

Birches.

*Smooth
rocks under
and close to
the ice.*

*Rounded
glacier.*

*Ice-cliff
mixed with
sand, earth
and debris,
wet and
brittle, out-
wards by the
weight of the
nevamniches.*

*Weathered
cliffs
crumbling.*

Waterfalls.

*Fallen
ice-mass
in crevices.*

*Loose
rubbish and
small stones,
earth, etc.,
blown from
the cliff
resting upon
the ice.
Water
channels on
the surface.*

Ice-cave.

*Water upon
gravel
angular,
silty.*

One of rubbish shot from a water channel.

Ridges n. Hollows and ridges U N N U N in a corrie. An ice slide. A groove cut through stratified rocks. The ice-engine at work, and the chips below it.



West.

Snow-Plains —

North

Ice-ground
rocks with
per. bed
blocks 3000
to 4000 feet.
See p. 204.

Cliffs
weathering

Rocks
freshly
ground

Perch
black

Ice-ground
rock

Ice-mark S in a deep rock-groove U, with worn rock — and a shallow river-mark in the foreground.
"JUSTICE'S IS BEE" AND RIVER. SOONE FOUNT, SEPT. 3, 1857.

ripe corn, and a very hot sun, which caused all the movement in air and water, and all the polishing on these rocks."

Similar glaciers are not uncommon in Switzerland, and one well-known instance occurs on the route from Meyringen to the Grindelwald,—the Swartzwald glacier, which itself is a flattened cone, fed by avalanches that fall from the higher icy regions. The base melts, and throughout the year the waste of ice changed into running water is replaced by fresh supplies of broken ice that fall from the Alps above. In the Norwegian case the re-formed glacier is close to the sea-level; in Switzerland it is thousands of feet higher. In either case, as the author shows of the Norwegian instance, the lower glacier may dwindle away, or grow and join the upper glacier, according as future climates may become milder or more cool. At present, pressure caused by increase of matter falling on the apex of the flattened cone maintains the outward flow of these secondary glaciers, "and the same laws govern the movements of large heaps that fall from the sky, and spread their bases over large tracts of country." The last remark is important, for by increase of snow in a wide region that is almost a perfect plain (if such a case exist), lateral motion of the mass will be produced by pressure alone.

"The next ice-tool," says Mr. Campbell, in Chapter xv., is the "River-glacier." The great snowy dome of Mont Blanc is an example, and from the upper feeding-ground of snow glaciers diverge, and pass down the valleys "like flowing rivers."

Justedal's glaciers, in the Bergen district, are not much known, and in 1857 a trip was made to visit them, and Mr. Campbell justly congratulates himself that his beautiful drawing of the Bondhuus lake and glacier in its main features resembles that made by the Principal of St. Andrews in 1851. Any one familiar with glaciers will at once recognise the perfect truthfulness of this drawing (page 209), and of that of the "Justedal's Is Bræ," on page 197. The smoothly-flowing, sweeping curves of the latter, as the ice draining from the upper snow-plateau rebounds from side to side of the winding valley, is admirably given, and even the veined structure of the ice on the left, due to pressure, is rendered with perfect truth. The steep cataract-like slide of the Bondhuus glacier is equally well expressed; while in both, the largely mammillated structure of the old ice-ground rocks, stretching high above the glaciers, or below their ends, the boulders and the perched blocks are all so truthfully rendered, that they may well inspire others with a friendly envy, whose eyes can appreciate, but whose hands can only depict in dreary diagrams all the phenomena of the well-beloved regions of ice. To epitomize all this would be going over fami-

liar ground, for the external phenomena of glaciers are everywhere the same. We must also leave scientific details till we come to the traveller's larger ice-theories, and in the meanwhile will indulge in another extract from his journal, of a trip to visit the Justedal's glaciers, simply and graphically written, and full of pleasant humour:—

In September 1857.—"Landed at Roneidet about 3, and after getting food from its hospitable inhabitants, set off at 4 with a boy, and a horse to carry my goods up the Justedal.

"The track follows the river, winding up a deep narrow gorge between enormous rocky hills. Here and there is a stony plain, the debris of a glacier, overgrown with trees; but distant views there were none. I had to walk hard to save daylight. At the end of twelve long miles by pedometer, I found myself at a farm, and as I walked up I heard a fiddle. I thought that promised fun, so walked in and asked for quarters. I found four or five tall strapping young fellows—the best grown men I have seen in Norway—and a girl to match, sitting about a long table listening to the music, while the girl brushed her long frowsy locks with a carding comb. There was a general promise of fleas about the place, but I tucked my trousers into my socks, according to the old plan first learned in Greece, and sat me down with the family. It was dark outside, but a bright fire and a single candle lit up the wild unkempt heads nodding to the music.

"I asked for old Norsk ditties, and got several. Presently a vast supper of porridge was produced, and the fiddle paused, while I smoked my pipe.

"Supper over, the fiddle began again. Presently one of the young giants in leather breeches sprang on the floor, seized the giantess who made the porridge, and began a polska. He trotted round the room, holding her hand, while she toddled after him. Presently the girl was spun round and round like a teetotum, showing such powerful understanding that I marvelled; and then she was seized round the waist, and they both twirled together. Then they ambled about as before, then they had another fit of spinning till they were tired; and then another giant took the floor alone, and performed the Halling dance.

"It was an odd performance, more like tumbling than anything else, and when it was over they inquired if I could do anything.

"The music was something like reel time, so I took the floor, and performed sundry reel steps, amidst the most flattering exclamations—'That karl can use his feet.' 'It is not the first time thou hast danced.' 'That was supple,' and so on.

"So encouraged I performed 'Jacky-Tar,' blushed modestly, and retired to bed. I had my doubts of the couch, for it was in the family store-room, where winter garments were hung, so turned in all standing, and tried to sleep; but it was quite hopeless. There was a regular hailstorm of starving fleas pattering down upon my face from the winter clothing, creeping about my feet, and getting through my

armour everywhere. I stood it for some time, but at last I jumped up, gathered my wraps, and marched out of doors. I believe they would have picked my bones before morning if I had stayed in the bed. I found a barn, open at both ends, with some straw, and there camped. Presently the moon rose over a lofty hill, and I began to rejoice in the agreeable change, and to enjoy the view; but for me there was no rest that night. I had a whole colony with me, and they were industrious fleas. I got up twice, stripped, and shook my clothes; but it was all in vain. No sooner laid down than they began to dance polskas, hallings, and reels, up and down my arms and legs. At last I fell asleep in spite of them.

"*Thursday, Sept. 3d.*—I was hardly asleep when an old fellow awoke me. I was sleeping across the barn door, and he wanted to begin his work, as it was daybreak. I was too sleepy to stir, so he rummaged about amongst the straw and departed; but he was soon back again with my host, exclaiming, that this 'fremande karl' was a 'frisk person,' because he was sleeping out, but that he must go away from there. They stirred me up, and showed me to a hay-shed, so I took my plaid once more and flitted.

"There was a grand lot of dry hay, and I was about to throw myself upon it, when I perceived a dog curled up in a nest; the next step was almost into the mouth of my boy, who was sound asleep, and covered with hay; the next I found a vacant corner for myself, and took it, when, to my wonder, up sprang the dancing giantess, over whom I must have walked. She shook her long elf locks, gaped horribly, and departed; and I went really to sleep at last.

"At 7 I was stirred up once more, fed on potatoes and cold water, and departed. As soon as I got to a river I bathed, and routed the hostile army."

We like a man who takes comfortably to potatoes and water for breakfast when he can get nothing better; and further on we might possibly appreciate his inability to manage "greasy porridge," while we clearly sympathize with his love of sitting "on the highest rock he could find for an hour, gazing and dreaming as one must dream when so placed. I can neither explain nor express the pleasure which it gives me to sit thus perched on a rocky point, high above the visible world, and glower and dream alone; but here I had my fill of mountains and solitude." The pleasure is none the less that it cannot be easily expressed. David sitting perhaps no higher than his house-top, knew the feeling when, looking at the distant mountains, he longed for the wings of a dove.

On his way down from the rock, Mr. Campbell shot four ptarmigan, "to the intense joy of Thugu, the boy, who kept exclaiming, 'Ney! ney! he shoots in the air! Ney! ney! ney!' I was not sorry, for I thought of dinner;" and when he got back to his hostess, having eaten but little food for some days,

"I was not going to trust my spoil to the old woman to ruin ; so I took my birds to a log, plucked a couple, cut them up, washed them, and set them to boil with a lot of potatoes in a large black pot. The result, eaten in the dark, was a feast such as aldermen never taste, and cannot imagine ; and the pipe and the sound sleep in the hay that followed were as good in their own way as the feast."

To the northern folk themselves, the living glaciers and the old ice-worn fjords are mysterious. The same feeling, generated by loneliness, exists in the muirs and dreamy sea-lochs of Scotland, and on the wide heaths of Westmoreland and Yorkshire, the blood of whose inhabitants is derived from Northern races. From the fat plains of England all popular mystery has long since departed. "A boatman," says Mr. Campbell, "declared that his mother, when a girl, had seen a flock of mysterious cows near the Folge Fond at Yiggra Stola. They vanished, and they were 'Huldra Beasto.'" On the south side of the Hardanger Fjord, under the snows of the Folge Fond, "according to peasants, are seven parishes, which were overwhelmed for their wickedness. The church-bells may still be heard ringing on certain holy days." It is curious how universal traditions of this kind are respecting the burial of towns and cities, generally under lakes. It is well known to Welshmen that a great sea-dyke once stretched from St. David's Head in Pembrokeshire to the west point of Llyn in Caernarvonshire, which forms the north horn of Cardigan Bay. The son of Seithyn, Seithenyn, King of Dyfed, who was much given to carousing, neglected the dyke, and one night, while he was feasting, it gave way, and the Cantref-gwaelod,—the Lowland Hundred,—with sixteen fortified towns and all its villages, was buried under the waters of what is now Cardigan Bay. Many years ago the writer of these remarks was informed by a lady at Fishguard that she knew an old lady who, sitting on a calm Sunday on Penslade, and looking at the sea, saw, as in a vision, all the Cantref-gwaelod, with its towns and villages, rise out of the sea, while the church-bells rang, and then she knew the tradition to be true. Fishermen still sometimes see parts of the walls of the towns in quiet days, when the sea is clear, and profane geologists declare them to be trap-dykes, or massive jointed reefs of Cambrian grit.¹

The journeys, from the journals of which the foregoing extracts are made, took place in Southern Norway, and the lesson learned from these excursions is, "that a local land-ice

¹ Let those who care to know more of this subject consult the *Traditions concerning the Submersion of Ancient Cities*, by the Bishop of St. David's, published, I believe, in 1858.

system consists of a number of revolving water-systems, which rise up from warm regions, move in the air, fall on cold solid rock, glide and flow from it ; carving hollows on hill-sides, and leaving tracks everywhere on the downward path which leads water down to the sea from a block of high land." Again, " The whole is a local system, whose source is in the clouds (or rather in the sea which feeds the clouds), and whose base rests on a rock-plateau, which is wearing away to the amount of the mud carried to the sea by rivers." With such facts before them in many mountain regions, it is curious to find that some distinguished modern geologists scarcely recognise glaciers as great denuding agents at all. They look on them as accidental adjuncts of high mountain ranges that have done but little in the way of wasting and moulding the earth's surface, just as others, who are familiar enough with running water, are unable to realize the scooping out of great systems of valleys by that busy agent, aided by landslips from hill-sides, great and small, that in a geological sense are of frequent occurrence. Mountain glaciers and mountain torrents and rivers act alike in this respect. Both deepen their beds. On or into both, earth and rocks are always falling. The glacier bears downwards on its surface most of this matter that does not find its way to the bottom through crevasses and *moulins*, and the river carries it away, and rolls and grinds it into powder. And in many a deep valley, on the sides of which the horizontally-bedded rocks rarely show any fractures or faults, the practised eye readily infers that the form of the ground proves the excavation of valleys by streams ; and, as Mr. Darwin remarks, the wonder is, listening through the night to the never-ceasing rattle of descending stones on the Andes, that the mountains stand so long under this incessant and irresistible power.

The local glaciers of part of Norway are in the same latitudes as the Farø Isles and Northern Scotland ; and it has long been known that this Norwegian area " was formerly covered by one large local system which still hovers over it ;" for all the mountain sides, now bare of ice, are, as in the Alps, ice-worn and smoothed, and every fjord from end to end shows the signs of the grinding of vast glaciers that once filled what are now sea-valleys, compared with which the Norway glaciers of to-day are merely of pigmy size. " If there be a star of ice-marks on the oval block which forms Southern Norway, there ought to be a herring-bone pattern on the long ridge which stretches" from the North Cape through the mass of the peninsula ; and Mr. Campbell gives the results of his experience in the middle and more northern regions, mixed with curiously interesting descriptions of men and animals, so well told, that all classes of readers

excepting the extra high-and-dry scientific school, must take pleasure in them. Two or three more of these descriptions we must quote before turning to the main theory of the glacial period.

In September 1850, finding there was nothing to eat at Finstuga but potatoes and cold water, he drove on, and on the journey at Arvet, among other things, saw a pretty little woman who "had a large leathern knapsack on her back. . . . Presently she turned her head, and addressed the contents with 'Er du waukin du?' Down came the bundle, and out of it came a rosy-cheeked baby with large blue eyes, dressed in full Dahl costume." He then drove to Skattungebyn, "because it was 'a poor place in the mountains,'" and on the way was joined by two carriages "filled with swells who had been to a wedding," and the whole parish turned out to see them.

"It was worth a journey to Sweden only to see that gathering. The old fellows with their clean white breeches and their yellow aprons crowded about us: their long hair and red caps, blue stockings and birch-bark shoes, were perfect: very pretty fair blue-eyed girls and bright-eyed boys, each a picture, climbed up the railings and peered over the heads of the old men; and the landlord, himself a study, trotted about with his merry face, shaking hands with everybody in turn, and talking the most incomprehensible of Dahlska. The priest told me that it was very rare for a traveller to come that road at all.

"The swells being gone, I ordered some porridge, and took possession of the room, intending to be quiet, but I had reckoned without my host. First one old picture, and then another, walked in, and after saluting me, gravely seated itself; and so they filled the room, to my delight.

"We were soon as thick as thieves, and I had to answer a string of questions.

"Were we Christians in England? Had we schools? Had we Bibles?

"For answer I produced mine, and for many minutes there were loud exclamations of wonder at the beauty of the book, and the unintelligible language. Then we had to read a bit to hear what it was like, and then an old fellow read the same bit in Swedish to compare the two. Next they set to play on a queer square instrument with one string which lay on the table, but as no one was good at it a girl was summoned. She was neat and trim as a Sunday maiden could be, fresh and rosy; her jacket was of sheepskin, beautifully dressed, with fringes of white curly wool round the wrists and skirt; her petticoat was blue, and like a crimped collar; her stockings were red, and her shoes of the true Dahl pattern—the upper leather embroidered, and with a large flap like a Highland brogue; the sole of birch bark, two inches thick, with a small square peg in the middle of the foot instead of a heel. With her psalmodicon on a rough deal table, with a single candle shining on her earnest face, with old long-haired

wrinkled faces and twinkling eyes all about her, and a background of brown wood, she looked like a Dutch picture come to life. The lassie had a sweet voice and sang well.

"At last my party broke up, and wishing me a hearty good-night all round, they thanked me for my 'agreeable company' with great politeness, and left me to repose in sheepskin sheets."

In 1849, on the 14th of July, he "found Robert Chambers" at Kaafjord measuring the heights of old sea-terraces, the results of which are recorded in Mr. Chambers's well-known book on *Ancient Sea Margins*; and these raised sea-marks play an important part in Mr. Campbell's views of the cause of a glacial climate in the northern regions of Europe, bearing as they do on its past submergence. It must have been delightful to see Mr. Chambers playing "Scotch tunes on a flute to the deer, and the seals, and the Lapps, in the quiet and still twilight of a Northern night," and dreaming "of the wonder which the melodies rouse."

On the 31st of August in the same year, with a comrade he set off from Alten to walk over the mountains to Sweden.

"We were a curious lot certainly.

"First marched Abraham, a little, wiry, wrinkled, sandy-haired man, with a scrubby beard, dressed in a reindeer cap, turned up with blue. His body was draped in a mangy reindeer peak; a thing like a shirt, made fast about the waist with a girdle, from which dangled a knife. His legs were clad in a pair of yellow comagas, stuffed with grass; and on his back he bore about thirty pounds of smoked salmon. The tails of the fish wagged and flapped like a couple of fins, one on each side, as he trudged steadily on, with a short black wooden pipe in his cheek.

"He was the picture of a savage. His father was a Quain and his mother a Lapp; he gets drunk when he can, and knows the country by day or night, in summer or winter, for hundreds of miles, whether he is drunk or sober. He leaned far forward, trod on his heels, and shuffled over the ground at a very deceptive pace.

"Then came a horse with a couple of Quain panniers, swathing a lot of deerskins for beds, a prog-basket, a bottle-holder, and my rod, which stuck out over the beast's head like a bowsprit.

"Then came my comrade, T., in a razeed brigand's hat, shading a pair of blacking-brush moustaches and an unshorn chin, his shoulders covered with the tails of an old mackintosh sewn into a cape, and the rest of his rig seedy but civilized.

"Then came a second horse with a light load, intended as a resource in case any one broke down.

"Then came Ula, with one eye out, but the other as sharp as his nose and his temper. His dress was a black leathern cap with a peak, grey woollen jacket, waistcoat, and loose leggings, over which came a pair of the everlasting long comagas.

"Then came the third horse, and then a traveller in an old kilt jacket, an old pair of rent trousers, a hat stuck round with feathers and flies, and a gun for pot-shooting.

"T.'s dog, Fan, wriggled her stump of a tail, and ran backwards and forwards, stopping every now and then to fight a lemen or smell out a mouse; and there was a procession worthy of the backwoods."

Once fairly out on the misty fjeld—

"There were grey mist, grey moss, grey stones, and grey rocks, all of one pattern, with here and there a bit of soft marsh, covered with dwarf mountain rhododendron, dwarf birch, shrubs, and multiber. Occasionally a golden plover flew screaming into the mist as we approached his domains, and now and then enormous white owls appeared like mountain ghosts, screeched at us, and vanished. . . .

"Once the mist lifted and showed us a glimpse of the distant country; and a more dreary, desolate, cheerless waste would be hard to find.¹ There were lakes and stones, rock and deer moss, as far as the eye could reach, without a hill, almost without a marked feature to impress it on the memory; and yet I see it now as I saw it then.—A grey sea of rounded rocks; a flock of wild geese sailing overhead below the mist; and a large white owl, as big as an eagle, perched like a milestone upon a great block in the foreground; horses and men looking damp and shiny, and clouds of smoke rising from hides, jackets, and newly-lit pipes."

On this day's march they came "upon a colony of fjeld-rev—mountain-foxes. They had drilled a sand-hill as full of holes as a rabbit-warren. Our first notice of their presence was a sharp angry yelp from a little fellow perched as sentinel on the top; he was answered from all sides, and in a moment they had all scampered home and were out of sight. . . . They seemed about the size of small terriers, and looked grey in the dusk."

"Provender getting low" by the 2d September, they were forced to carry guns for pot-shooting, for T. also seems to be a sportsman who loves a hunt in more ways than one. Lakes innumerable met them at every turn,—a characteristic feature in all Northern ice-worn scenery, both European and American. "We lunched in the rain on the shore of a lake under an extempore tent made of luggage and plaids, birch-trees and fishing-rods;" and reaching Mars Elv by 5.30 the men wanted to camp, but T. insisted on pushing on to Bingasjerve; and as our traveller stood neuter, "at last T. carried his point." The result was that a horse sprained his fetlock in fording the river; the men had to re-stuff their boots with dry grass; they lost an hour, and "were drenched like drowned rats." But they plodded on, the "men growling all the time," in the dark, among tumbled

¹ "It is exactly like the high country near Reykjavik, except that the stones are volcanic in Iceland."

rocks, precipices, and in a wood of birches on a steep hill-side, "where the poor horses went tumbling about like drunken men;" into a lake, into a river, into a dense drenching thicket of willow, at last with one final tumble of the lame horse, they reached Bingasjerve. "But instead of 'a roaring fire and a welcome' there was no one here, so we marched in and took possession of everything we wanted. First, we made a fire, then a stew; and we rolled ourselves upon the floor at one in the morning.

"I don't know that I was ever more knocked up; and I was somewhat wroth with my chum for saying that it was all the fault of Abo. I held my tongue till I had smoked a pipe, and then the wrath went off with the smoke; and we slept side by side in peace and harmony."

The horse was so lame that the party had to stop all next day in and about a house where nets, poles, boat, deer-skins, teapot, "Finsk Bible on a shelf with a page turned down; in short, the whole tenement as the tenant left it in spring, and as he hoped to find it in autumn. It speaks well for the wandering Lapps, and for the solitude of the place." Solitary indeed; for except their party "and the mosquitoes, there was not a living creature seen all day;" and they seem only to have had one reiper, shot the day before, to stew and devour; but next day, on the march, meeting every now and then with coveys of these birds, they made up for yesterday's short commons by stewing three for lunch and dinner. By and by, from the top of a hill they saw their destination, Kautokeino, in the distance; and everywhere, as far as the eye could reach, "the same rolling sea of grey moss-clad rocks, birches, lakes, bogs, and stones." The book abounds with similar descriptions of scenery, all given in a few words, so well chosen, that any one who knows the agents by which the land has been modelled, at once recognises the north, and the action of vanished ice, even though, in dropping on a chance passage, he might not be aware at first to what region of the world the description referred.

After the passage of one of the bad bogs noted above, "the horses began to flag; their master growled; and then we came to a birch wood and a river."

"Kautokeino had been seen, so T. wanted to go on. Ula wanted to stop, so did Abo; it was a fine night, and I had no wish for another scramble in the dark, so I voted, and turned the scale. The place seemed made for a camp, so I declared my intention of stopping there with the horses. T. would go on to the houses with Abo, but Abo was of a different opinion. He explained that the ford was up to his breast, and that he could not swim; and, by the time the river had been examined and the argument finished, we had a fire lighted and a shelter made. It looked snug, so T. joined our party. A deerskin on

the ground, a gaff-stick for a ridge-pole, and a plaid, made a tent; a roaring fire and a brew of coffee, and a reiper roasted in his feathers, a jorum of hot punch and a long jaw, kept us well employed till past eleven; and then we drew on our sleeping boots, put on great-coats, crept into our nests, and slept like tops. Once I awoke, being too hot, and found that Abo had piled up a bonfire. He was grinning at me through the smoke. We grinned mutually for some time, then I took an observation of my comrade's long legs, which projected from his shelter in a highly picturesque fashion; and then I rolled over again and slept till seven. I would not give such travelling for the best down bed in Windsor,"—says the young writer, then, we presume, not many years escaped from Eton.

"Our way now lay through a wood of well-grown birches growing upon sand-hills. There were paths and tracks, and here and there patches of bare sand, where we could see the tracks of men, and dogs, and cows. Here, too, we found the track of the army of lemens which we had met on the fjeld. They seemed to have marched in a compact body, following the beaten path where there was one, and taking the best road everywhere. Here and there lay the body of a defunct straggler, to prove that the tracks were really what they seemed; but there was not a live lemen to be seen anywhere. What odd little brutes these are! They march, as if by agreement, from some unknown eastern point, and invade Norway like a swarm of locusts. They swim rivers, climb hills, burrow holes everywhere, and gnaw and nibble everything till they reach the sea. Even then they strike out westward, for the islands get full of them. At last they disappear as mysteriously as they came. No one knows whence they come or where they go; but every two or three years they arrive in shoals as I saw them, and after a time they vanish. They abound in North America.

"The first lemen I ever saw was at Bosekaap, in 1849. Late one evening, when night was beginning to show, my host and I were smoking about the doors, while a dog was running about near the house. Suddenly we heard a scrimmage near an outhouse, the barking of the dog, and the sharp angry chattering note of some other creature. My host exclaimed, 'The lemens are come,' ran off to the scene of action, and came back panting with a yellow animal like a marmot, but no bigger than a small rat. From that day whenever we went into the woods we found lemens, and smaller black creatures like short-tailed mice. They swim rivers, and trout eat them, for I have several times cut freshly-swallowed lemens and mice out of trout which took my flies in the Alten."

At Kautokeino they were entertained by Mr. Rout, who "had set up for himself here as handlesmand." Mrs. Rout came from Tromsø, and "spoke of her former dwelling and her friends as a London lady might if fate had married her to a wild Highlander. . . . For dinner there were roast wild goose, jam, French beans, and a bottomless meat-pie, wine and liquor, rum; and silver

spoons and forks to eat with. The lady handed her dishes, and ate as if by sufferance;" a custom we have seen in a modified form in other parts of Europe. "Dinner over, we all bowed and said 'Tak for mad.' The host said, 'Thanks for your agreeable company;' and then we put the chairs against the wall, shook hands, and fell to work upon pipes and palaver."

During the repast a lean hungry tribe of dogs were working outside at his "prog-basket." "They opened it; stole a goose; upset the pepper; and were deep in a jar of butter when they were discovered and driven away."

Soon after their departure—

"Ula informed me that he had lost the brandy-keg. Now, this had been newly-filled, and our friends were noted toppers; so I suspected roguery. 'You go back and find it,' said I, 'and I will go on with Abo.'

"'But,' said Ula, 'I don't know the way.'

"'Then go to Kautokeino, and get a guide.'

"'But I have no money,' quoth Ula.

"'Then I will lend you some, and take it off your pay.'

"'Will you wait a moment,' said Ula, 'and I will go back? it can't be far;' and so we waited.

"Those who hide can find; and, in a few minutes, Ula came shouting with the keg under his arm."

Having forded the Alten, and found the hut in the dark, the master and his wife "turned out all standing" to welcome their guests; and the rousing of the family next morning is described in the following graphic morsel:—

"*September 6th.*—Rose from my lair at six, stepped over Ula, and went out to reconnoitre. It looked bad, so returned to my deerakin. Presently the family began their toilette.

"First the master kicked off the deerakins, and turned his legs out of his box, then he scratched his head and lit a pipe, and scratched again all over and round about, and then the operation was ended, for he rose and went out.

"Then Ula got off the floor and scratched himself, and he was ready.

"Then Abo and his two bed-fellows tumbled out somehow, and yawned, and stretched, and scratched themselves all over; then they slipped their deerakin shirts over their heads, and stuck knives into their girdles, and looked as fresh as if they had washed.

"Then all hands began stuffing comagas with grass, and I thought it time to move. In a few minutes we too had shaken ourselves, and rolled up our beds, and were busy about our breakfast.

"My little neighbour, the child, was now pulled out by an old woman, and the little wretch looked so pretty with its bright eyes and its miniature fur dress, that I gave it a lump of sugar, and sketched it while T. boiled the kettle."

After a long day's march they got into fresh quarters. In the morning a family toilette was performed something like the preceding, "and when breakfast was over we offered them a dram, which they refused."

"Meantime the old man" (the host) "had set to reading aloud from the big Bible; and for the first time I heard Finak well. It was a sonorous, grand language, full of broad vowels and soft consonants, every second word a dactyl. I could almost fancy it ancient Greek, with its diphthongs."

"No one seemed to attend, or to stop from working. The reading over, I sketched Abo, while Ula and the fat damsel began again. I fancied I could gather the drift of this palaver; and I was right. On arriving, I had served out a dram, and in the morning I had offered another; and now it appeared that the household were teetotallers, and grievously shocked."

They had for some time crossed the watershed, and when they reached the river Muonio, opposite Karasoando, "Tall, well-grown, long-haired men, dressed in grey woollen jackets, loose leggings, and comagas," ferried them over to Sweden from Russia. In sixty hours they had walked about two hundred English miles, and so ended this part of their journey.

We have indulged in these quotations to show the admirable stuff of which the book is made, for the benefit of those readers who may not be so much attracted by scientific descriptions and discussions, though these also are done in a manner so masterly that they cannot fail to draw universal attention. Mr. Campbell's "eye for a country," as geologists say, is perfect, and any one who has travelled widely with his eyes open will fully realize the physical character of the north of Scandinavia from the following brief descriptions:—

"The journey may be done by an easier route. Boats can be poled up the Alten to the falls, and dragged for a short distance; then, by 'sticking' up past Kautokeino and Mortana, a chain of lakes with a few portages leads all the way to the Muonio river by water.

"A similar route leads up the Tana to a chain of lakes which communicate with the head waters of the Kemi river. It is therefore possible to travel in a boat nearly all the way from the North Sea, and from the Arctic Ocean to the Gulf of Bothnia, by several routes.

"In 1851, I conversed with a man who had actually travelled from sea to sea with a boat, which he and his comrades dragged over one low neck of land, about an English mile wide.

"All the portages are over low necks of land, which separate adjoining lakes, and there is no high ground all the way.

"The winter tracks follow lakes and rivers, for flat ice makes a good road."

It reads like a description of parts of Canada, Labrador, or

the far North-west, and the similarity of strings of lakes, rivers, and portages, is due to the same geological causes. The rocky formations are in great part the same, and both have been *dressed* in the same way during a "glacial period."

The temptation to quote from Mr. Campbell's pages is almost irresistible, and we wish that space would allow of full notes on the descent of the Muonio river on the frontiers of Russia and Sweden, of the fierce rapids, of the sturdy steersmen plying their spade-handled paddles, one of whom "chewed his quid, and guided the boat with the skill of a London cabman in a crowd." In the turmoil of rocks and water "our pilot only grasped his paddle the tighter, and set his teeth, and off we went . . . the high bow slapping hard into the waves; but skill and coolness were at the helm. . . . The old boat writhed and cracked from stem to stern, and pitched headlong into the waves, till I thought she must part or founder. . . . I know nothing grander than such a torrent, unless it be the rolling Atlantic, and nothing gives me such an idea of irresistible force as Atlantic waves after a storm."

We commend to all readers the delightful description of a farm in Russian Lapland (vol. i. p. 292), the women and girls hanging up sheaves of corn, the rough sledge drawn by a young bull, the men of wildest and dirtiest exterior, the short and brawny bandy-legged smith, with his bare arms folded on his breast, his flaming red hair, standing "out on end like the sun's rays on a sign-post," and the unexpected fat reindeer stag which trotting in unawares set all hands chattering and handling their knives.

"I shall not easily forget that group. The red smith holding the deer's horn and a long knife, the white bull and the yellow corn, some black dogs, a lot of girls with keen eyes glancing down from the rock, and the dark forest and blue sky behind." He saw and described it with the eye of an artist, and the reader is not likely to forget it either.

A fortnight later and they found their way to Copenhagen. During much of the way Mr. Campbell was trying to make what he had seen agree with the work of glaciers in Switzerland, and he could not reconcile them; but, though puzzled, by the time they reached Haparanda, near the Gulf of Bothnia, he had "formed an idea that the Gulf itself was the bed of an old glacier." This idea, which we shall by and bye return to, he has since renounced, and partly with good reason, for the ice-valleys of the Alps in modern times show nothing of Continental ice on a scale like the universal glacier of North Greenland, and such, to say the least, any glacier must have been that, covering Norway and Sweden, filled the Gulf of Bothnia on

its course to the Baltic. Neither does the moraine-matter of the great undulating low-country of Switzerland and of the north of Italy at all resemble that of the broad-sloping watershed, from 1400 to 2000 feet high, that divides the North Sea from the Gulf of Bothnia. It is true that in the great moraine of the Dora Baltea, near Ivrea, which forms a circuit of fifty miles or thereabout, the moraine-rubbish is sometimes stratified, and the same kind of stratification is apparent in the moraines left by the great old glacier of the Rhine that covered what is now the Lake of Constance, and in those of the Reuss (Lucerne) of Thun, and of the Rhone on their southern retreat from the Jura. This partial stratification of great Alpine moraines is easily accounted for when we consider that the petty moraines of existing Swiss glaciers are often dotted by, or dam up, pools of water on a small scale, which re-arrange the rough sediments in strata, and these are often buried again under later piles of moraine-rubbish. On the vast moraines of the so-called "glacial period," the same phenomena were in progress on a larger scale; and besides, the great bodies of water that flowed from the gigantic glaciers of the time, must often have re-arranged the moraine-matter in a manner of which in Switzerland we have no modern example. But all this is very different in aspect from the sands and boulders of the wide country that forms the surface between the North Sea and the Gulf of Bothnia. But for the absence of minute details, such as might be gathered in a survey extending over many years, Mr. Campbell's notes read like Nordenskiöld's description of the striated rocks, the lakes, and the Osars of Finland.

Among the many delightful sketches in Chapter XX., there is one that will be read with great attention by those who interest themselves in the habits of the prehistoric dwellers of France, Belgium, Denmark, Britain, and elsewhere, who lived in caves and huts, were hunters by land or sea, in some cases before the tribes of the north knew much of domesticated animals. This passage refers to a short residence among the Lapps in 1850, when Mr. Campbell pitched his tent among them, and loved to watch their habits. "The presence of reindeer seems to indicate a mean temperature of not more than 34° or 36° Fahr., and when reindeer were plentiful in central France, that region probably, instead of a mean temperature of 55°, must have had a climate the average warmth of which was not higher than 34° or 36°, for that temperature limits the growth of plants fit for reindeer pasture, so that Lapp camps are seldom found above that line." As far south as Bergen, where tame reindeer are kept, "they never come down to the sea or to rich grass pasture, but seem to prefer cold, and

moss which grows in cold regions. If the French deer were of the same nature, their existence proves a cold climate in France. There were plenty of them [in France], for they were eaten in large numbers. They could not flourish without plenty of moss. Moss does not grow abundantly without cold;" and in the following sketch we seem to have the old manners and habits of these early inhabitants of Europe, modified by the neighbourhood of civilisation, but otherwise continued by direct transmission down to our own day. Men and animals have both retreated north, the latter probably from choice, the former perhaps by compulsion.

"By the time we got up to the kotas, we had passed through some sharp showers. The Lapps had now arrived, and a tent was pitched beside the conical hut. In the kota I found a dirty old woman and a lot of dirty children sitting round a fire made in the middle of a ring of stones, and looking very picturesque in the half light that streamed down through the chimney. There was a heap of gear and human creatures, iron pots and wooden bowls, dogs and deerskins, piled in admirable confusion; and the mother was engaged in a hunt amongst the tangled locks of the youngest of her brood. Not liking this neighbourhood, went out and made my own shelter, and got on a greatcoat, for it was cold and misty and comfortless after the warm glen. Tried the tent, and found a very fine-looking Lapp woman sitting on a heap of deer-skins, serving out coffee and reindeer cream to the clocker with a quaint silver spoon. She had silver bracelets and a couple of silver rings; and altogether, with her black hair and dark brown eyes glancing in the firelight, she looked eastern and magnificent. Set to work with the paint-box instantler, but she would not sit still for a moment, and it was almost dark. Gave it up, and went out amongst the deer, which had gathered round the camp to be milked. There were about six hundred in the herd, and some old stags were quite magnificent. One had fourteen points on one brow antler, and about forty in all. He looked quite colossal in the evening mist. A small imp of a boy, about three feet high, and a child just able to toddle, were wandering about amongst the deer. The boy was amusing himself by catching the largest stags with a lasso, to pull the loose velvet from their antlers. He never missed his throw, and when he had the noose round the beast's neck, it was grand to see him set his heels on the ground, and haul himself in, hand over hand, till he got the noose round the stag's nose. Then he had him safe and quiet, with the nose and neck tied together, and then they posed for a picture of savage life. The small imp was practising on the calves and hinds, and screaming at them in emulation of the bigger brother. He kept kicking the big stags which lay on the ground with the most perfect familiarity."

"The rain came through the tent, and in the hut it was impossible even to sit on the ground without bending forward. The children

would look over my shoulder, to my terror, so sketching was not easy. There were five dogs, three children, the old woman, Marcus, and myself; and all day long, the handsome lady from next door, and her husband, and a couple of quaint mangy-looking old fellows, kept popping in to see how the stranger got on. The kota itself was a cone of birch sticks and green turf, about seven feet high; and twelve or fourteen in diameter. It was close quarters, but the scene was worth the discomfort. No one seemed to care a rap for rain, or fear colds, more than the deer. Breakfast consisted of milk and cheese and boiled fish; and whenever any dish had been used the old dame carefully wiped it out with her crooked forefinger, and then licked the finger and every attainable place in the dish itself. It was wonderful to see her dexterity, and to hear her talk while she polished the dish. When one of the children spilt some milk on its deerskin dress, it was all gathered and licked up with the same tongue which found time to scold the offender.

"Dinner was reindeer's flesh boiled. The children cracked the bones on the stones after they had polished the outside; and they sucked up the marrow; then the dogs, who had not dared to steal, were called in their turn, and got the scraps. Wooden bowls were set apart for the dogs."

After a pretty long experience of Lapps, Mr. Campbell decides that they are not hospitable. "No Lapp has ever offered me so much as a scrap of food, or a drop of milk; but every Lapp I know was ready to sell anything, and greedy for silver, which is hoarded and hidden underground." A good deal of it must be lost in this way, to be recovered long hence, like the old torques and brooches of the Celt, while the "polished" bones split for marrow, and afterwards thrown to the dogs, remind the reader of the old populations round whose squalid huts rose the *kjökken-möddings* of Denmark.

It is now time more definitely to touch upon Mr. Campbell's opinions of what were and are the causes of "glacial periods" in different parts of the northern hemisphere, forming episodes in what geologists call the Post-Pliocene epoch. How to obtain cold so extreme as to have produced immense glaciers, fleets of icebergs, and sheets of coast ice, in regions where these agents are either altogether unknown or only (by comparison) feebly developed, is the question; and the author of *Frost and Fire* decides in favour of geographical changes in the distribution of land and sea, having been sufficient, by help of old ocean currents, to account for all the marks and signs of ancient ice that have yet been observed both in Europe and North America. This he does without adopting the extreme case hypothetically brought forward by Lyell, that if all the land of the world were gathered round the poles, the world would be extremely cold, whereas if almost all the land were

collected round the equator, the average temperature of the surface of the earth would be seriously raised. Wisely, he either ignores or rejects most of the old theories, parts of which still now and then crop out, and help to support some novel theory of the "glacial period." Few geologists or physical philosophers adopt any of these, especially since some of them, on seemingly good grounds, have begun to insist that "glacial periods" are recurrent, and that ice-borne boulder-stones occur in other formations besides the "Till," and range far back in Tertiary, and even in Palæozoic time. If this be true, the doctrine that internal heat ever seriously affected external climate in any part of known geological time falls to the ground, even were there no other reasons to prove it, connected with life and the absence of extreme alteration by heat of the lower beds of thick stratified formations.¹ The supposition of Poisson, that our system has in former times passed through hotter and colder regions of space, fares no better, for *space* has no temperature to measure, and as we derive no sensible heat now from any of the stars except our own sun, it is impossible to believe that we could do so without approaching so near to some other source of heat that all the arrangements of our solar system would be deranged. Neither will astronomers allow that cold and hot climates can be produced by the shifting of the earth's axis of rotation, owing to the formation of groups or chains of mountains in regions removed from the equator, and the theory that the phenomena of the glacial period were caused by "a higher temperature of the ocean than that which obtains at present,"² does not gain ground among geologists, who cannot reconcile it with what they consider to be positive geological facts that point in an opposite direction.

All the world interested in these matters knows that after Agassiz had spent years in examining the structure, movements, and geological effects produced by Swiss glaciers, he not only confirmed the old opinion of Venetz, that they once were of prodigiously larger dimensions than at present, but also, travelling over great part of the British Islands and other regions of Northern Europe, he announced that the mountains of the Highlands, Wales, Ireland, etc., had all maintained their glaciers, and further, that such local systems of snow-drainage were not sufficient to account for all the observed phenomena

¹ *Journal of the Geological Society*, 1855, p. 203.

² Ably argued by Professor Frankland. Higher temperature, he says, produced increased evaporation, condensation, and precipitation; while the cloudy atmosphere prevented the sun's rays from melting in summer what fell in winter.

of a more general glaciation. The polishing and grooving of rocks, and also the characters of great part of the boulder-clay, were such that, in his opinion, they pointed to something more universal. By these investigations he founded the first enlarged idea of what geologists now call the "glacial period," declaring that great part of the land of both the Northern and Southern hemispheres had been covered with coatings of glacier-ice, thickest by far towards the poles, which spread southward from the North Pole, and northward from the South, grinding and grooving the rocks over which the sheets passed. In Europe, while still working south, or later, as it declined in size by change of climate, this great glacier system gradually deposited those masses of clay and "wandering stones" now known to Scotch geologists as the till, or boulder clay. A few men like Buckland boldly followed Agassiz in this grand conception, but the greater number of the first geologists in Britain and on the Continent of Europe shrunk from what seemed to them a mere wild speculation. Swiss, French, Italian, English, and German geologists even denied the great original spreading of Alpine glaciers northward to the flank of the Jura, and southward far into the plains of Piedmont and Lombardy; and to his latest days the illustrious Von Buch would not allow that the glaciers of Switzerland had ever been, so to speak, a single *metre* larger than at present. Men of eminence are even now living on the flanks of the Alps, and in England, who entertain a kind of invincible repugnance to the idea, and who can scarcely account for the steady growth of an opinion younger than theirs, which they can scarcely resist, but which seems to them little short of a species of insanity, when applied to the glaciation by terrestrial ice of Continental areas, far larger than the regions bordering the Alps. In Britain, some geologists could not for a long time even see the evidence of minor glaciers in the Highlands of Scotland, Cumberland, Wales, and Ireland; and their Continental comrades were equally sceptical about the occurrence of bypast glaciers in the Vosges, the Black Forest, and other mountain clusters on the Continent of Europe. If they could not see this, now evident to so many, far less likely were they to allow the possibility of the greater generalization of Agassiz, that glacier-ice once covered almost universally a vast portion of the Northern hemisphere. The subject was ridiculed, and in the main it has only been by slow degrees, first that local glaciers, originating in the snow-drainage of minor clusters of mountains have been allowed, and, secondly, that a younger generation have adopted the larger theory of Agassiz in whole or with various modifications. Mr. Campbell, however, still rejects it; while

Agassiz, having worked at the glacier and iceberg phenomena of North America, adheres to his theory, and indeed only sees in these phenomena additional reasons for sticking to his old faith.

After a great deal of this kind of opposition in Britain and elsewhere, one of the phases through which the "glacial theory" passed, was the admission that what is now called ice-borne drift, was not deposited by tumultuous currents of water caused by the sudden upheaval of hypothetical land in the north, but that over Britain, and the north of Europe generally, all the *upper shell-bearing boulder beds* were drifted on coast ice, and on icebergs that broke from glaciers which descended to the sea from the mountains of Scotland, Cumberland, and the adjoining counties, Wales, and chiefly from the great Scandinavian chain. This was a great point gained, being founded on facts collected all over the north of Europe. The same kind of argument equally applies to North America.

Reasoning on facts connected with the erratic boulder drift, Mr. Campbell rejects the great sheet of northern glacier ice inferred by Agassiz, and attempts to prove that, exclusive of the effects produced by special glaciers in ranges and clusters of mountains, all the ice-ground surfaces of the lower grounds of Europe and America, and of much of the mountains, may be satisfactorily explained by the theory, that just as there is a "glacial period" in Greenland now, marked by a nearly universal glacier there, and just as there is a "drift" glacial period in the Western Atlantic, marked by the rubbish that drops from southward-floating icebergs; so in Europe, now so mild because of the Gulf Stream, there was a time when, by partial submergence, similar conditions prevailed. Then a great current from the North Sea swept round the shores of Norway down to the Gulf of Bothnia, and through the Baltic; the sea was frozen in winter east and west, all round the Scandinavian shores; and vast bodies of floating ice and icebergs grinding along the coast cooled the sea, condensed fogs, which intercepted the heat of the sun, and produced on the half-submerged land of Scandinavia, and even of Britain, a climate and glaciers like those of the Greenland of to-day, only smaller, because of the minor area of land to be drained of snow. Greenland, he says, is undergoing a "glacial period" now, and on this point all men are agreed who think upon the subject, though some may also suspect that formerly it was still more deeply buried under snow and ice. Scandinavia, Britain, and the rest of Europe, as far south as the plains of Lombardy, underwent a "glacial period" like that of the modern Greenland in times geologically not long bypast. The great

moraines of Piedmont and Lombardy are now covered by orchards and vineyards, and the thirsty traveller ploughs ankle-deep through the dusty roads; where glaciers once filled the valleys in Wales, snow rarely lies deep for a fortnight; in Scandinavia glaciers are chiefly confined to the high fjelds; and even at the North Cape the heat of summer in the sun is disagreeably oppressive; and in all but the southern parts of Scandinavia, this sea-warmed area lies in latitudes the same as those of the southern half of Greenland, which, except on the coasts of the south, is covered with a universal sheet of glacier-ice. The conditions, therefore, says Mr. Campbell, prevail now in and round Greenland that once prevailed on and round Scandinavia. Cold ice-bearing currents from the pole surround the former land and cool it, and glacier-ice covers it. Cold ice-bearing currents bear bergs far to the south, along the shores of North America, and deposit *drift*, and the glaciers of Greenland and the icebergs of the West Atlantic produce effects in all respects comparable to those of the so-called "glacial period" of old times in the interior of the continents of Europe and America. What Greenland is now, Scandinavia, half submerged, was once. Arctic currents, bearing icebergs and stones, once overspread a vast part of the continent of North America (and on any hypothesis this is true); and Arctic currents bearing ice-rafts along the shores of Scandinavia, and farther south, ground and scratched the hills and plains of Britain and Northern Europe, till, melting, they finally dropped the last relics of northern moraines in more southern seas. The partial submergence of Northern Europe during a "glacial period" is certain. More than two-thirds of Britain is more or less covered with "northern drifts," here and there mixed with broken sea-shells, and its southern limit extends from the Rhine north of Bonn, all across Europe to the confines of the northern half of the Ural Mountains. The same is the case in North America, where stratified drifts and erratic boulders, sometimes shell-bearing, strew the surface as far south as latitudes 38° and 40°. This has long been known, and Mr. Campbell, for his own satisfaction, has proved it in North America. Besides this, he insists specially on the old marine shell-bearing terraces that, tier above tier, mark the seaward slopes of the Scandinavian peninsula to a height of 600 feet above the sea; and reasoning from his own and other observations on the subject, he applies the argument in such a way, that sandy flats on the watershed between the Gulf of Bothnia and the Arctic Sea are also presumed to be of marine origin. It is thus inferred that boulders and terraces at exceedingly high levels, there and elsewhere in Scandinavia, evince submergence of the land to a far greater depth than 600 feet

though shells have not yet been found in them, just in the same way that it was long believed, after the publication of Mr. Darwin's Memoir, that the parallel roads of Glen Roy are ancient sea-margins. Agassiz, at an earlier period, asserted that these parallel roads were terraces made by old lakes dammed up by a glacier which cut across the mouth of the valley, something like that which, in a small way, dams up the Lac de Combal on the Italian side of Mont Blanc, or of the little Merjelen See, on the flank of the great Aletsch glacier. The actual amount of the extreme submergence of any part of Scandinavia is nowhere precisely stated, but that it was separated from the mainland is asserted (and we believe it), the total submergence being considered perhaps to have exceeded 2500 feet.

The evidence of sea-shells in drift on Moel Tryfan in Caernarvonshire proves that Wales has been submerged nearly 1400 feet, and later proofs, almost as clear, show that it must have sunk during a "glacial period" 2000 or 2300 feet. Boulder beds with sea-shells are common all down the eastern coast of England, and in the west, in Lancashire, they have been found in cliffs by the sea-shore, and up to a height of 1200 feet. The writer of these remarks knows some of these facts from personal examination of the ground both in Europe and America, and however the explanation of the whole may be read, there is at all events a great amount of floating knowledge current on the subject of a "glacial period" common to Europe and America, or of "glacial periods" endured by these continents in different portions of that section of geological time, of which the present phase is but a part.

But underneath the "drift," which was a result of glaciation of some sort or other, the rocks are generally found to be rounded (*moutonnée*), ice-polished, and striated, and the point in debate between the disciples of Agassiz and those who think like Mr. Campbell, is, whether or not these ice-worn surfaces were chiefly produced by a general sheet of glacier-ice, covering great part of the known northern continents and islands, or by the southward passage of fleets of icebergs grinding over sea-bottoms and along coasts when the countries were half submerged. Neither side denies that great part of the regions supposed to have been so powerfully moulded by icebergs, at some time or other maintained their glaciers, nor yet that during part of the glacial period they were more or less deeply submerged; but those who deny the theory of Agassiz assert that floating ice produced the chief part of the continental signs of a "glacial period," or of "glacial periods;" while the followers of Agassiz, allowing the agency of icebergs, consider

that they were inadequate to produce the greater effects that have been attributed to them.

The grinding and denuding power of these floating ice-islands must be tremendous. The ice-raft launched from the great glaciers of Greenland described by Lord Dufferin and Mr. Lamont, "sets off," says Mr. Campbell, "at a rapid pace, with its awning of grey cloud spread, and the next thing it does is to cool the air, sea, and climate. . . . The pace of an Alpine glacier, according to Forbes and the best authorities, is four feet in twenty-four hours at the utmost," and "incidentally, Lamont gives the pace of the ice-float . . . at five miles an hour (from Spitzbergen), from north-east to south-west. So a maximum velocity of two inches an hour (in a glacier) grows to 316,800 per hour. Amongst the Thousand Isles the rate of the Arctic current is estimated by Lamont at seven or eight miles an hour. "So the power of a glacier on shore is nothing to the power of the same glacier afloat," and "no one seems to have considered the system as one great denuding engine."

The depth of an iceberg in the sea depends on the mass and shape of the ice, and on the quantity of moraine matter with which it may chance to be loaded. "Small icebergs about Spitzbergen are sometimes 1000 yards in circumference and 200 feet in thickness," or at least 180 feet under water, and on the coasts of Greenland bergs are of prodigiously greater size; and if Kane's inference be correct, that one of the glaciers he saw was 3000 feet thick, there may be floating bergs of all sizes ploughing along sea-bottoms at depths up to more than 2500 feet, with or against the wind, wherever the deep-sea currents may carry them. It is a strange sight. The only large iceberg we ever chanced to see seemed like a white and blue island, as large as the Bass Rock, steadily making its way against the wind, but there was nothing else in sight by which to estimate its actual size. Quoting from Scoresby, "a body of more than 10,000 millions of tons in weight, meeting with resistance when in motion, produces consequences which it is scarcely possible to conceive," and when, instead of one such body, there are broad streams of ice-fields and bergs year by year, and century after century, grinding their way south, there "is surely an engine strong enough to work denudation on a large scale." The lower points and surfaces of bergs sometimes set with stones, must cut great trenches through soft sediments, shove forwards and contort the beds, and smooth and grave the rocks with long grooves and striations, like those produced by glaciers on land. When melting, and especially when aground, the stony and muddy débris that falls from them will arrange itself in mounds, a circumstance that easily accounts for the

irregularity of surface of many upheaved glacial sea-drifts, holding lakes, pools, and peat-mosses (once lakes), like those among the Kaims of Castle Kennedy in Wigtonshire, and of Carnwath, or like others in the lowlands of Fife, and various other places in Scotland, but especially in Finland, where, according to Nordenskiöld, the whole country is covered with lakes dammed up by Osars, in Scotland known as Kaims, and in Ireland as Eskers. These curious heaps and long mounds occur in England at least as far south as the Tyne and North Lancashire, but we are not aware that they have yet been observed farther south, or round the borders of Wales.

Though much has been written by different authors about the transporting power of icebergs, and the scattering of boulders and finer sediments by their agency, no one has heretofore attempted to work out the theory of berg-action as a denuding power, in the way that it has been done in *Frost and Fire*; and one point of great value in the book is, that it so ably opposes the strong reaction which has lately risen against the power of bergs to produce any serious effect on the shape of the solid rocks of a submerged country, for some writers seem to attribute the mammillated moulding of rocks entirely to great land glaciers. But making every allowance for the prodigious and long-continued energy of huge grounding islands of fast-floating ice—a subject long ago mooted by Mr. Darwin—the question still remains, was it capable of producing every effect attributed to it by Mr. Campbell, taking into account all the conditions of extent and shape of the lands over which ice-action has been observed? We think not, and believe, after considerable experience of the question, that land ice has done the greater share of the moulding work, while it is only by a union of the two—land glaciers and floating ice, that the whole of the phenomena can be clearly explained.

On this point, however, we must be brief for want of space. It is an undoubted fact that in North America, from the North Sea to latitudes 38° and 40°, rock-surfaces have been largely moulded by ice. It is seen high on the exposed parts of the Laurentian mountains; it has been observed nearly to the summit of the Katskills; and in the plains, wherever the drift is removed, striations are evident, often, but not always, running from N.N.E. to S.S.W. The Green Mountains, for example, near Canaan, trend a little north of east in a set of parallel ridges, alternating with deep valleys; and the striations on the *roches moutonnées* run northwesterly across the tops of the ridges, down into the valleys, and up and over the opposite hills; yet the run of the hills and valleys is in a direction that, had the ice-marks been caused by icebergs driven

by a northern current, we should expect to find striations on the hill-sides following the course of the valleys. The valley of the Hudson and its continuation through Lake Champlain is certainly lined on the bottom with marine deposits. Mr. Campbell describes striations running *along*, not down, the flanks of the hill at a height of 1935 feet above the sea, in a direction 40° N. of E., and he quotes Ramsay as having made similar observations on the same ground in 1857. At a height of 2850 feet, the same writer also noticed no traces of local glaciers, and he inferred at that time (*Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society*, 1859) that these horizontal striations were caused by icebergs drifting down the great valley of the Hudson, and grating as they passed along the slopes of the escarpment of the Katskill mountains in a sea about 3000 feet deep. From his subsequent writings, however, on glacial matters connected with the physical geology and geography of America, Great Britain, and other parts of Europe, it may be doubted if he would still adhere to the views expressed in 1859 respecting the ice-grooves on the Katskill mountains, especially when taken in connexion with the published writings of Professor Dana, Sir William Logan, and Professor H. Youle Hind. If the hollows holding the myriad lakes of North America that are true rock-basins, were actually, as has been attempted to be proved, ground out by land glacier-ice, then when a person has ceased to fear the magnitude of Agassiz's theory, he will not even shrink from the consequences of inferring a glacier older than the marine drift big enough to produce horizontal striations high on the sides of the Katskill escarpment, especially when backed by the authority of an observer so able and so cautious as Professor Dana. But it may well be that striations were formed by both causes.

In his *Manual of Geology, with special reference to American Geological History* (a work that ought to be in the hand of every student of geology, old or young), Dana does not hesitate to adopt the idea of continental ice as the greatest scale, attributing the probable cause of the "glacial period" to general elevation of the land of the area, for "an elevation of 5000 feet is as probable as a subsidence of 5000 feet," and such subsidences have been of frequent occurrence in the history of the earth. But if the cold were so great in the far north, "there would have been a universal barrier in the universal ice and snow of the universal glacier. But on the south the ice would have had a limit, caused by the climate," motion would have been mainly southward, and the requisite leading slopes for the flow of the ice are found in two cases, in New England and eastern New York, along the Connecticut valley, east of the summit of

the Green Mountains, and along the Hudson River valley, west of the summit." Such glaciers would have passed over the minor summits, scoring them on the way, and the Green Mountains would have given that more eastern direction to the striæ (noticed above) observed about the higher summits, because the general slope is eastward," while below the more elevated points, the southern inclination of the great valley itself *would have directed the movement of the extended glacier.*" When, years ago, we saw the striations on the Green Mountains, we were sadly puzzled to account for the striations running transverse to the trend of the ranges, not only on their tops, but also on their sides. In vain we tried to account for them on the theory of local glaciers, and against the grain we attributed them to drifting icebergs; but now, on high authority, quoted above, it is stated that they may be accounted for on the hypothesis of a great glacier that overrode all minor obstructions. Sir William Logan, also, in his late report on the geology of Canada, does not hesitate to assert, not only that glacier-ice often seems to have passed over hills, but also that the striations running in at one end of lakes, and rising out at the other, point to the entire filling of these hollows with moving ice; and we infer from his remarks that he agrees with the hypothesis that these hollows were scooped out by the agency of land glaciers. If all these markings on hill and hollow were made by icebergs, the great difficulty seems to be, how such floating bodies, under the influence of northern currents, could have produced even tolerably straight striations over irregular ground, formed of hills that often lay across the presumed tracks of the icebergs, and through deep lakes which are only basin-valleys filled with water; whereas, since we know that in the Alps, glacier-ice has gone over good-sized barriers, like the Kirchet near Meyringen, and across the hilly undulations of what are called the plains of Switzerland, then unmodified by the present system of rivers,—believing this, we say that both the puzzling and the simple striations of the North American continent seem most easily explained by the theory of continental ice.

In like manner, Professor Hind, in a "Preliminary Report" on the geology of New Brunswick, states that the whole country is covered with striations, generally, but not always, running N. 10° W., in one case, "on the summit of the Blue Mountains, 1650 feet above the sea." . . . "In Prince William we can also," he says, "see the work the glacier has accomplished in excavating Lake George," and he boldly attributes the formation of great escarpments to the same cause; the whole showing "that the action of the ice slowly moving over it must have

continued for an exceedingly long period of time." But though "the direction of the moving mass of ice was generally due north and south, as the glaciers approached the sea they accommodated themselves to the sinuosities of the valleys through which they made their escape, and produced striations in different directions. At a greater elevation, and more inland, what were on the sea-shore mere ice-streams would be in the interior a uniform or broad glacial mass." The whole, he infers, "would involve a glacial mass certainly not less than 2000 feet in thickness," and, quoting Agassiz, he says, "the thickness of the sheet cannot have been much less than 6000 feet," and, "in short, the ice of the great glacial period in America moved over the continent in one continuous sheet, overriding nearly all the inequalities of the surface."

Such are the conclusions drawn by several competent observers in North America, and we give them that readers may see both sides of the question.

Mr. Campbell's conclusions with regard to the power of icebergs in moulding the surface of the country on this side the Atlantic, are of the same nature with those which he supposes produced like effects in North America; but, as already stated, he believes that Europe had a distinct glacial period of its own. We wish that space would allow us to give an epitome of his account of the intense glaciation of Scandinavia during that period, caused by the great northern Baltic current, of the launching of fleets of bergs from the alips direct for the eastern coasts of Scotland and England, then more than half submerged, and of his argument to show that the surface of the Highlands and the Lowlands, the north of England and Wales, were to a great degree modelled by floating ice, then and subsequently modified by local systems of glaciers. Whether we agree with all his views or not, no one can read his descriptions without pleasure and instruction, so vivid is the style, and so perfect his power of clear exposition.

We must, however, refer to one point to which Mr. Campbell also calls attention, namely, the ice-worn character of fjords. It has been noticed by several writers, and first, we believe, by Professor Dana, that fjords are characteristic of all regions in which great glaciation has occurred. The coasts of Norway and of Scotland prove this, and the same is the case west of the Rocky Mountains, and on parts of the eastern coast of North America. Tierra del Fuego, and the shores of a large part of South America west of the Andes, are similarly indented. These fjords are simply valleys through which large glaciers flowed when the land was higher than now, and Loch Lomond and others of the fresh-water lochs in Scotland were fjords at

certain periods of their history, since raised above the level of the sea. Their sides and the mountains bounding them to the very tops are often seen to have been moulded by ice, and they are rarely deepest towards their mouths. Raise the land and sea-bottom but a little, and they would often become lakes. Valleys and lake-hollows like them are common all over the Highlands of Scotland. Lake Champlain in North America is a case in point, and if Lombardy and Piedmont were submerged, which they never were during any part of the "glacial period," the great Italian lakes would be turned into fjords. We believe it to be impossible to account for the unnumbered lakes of the Highlands of Scotland, and far more for those of North America, by mere oscillations of level and *axial movements*, and it seems to us not more easy to account for them by the casual scooping power of grating icebergs. A great iceberg that might grind its way across the lip of a submerged deep rock-bound basin could scarcely touch the deeper bottom on the floor at all, till it reached the opposite bank; and if a hilly country were sinking beneath the sea, and emerging during a glacial period, though we can understand how all its surface might be glaciated by land and sea ice during the process, thus producing both mammillations and terraces, it is difficult to see how, under the circumstances, the striations would have a tendency (with variation) to follow a general northerly and southerly direction. If, for example, reported observations of striations are good, the great glacier-sheet that descended southwards from the Grampian Mountains flowed right across the lower undulations of the Old red sandstone, and up and across the Ochil Hills, and it is not till we reach the lowlands of Fife and the Firth of Forth, that, joining the ice that flowed eastward through that great valley, the striation of the country took an eastward direction. The same kind of reasoning applies to the valley of the Clyde, and it seems to some good observers, therefore, that though bergs and flow-ice had their sway during a partial submergence of Britain, the main moulding of the surface was produced by sheets of land-ice similar to that which now covers Greenland or Victoria land, sea-ice being, they say, incompetent to produce these special effects, however great may be its power.

If Britain were submerged 1000 or 2000 feet, the mountains of the Highlands, the north of England, and of Wales, would form groups of islands, and in among the intricate mazes of the straits, sea-ice and bergs of moderate size might certainly float about and grind the rocks in all directions. Striations would then be formed along the coasts, which would more or less agree with the run of the valleys, especially during certain

stages of submergence. Two things, however, are to be noted:—

First, In the wider countries round mountain regions the striations, as already stated, often run right across the country up hill and across dale, as if the mass of ice had been so great that it disregarded the minor obstructions of moderate-sized hills, and treated them as mere *roches moutonnées*; just as in Switzerland, and even in Wales, it has been said that when the large valleys were at their fullest, the ice overrode the minor spurs that bound tributary valleys. Few things are more striking than to stand on the top of Ingleburgh, in Yorkshire, or the high hills above Dent, and the beautiful valley of the Lune, and to scan, as it seems to us, not only the mammillated glaciation of the country up to the very tops of the hills, but also the manner in which the vast ice-sheet, at some part of its history, wound deep among all the labyrinthine valleys of the country, and yet, turning aside in its higher strata to find an unobstructed course, wrapped round the upper slopes, and along and over the hill-sides in directions at all sorts of angles to the ice-currents that flowed deeper in the valleys, the whole, however, finding its way towards the low ground farther south.

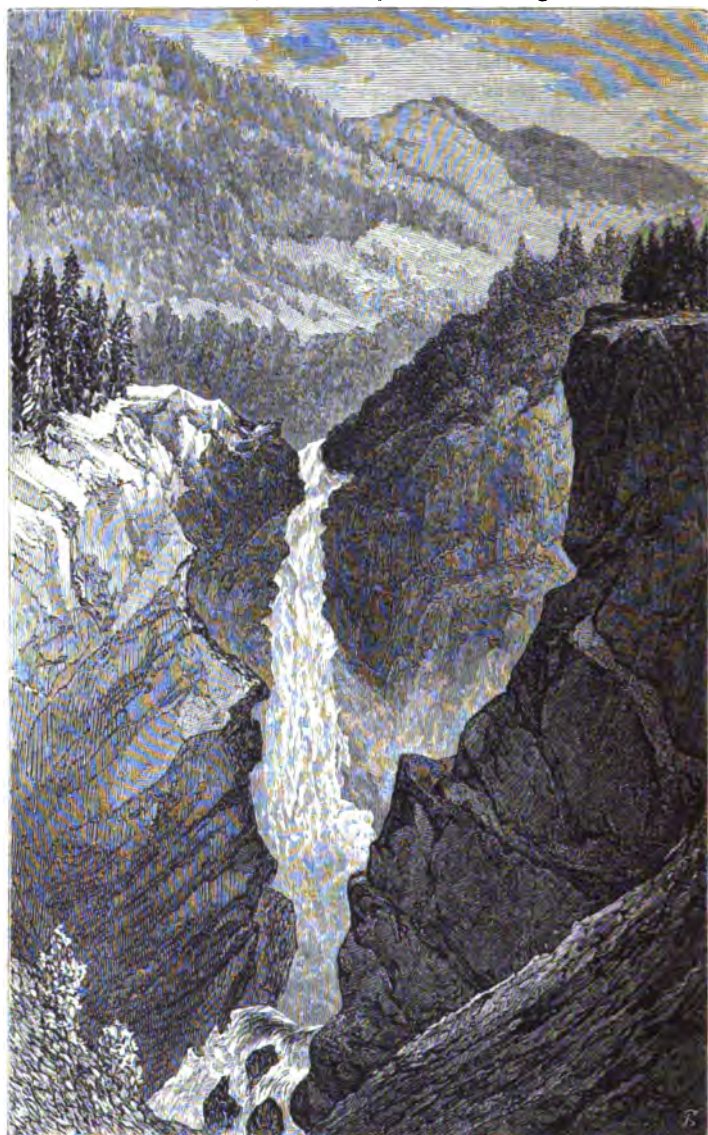
Secondly, In the more mountainous regions of Britain that have been half submerged, the glaciers that again filled many of the valleys after emergence, partly, and we think often very largely, destroyed and modified the earlier markings, whether made by icebergs or by older and larger glaciers, and it thus becomes difficult to determine the precise origin of special ice-marks, otherwise than that they were made by ice. In many cases, however, as in parts of Ireland, in the plains, there is a confusion of striation, most easily accounted for by icebergs, while in other regions there is no such confusion, the marks corresponding best to those we know to have been produced by glacier-ice, even though they may be covered with marine drift; and there is nothing forced in this opinion, for if Greenland were now to be submerged slowly, the same effects would follow.

All the regions described by Mr. Campbell, excepting Scandinavia, we have had some personal experience of, and, we think, on the whole, that all the conditions of the case are best satisfied by a broad union of the two hypotheses, combined with that of a general cooling of the Northern hemisphere of the time. After much observation and varied reading, we feel convinced that the old glacier regions of the Alps, the Jura, the Black Forest, and the Vosges, were not depressed nearly so low as to be washed by the sea during any



Torrent cutting VYUL in a slope between two hollows.

*Water-worn
Rock.*



Faded.

RIIKAN FOS, SOUTHERN NORWAY, Sept. 1852

portion of this late European glacial epoch, whether or not distinct in time from that of America. If Switzerland were submerged, so that the blocks far above the Pierre-a-bot floated to the Jura on marine ice, as Mr. Campbell supposes, then marine "drift" ought to lie on the hills that flank the Rhine, far down to meet the drift of the plains north of Bonn or Cologne. After traversing the whole of that region with a special eye to the subject, we have failed to detect any drift. Neither is any known in the plains of Piedmont and Lombardy. Farther north in Europe, beyond the Thüringerwald, marine ice-drift is plentiful enough.

It is conceivable, however, on Mr. Campbell's hypothesis, that the great old glaciers of these regions may have been due to the refrigeration of the centre of Europe by the influence of the Baltic current flowing from the icy regions of the North Sea and Scandinavia, but for various reasons, we think, the refrigeration of the north of Europe was due to causes of a more general kind, probably not yet fully understood.

In many passages of his book, Mr. Campbell satisfactorily shows, that since the so-called close of the glacial period of Europe, running water has not done much in the way of excavating valleys in Norway and elsewhere. This is perfectly true regarding the great features of the country. On either side of mountain-streams that now flow through old glacier valleys, ice-polished surfaces of rocks descend right down to the margins of the brooks and rivers, or to the edges of the gorges that rivers have cut for themselves. But it is equally clear that there must have been leading slopes through which the newly-formed glaciers flowed when a "glacial period" commenced, and the difficulty of the case is to find out how deeply and widely the valleys were excavated before that period began. The glacier of the Dora Baltea, for example, was of enormous size when it deposited its moraine more than 1600 feet high on either side of and far below Ivrea. The ice, at all events, was more than 1600 feet thick, and towards the latter days of the glacier the valley was as deep as it is now. The question then arises, and has been broached by Dr. Tyndall, Did these glaciers excavate the valleys down which they flowed? That they moulded them is allowed by all, excepting the dying school, who look upon mountains and valleys as chiefly owing to fracture and disturbance, and not to wear and waste of rocky masses due to all kinds of atmospheric disintegration, after the manner long ago so perfectly illustrated by Hutton. Now there are regions on the Continent of Europe, and even in Britain, of which no one has asserted that during the glacial period they ever were covered by glaciers. Take

for example the great table-lands on either side of the Rhine and Moselle, where "drift" or glacial débris is utterly unknown. Those who like the idea of sudden and strong physical force better than that of *time*, or who are unaccustomed to think of hills and valleys and slopes on a true scale of angles, may continue to maintain that the courses of these streams, and the unnumbered valleys that run into them, all lie in lines of fracture. But in modern phrase, the contorted and half-metamorphosed strata of the Moselle, have been planed across by old marine denudation, and in this old plain the valleys were and are being excavated, at least ever since the close of Miocene times, in this manner. When the land fairly emerged, a downward flow in a given direction originated, dependent on slight undulations of surface. The river began to cut its course, bending hither and thither. On the convex sides of the curves of the water, the more rapid rushes cut away the ground and commenced cliffs, and just in proportion as the river cut its way in any given direction *into* the hill, so it deepened its bed, and thus in time, on the side towards which the water flowed, a high steep slope or cliff was formed; whereas, on the other side,—the re-entering angle,—a long gentle slope passes down to the margin of the river. The water is therefore deep on its convex side and shallow on the opposite bank, and where the water is deep the cliff is high, and *vice versa*, and this sort of process, having gone on in that and other regions from time immemorial, even (almost) in a geological sense, and being modified by the cutting through of necks of land in the curves of the rivers, in course of time valleys are widened by the action of weather and running water alone. In more mountainous regions this is less marked, but even there, given sufficient time, even without snow and ice, valleys must in the long run deepen and widen. The stream flows on and deepens its course; because of this deepening tributaries are formed, secondary tributary rivulets and brooks are again formed to these, the banks of all are cut away, the intervening ridges themselves in time disappear, and this may be the case whether the agent be ice or water. Let a "glacial period" come on and overflow the country with ice, and let it continue long enough, then all the minor details of mere watery action will be obliterated, and an extreme lover of ice might very well attribute the entire excavation to the long-continued passage of glaciers.

In our own country, in the Weald, there is a broad valley forty miles across, and many minor ones, entirely due to denudation, by water as far as we know; and in the district of the High Peak in Derbyshire, and the neighbouring parts on the north, where there are no signs of glaciers, the formation of

valleys in the flat-lying carboniferous shales and sandstones, helped by numerous land-slips, miles in length, seem to be due chiefly to the agency of running water. Whether or not this was the case, running water apparently may be amply sufficient for the purpose.

The questions raised in the part of these volumes bearing on frost, are so many that it would be difficult in an ordinary review to touch on half of them, and therefore we must hasten to the question as to whether or not the glacial periods of Europe and America were distinct in time.

Putting aside mere moraines made by minor glaciers in regions where they are no longer found, superficial glacial deposits in the main consist of three kinds, both in Europe and America:—Oldest, but often absent, there is apt to be an unstratified boulder clay; later, in Britain, are rudely stratified boulder-beds, containing Arctic shells, and various minor subformations not at present important to us. The same succession has been more vaguely described in America, and above these are the shell-banks of Quebec, the Leda clays of Montreal, described by Dr. Dawson, and the laminated clays of the Hudson, and Lake Champlain. These last, in which the whales and seals cited by Mr. Campbell were buried, are not ice-borne boulder-clays, but finely-laminated clays, without stones, like those on the banks of the Hudson, near Albany. The rocky floor on which true glacial beds rest has almost everywhere been intensely ice-worn, and the circumstances therefore entirely resemble those with which we are familiar over that part of Europe that has been worked upon by land-ice, and then submerged during our "glacial period."

Believing, as we do, that the lower unstratified boulder clays of America are often, as with us, relics of old moraine on a great scale, we do not think that all the chief phenomena of glaciation of that continent, as described by Logan, Dana, and Hind, can be accounted for by any theory by which icebergs are required to have done the main work of moulding the surface of the country. But agreement in detail will not prove synchronism in the glacial periods of the two continents, and, indeed, in the present state of knowledge, however much we suspect it to be true, it is impossible to prove, on ordinary geological grounds, that the glacial period of Europe is of the same date with the submergence of great part of North America, while it is equally impossible to show that a glacial period in North America co-existed, or did not co-exist, with Mr. Campbell's Baltic current.

Looked at on a large scale, the following are some of the main facts. Glacial phenomena are traceable across North

America to Behring's Straits. In Siberia, according to Tchihatcheff, marine glacial beds occur, passing from the plains up the valleys of the Altai, but destitute of boulders; and this can be easily accounted for by the probable absence of land between the shores of Siberia and the pole. Not far west of the northern Ural, strata full of "wandering stones" are common, and these continue all across Europe and into the sea beyond. We do not think that the cold of all these vast regions can be accounted for by a Baltic current, or by any other set of mere geographical changes. Further, the amount of submergence indicated by Mr. Campbell, we believe did not everywhere take place. We venture to dispute Dr. Hitchcock's statement that marine terraces exist on Snowdon, at 3000 feet above the sea, and we dare to assert that, in 1847, on the same mountain, at the same height, Mr. Baumgarten found Lower Silurian, and not Arctic species. No continental, and few English geologists, now believe in the floating from the Alps of the erratics on the Jura by marine ice-rafts, and no marine boulder-bearing strata approach the Alps and the Jura of later than Miocene date. There are no post-tertiary beds corresponding to our "drift" in their neighbourhood, either north or south of the Alps and Jura. We also know the country round the source of the Danube, 2850 feet above the sea, having visited it in search of drift, and found none. We scarcely dare to speculate on what would take place by enlarging Behring's Straits, and lowering the Himalayas 10,000 feet. It is dangerous ground till something definite is known on the subject. During the "glacial period" the Himalayas may, for aught we know to the contrary, have been higher instead of lower, for it is a long way from thence to the plains of Siberia. To sum up, glaciers on a great scale have been proved in Britain and Ireland, Scandinavia, the Black Forest and the Vosges, the Jura, the Alps, and Carpathians, the Pyrenees and the south of Spain, the Caucasus and Lebanon, etc.; and, if reports be true, there are glacial markings high in the passes of Horeb and Sinai, while moraines partly circle their feet. In some of these regions glacier ice has disappeared; in the others, the glaciers have shrunk to pigmy size compared with their former dimensions. There can be little doubt that many other mountain regions in Europe and Asia, and perhaps even in Africa, would tell the same tale, if trustworthy accounts of them could be got.

It seems to us, then, that though variations of level had a great deal to do with the question, geographical changes, involving modifications of sea-currents, are insufficient to account for all the phenomena, and we still think that there was a general "glacial period" for the Northern hemisphere, during which the

northern halves of Europe and America were, to a vast extent, overridden by glaciers, which moulded the land, and flowed over minor obstructions, great to us, but small when compared with the mass of ice. Then, but especially later, when climate began to ameliorate, under-currents of ice accommodated themselves to the sinuosities of the valleys, even while the upper currents tended towards the direction of the major drainage, thus moulding the whole of a great glacier country, and yet producing seemingly divergent striations, as we now find them in a fragmentary state. While this was going on, submergence took place in Europe. Then the great Baltic current, so admirably illustrated by Campbell, had its sway; boulders were floated on ice-rafts over the sunken land; and sea-shells of Arctic type were mixed with the débris; and when the land again arose, a milder phase of the glacial period still continuing, smaller glaciers ploughed out the "drift" from many of the valleys, and left their moraines as they crept up higher and higher into the upper glens during a gradual change of climate. It has been stated that the same course of events may be traced in America, but it does not therefore follow that America and Europe were submerged at the same time, even though they both contemporaneously endured a glacial period. There is certainly much to be said on "the geographical" side of the question; but the other explanation, now by no means new, seems to us to meet the whole case in the best manner that existing data will allow.

A new phase of the subject is even now opening on us, if Mr. James Croll's theory,¹ which attracts so much attention, should prove to be correct. In this remarkable memoir he has attempted to show that "the physical cause of the change of climate during *glacial epochs*" is due to "the position of the earth in relation to the sun, which must, to a very large extent, influence the earth's climate." This position, depending on the varying eccentricity of the earth's orbit, and on the inclination of its axis, is shown to produce, of necessity, great alternating changes of temperature in the Northern and Southern hemispheres. According to it, our glacial period is far gone, while the south still suffers from one which is probably increasing in intensity, while ours diminishes. This evidently bears upon a much larger question, namely, the recurrence of glacial periods in geological time, a question now rising into prominence, and long ago, we believe, surmised by Agassiz, from considerations connected with the prevalence and poverty of life characteristic of formations of different ages. Of later date, proofs have been

¹ *Philosophical Magazine*, August 1864.

advanced by Ramsay to show that icebergs scattered boulder débris over parts of Europe during the Permian epoch; and in the north of Italy the same kind of evidence has been satisfactorily adduced by Gastaldi with respect to the older Miocene strata. It has lately been announced in the *Reader*, that the same kind of evidence bears on the Old red sandstone boulder-beds of the north of England, and, if true, there can be no doubt that it equally applies to the Old red conglomerates of much of Scotland. Other formations will certainly some day be recognised as showing signs of ice-drifts from Silurian times upward. If recurrent glacial periods can be shown to depend on a great astronomical law, we will then begin at length fairly to understand the subject.

Here, however, we must rest, heartily commending Mr. Campbell's volumes to every one interested in the subject we have chiefly dwelt upon. Whether we agree with him or not in all his inferences, we learn more from him of the power of ice than we do from any other work that has been recently published on the subject. For the present we must leave the remainder of his work, even though it contains matter on volcanoes and other points of equal interest to that which we have more specially examined.

THE
NORTH , BRITISH REVIEW.

DECEMBER 1865.

ART. I.—SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

MORE than enough has perhaps been said in disparagement of the eighteenth century. It is not therefore to speak more evil of that much-abused time, but merely to note an obvious fact, if we say that its main tendency was towards the outward and the finite. Just freed from the last ties of feudalism, escaped too from long religious conflicts which had resulted in war and revolution, the feelings of the British people took a new direction : the nation's energies were wholly turned to the pacific working out of its material and industrial resources. Let us leave those deep, interminable questions, which lead only to confusion, and let us stick to plain, obvious facts, which cannot mislead, and which yield such comfortable results. This was the genius and temper of the generation that followed the glorious Revolution. Nor was there wanting a man to give definite shape and expression to this tendency of the national mind. Locke, a shrewd and practical man, who knew the world, furnished his countrymen with a way of thinking singularly in keeping with their then temper ; a philosophy which, discarding abstruse ideas, fashioned thought mainly out of the senses ; an ethics founded on the selfish instincts of pleasure and pain ; and a political theory which, instead of the theocratic dreams of the Puritans, or the divine right of the High-Churchmen, or the historic traditions of feudalism, grounded government on the more prosaic but not less unreal phantasy of an original contract. This whole philosophy, however inconsistent with what is noblest in British history, was so congenial a growth of the British soil, that no other has ever struck so deep a root, or spread so wide and enduring an influence. But this process, introduced by Locke for the purpose of moderating the pretensions of human thought, came to be gloried in by his followers as its highest achievement. The

points, eager to know all that other men had thought and known, and working as well on a basis of wide erudition as on his own internal resources, but with a body that did him grievous wrong, and frustrated, not obeyed, his better aspirations, and a will faltering and irresolute to follow out the behests of his surpassing intellect, he but drove in a shaft here and there into the vast mine of thought that was in him, and died leaving samples rather of what he might have done, than a full and rounded achievement,—yet samples so rich, so varied, so suggestive, that to thousands they have been the quickeners of new intellectual life, and that to this day they stand unequalled by anything his country has since produced. In one point, however, the friends are alike. They both turned aside from professional aims, devoted themselves to pure thought, set themselves to counter-work the mechanical and utilitarian bias of their time, and became the great spiritualizers of the thought of their countrymen, the fountain-heads from which has flowed most of what is high and unworldly and elevating in the thinking and speculation of the succeeding age.

It is indeed strange, that of Coleridge's philosophy, once so much talked of, and really so important in its influence, no comprehensive account has been ever attempted. The only attempt in this direction that we know of, is that made six years after Coleridge's death, and now more than twenty years ago, by one who has since become the chief expounder of that philosophy which Coleridge laboured all his life to refute. In his well-known essay, Mr. Mill, while fully acknowledging that no other Englishman, save only his own teacher Bentham, had left so deep an impress on his age, yet turns aside from making a full survey of Coleridge's whole range of thought, precluded, as he confesses, by his own radical opposition to Coleridge's fundamental principles. After setting forth clearly the antagonistic schools of thought which, since the dawn of philosophy, have divided opinion as to the origin of knowledge, and after declaring his own firm adhesion to the sensational school, and his consequent inability to sympathize with Coleridge's metaphysical views, he passes from this part of the subject, and devotes the rest of his essay mainly to the consideration of Coleridge as a political philosopher. This, however, is but one, and that by no means the chief department of thought, to which Coleridge devoted himself. Had Mr. Mill felt disposed to give to the other and more important of Coleridge's speculations,—his views on metaphysics, on morals, and on religion,—as well as to his criticisms and his poetry, the same masterly treatment which he has given to his politics, any further attempt in that direction might have been spared. But it is characteristic of Mr. Mill, that, though gifted with a power which no other writer of his

school possesses, of entering into lines of thought, and of apparently sympathizing with modes of feeling, most alien to his own, he still, after the widest sweep of appreciation, returns at last to the ground from which he started, and there entrenches himself within his original tenets as firmly as if he had never caught a glimpse of other and higher truths, with which his own principles are inconsistent.

Before we enter on the intellectual result of Coleridge's labours, and inquire what new elements he has added to British thought, it may be well to pause for a moment, and review briefly the well-known circumstances of his life. This will not only add a human interest to the more abstract thoughts which follow, but may perhaps help to make them better understood. And if, in contrast with the life of Wordsworth, and with its own splendid promise, the life of Coleridge is disappointing even to sadness, it has not the less for that a mournful interest; while the union of transcendent genius with infirmity of will and irregular impulses, the failure and the penitential regret, lend to his story a humanizing, even a tragic, pathos, which touches our common nature more closely than any gifts of genius.

The vicarage of Ottery St. Mary's, Devonshire, was the birth-place and early home of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. As in Wordsworth, we said that his whole character was in keeping with his native Cumberland—the robust northern yeoman, only touched with genius—so the character of Coleridge, as far as it had any local hue, seems more native to South England. Is it fanciful to imagine that there was something in that character which accords well with the soft mild air, and the dreamy loveliness that rests on the blue coombes and sea-coves of South Devon? He was born on the 21st of October 1772, the youngest child of ten by his father's second marriage with Anne Bowdon, said to have been a woman of strong practical sense, thrifty, industrious, very ambitious for her sons, but herself without any "tincture of letters." Plainly not from her, but wholly from his father, did Samuel Taylor take his temperament. The Rev. John Coleridge, sometime head-master of the Free Grammar School, afterwards vicar of the parish of Ottery St. Mary's, is described as, for his age, a great scholar, studious, immersed in books, altogether unknowing and regardless of the world and its ways, simple in nature and primitive in manners, heedless of passing events, and usually known as "the absent man." In a Latin grammar which he wrote for his pupils, he changed the case which Julius Cæsar named, from the ablative to the Quale-quare-quidditive, just as his son might have done had he ever taken to writing grammars. He wrote dissertations on portions of the Old Testament, showing the same sort of discursiveness which his son

afterwards did on a larger scale. In his sermons, he used to quote the very words of the Hebrew Scriptures, till the country people used to exclaim admiringly, "How fine he was! He gave us the very words the Spirit spoke in." Of his absent fits and his other eccentricities many stories were long preserved in his own neighbourhood, which Coleridge used to tell to his friends at Highgate, till the tears ran down his face at the remembrance. Among other well-known stories, it is told that once when he had to go from home for several days, his wife packed his portmanteau with a shirt for each day, charging him strictly to be sure and use them. On his return, his wife, on opening the portmanteau, was surprised to find no shirts there. On asking him to account for this, she found that he had duly obeyed her commands, and had put on a shirt every day, but each above the other. And there were all the shirts, not in the portmanteau, but on his own back. With all these eccentricities, he was a good and unworldly Christian pastor, much beloved and respected by his own people. Though Coleridge was only seven years old when his father was taken away by a sudden death, he remembered him to the last with deep reverence and love. "O that I might so pass away, if, like him, I were an Israelite without guile! The image of my father—my revered, kind, learned, simple-hearted father—is a religion to me."

During his childhood, he tells us, he never took part in the plays and games of his brothers, but sought refuge by his mother's side to read his little books and listen to the talk of his elders. If he played at all it was at cutting down nettles with a stick, and fancying them the seven champions of Christendom. He had, he says, the simplicity and docility of a child, but he never thought or spoke as a child.

But his childhood, such as it was, did not long last. At the age of nine he was removed to a school in the heart of London, Christ's Hospital, "an institution," says Charles Lamb, "to keep those who yet hold up their heads in the world from sinking." The presentation to this charity school, no doubt a great thing for the youngest of so many sons, was obtained through the influence of Judge Buller, formerly one of his father's pupils. "O what a change," writes Coleridge in after years, "from home to this city school: depressed, moping, friendless, a poor orphan, half-starved!" Of this school Charles Lamb, the school companion, and through life the firm friend of Coleridge, has left two descriptions in his delightful *Essays*. Everything in the world has, they say, two sides; certainly Christ's Hospital must have had. One cannot imagine any two things more unlike than the picture which Lamb draws of the school in his first essay and that in the second. The first sets forth the look

which the school wore to Lamb himself, a London boy, with his family close at hand, ready to welcome him at all hours, and ready to send him daily supplies of additional food, and with influential friends among the trustees, who, if he had wrongs, would soon see them righted. The second shows the stepdame side it turned on Coleridge, an orphan from the country, with no friends at hand, moping, half-starved, "for in those days the food of the Blue-coats was cruelly insufficient for those who had no friends to supply them." Any one who cares to see these things sketched off as no other could sketch them, may turn to Lamb's essay, *Christ's Hospital Five-and-Thirty Years Ago*. "To this late hour of my life," he represents Coleridge as saying, "I trace impressions left by the recollection of those friendless holidays. The long warm days of summer never return, but they bring with them a gloom from the haunting memory of those whole-day leaves, when, by some strange arrangement, we were turned out for the livelong day upon our own hands, whether we had friends to go to or none. I remember those bathing excursions to the New River. How merrily we would sally forth into the fields, and strip under the first warmth of the sun, and wanton like young dace in the streams, getting us appetites for noon, which those of us that were penniless (our scanty morning crust long since exhausted) had not the means of allaying; the very beauty of the day, and the exercise of the pastime, and the sense of liberty setting a keener edge upon them! How faint and languid, finally, we would return towards nightfall to our desired morsel, half-rejoicing, half-reluctant that the hours of our uneasy liberty had expired." In one of these bathing excursions Coleridge swam the New River in his clothes, and let them dry in the fields on his back. This laid the first seeds of those rheumatic pains and that prolonged bodily suffering which never afterwards left him, and which did so much to frustrate the rich promise of his youth.

In the lower school at Christ's the time was spent in idleness, and little was learnt. But even then Coleridge was a devourer of books, and this appetite was fed by a strange accident, which, though often told, must here be repeated once again. One day as the lower schoolboy walked down the Strand, going with his arms as if in the act of swimming, he touched the pocket of a passer-by. "What, so young and so wicked!" exclaimed the stranger, at the same time seizing the boy for a pickpocket. "I am not a pickpocket; I only thought I was Leander swimming the Hellespont." The capturer, who must have been a man of some feeling, was so struck with the answer, and with the intelligence as well as simplicity of the boy, that instead of handing him over to the police, he subscribed to a library, that thence Coleridge might in future get

his fill of books. In a short time he read right through the catalogue and exhausted the library. While Coleridge was thus idling his time in the lower school, Middleton, an elder boy, afterwards writer on the Greek article and Bishop of Calcutta, found him one day sitting in a corner and reading Virgil by himself, not as a lesson, but for pleasure. Middleton reported this to Dr. Bowyer, then head-master of the school, who, on questioning the master of the lower school about Coleridge, was told that he was a dull scholar, could never repeat a single rule of syntax, but was always ready to give one of his own. Henceforth Coleridge was under the head-master's eye, and soon passed into the upper school to be under his immediate care. Dr. Bowyer was one of the stern old disciplinarians of those days, who had boundless faith in the lash. Coleridge was one of those precocious boys who might easily have been converted into a prodigy, had that been the fashion at the time. But, "thank Heaven," he said, "I was flogged instead of flattered." He was so ordinary looking a boy, with his great black head, that Bowyer, when he had flogged him, generally ended with an extra cut, "For you are such an ugly fellow." When he was fifteen, Coleridge, in order to get rid of school, wished to be apprenticed to a shoemaker and his wife, who had been kind to him. On the day when some of the boys were to be apprenticed to trades, Crispin appeared and sued for Coleridge. The head-master, on hearing the proposal, and Coleridge's assent, hurled the tradesman from the room with such violence, that had this last been litigiously inclined, he might have sued the doctor for assault. And so Coleridge used to joke, "I lost the opportunity of making safeguards for the *understandings* of those who will never thank me for what I am trying to do in exercising their reason."

While Coleridge was at school, one of his brothers was attending the London Hospital, and from his frequent visits there the Blue-coat boy imbibed a love of surgery and doctoring, and was for a time set on making this his profession. He devoured English, Latin, and Greek books of medicine voraciously, and had by heart a whole Latin medical dictionary. But this dream gave way, or led on to rage for metaphysics, which set him on a course of abstruse reading, and finally landed him in Voltaire's *Philosophical Dictionary*, after perusing which, he sported infidel. When this new turn reached Bowyer's ears, he sent for Coleridge. "So, sirrah! you are an infidel, are you? Then I'll flog your infidelity out of you." So saying, the doctor administered the severest, and, as Coleridge used to say, the only just flogging he ever received.

Of this stern scholastic Lamb has left the following portrait:—

"He had two wigs, both pedantic, but of different omen. The one

serene, smiling, powdered, betokening a mild day. The other, an old discoloured, unkempt, angry caxon, denoting frequent and bloody execution. Woe to the school when he made his morning appearance in his 'Passy,' or passionate wig. Nothing was more common than to see him make a headlong entry into the schoolroom from his inner recess or library, and with turbulent eye, singling out a lad, roar out, 'Ods my life, sirrah (his favourite adjuration), I have a great mind to whip you,' then with as retracting an impulse fling back into his lair, and then, after a cooling relapse of some minutes (during which all but the culprit had totally forgotten the context), drive headlong out again, piecing out his imperfect sense, as if it had been some devil's litany, with the expletory yell, 'and I *will*, too.' In his gentler moods he had resort to an ingenious method, peculiar, for what I have heard, to himself, of whipping a boy and reading the *Debates* at the same time—a paragraph and a lash between." . . . "Perhaps," adds Lamb, "we cannot dismiss him better than with the pious ejaculation of Coleridge (the joke was no doubt Lamb's own) when he heard that his old master was on his deathbed, 'Poor J. B., may all his faults be forgiven, and may he be wafted to bliss by little cherub boys, all head and wings, with no bottoms to reproach his sublunary infirmities.'"

How much of all this may be Lamb's love of fun one cannot say. Coleridge always spoke of Dr. Bowyer with grateful affection. In his literary life he speaks of having enjoyed the inestimable advantage of a very sensible, though severe master; one who taught him to prefer Demosthenes to Cicero, Homer and Theocritus to Virgil, and Virgil to Ovid; who accustomed his pupils to compare Lucretius, Terence, and the purer poems of Catullus, not only with "the Roman poets of the silver, but even with those of the Augustan era, and on grounds of plain sense and universal logic, to see the superiority of the former in the truth and nativeness both of their thoughts and diction." This doctrine was wholesome though rare in those days, not so common even now, so much so that some have supposed that in these and other lessons with which Coleridge credited Dr. Bowyer, he was but reflecting back on his master from his own after thoughts.

While Coleridge was being thus wholesomely drilled in the great ancient models, his own poetic power began to put forth some buds. Up to the age of fifteen, his school verses were not beyond the mark of a clever schoolboy. At sixteen, however, the genius cropped out. The first ray of it appears in a short allegory, written at the latter age, and entitled "Real and Imaginary Time." The opening lines are—

"On the wide level of a mountain's head,
I knew not where; but 'twas some faery place."

In that short piece, short and slight as it is, there is a real touch of his after spirit and melody.

During those years when he was in the upper school, metaphysics and controversial theology struggled for some time with poetry for the mastery; but at last, under the combined influence of a first love and of Bowles' poems, he was led clear of the bewildering maze, and poetry for some years was paramount. It may seem strange now that Bowles' sonnets and early poems, which Coleridge then met with for the first time, should have produced on him so keen an impression of novelty. But so it often happens that what was, on its first appearance, quite original, looked back upon in after years, when it has been absorbed into the general taste, seems to lose more than half its freshness. There can be no doubt of the powerful effect that Bowles had on Coleridge's dawning powers; that he opened the young poet's eyes to what was false and meretricious in the courtly school from Pope to Darwin, and made him feel that here, for the first time in contemporary poetry, natural thought was combined with natural diction—heart reconciled with head. To those who care for these things, it would be worth while to turn to the first chapter of Coleridge's *Literary Life*, and see there the first fermenting of his poetic taste and principles. But during those last school years, while his mind was thus expanding, and while his existence was a more tolerable, in some respects even a happy one, he was suffering much in that body, in which throughout life he had to endure so much. Full half his time from seventeen to eighteen was passed in the sick-ward, afflicted with jaundice and rheumatic fever, inherent it may be in his constitution, but doubtless not lessened by those swimings over the New River in his clothes. But, above these sufferings, which were afterwards so heavily to weigh him down, Coleridge, during his early years, had a buoyancy of heart which enabled him to rise, and to hide them from ordinary observers. Having dwelt thus long on Coleridge's school-days, because they are very fully recorded, and contain as in miniature both the strength and the weakness of the full-grown man, we may close them with Lamb's description of Coleridge as he appeared in retrospect of Lamb's school companions:—

“Come back to my memory like as thou wert in the dayspring of thy fancies, with hope like a fiery column before thee—the dark pillar not yet turned—Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Logician, Metaphysician, Bard! How have I seen the casual passer through the cloisters stand still, entranced with admiration (while he weighed the disproportion between the speech and the garb of the young *Mirandula*), to hear thee unfold, in thy deep and sweet intonations, the mysteries of *Iamblichus* or *Plotinus*; for even then thou waxedst not pale at such philosophic draughts; or reciting *Homer* in his Greek, or *Pindar*; while the walls of the old Grey Friars re-echoed the accents of the inspired charity boy!”

It is hardly possible to conceive two school times more unlike than this of Coleridge at Christ's, pent into the heart of London city, and that of Wordsworth at Hawkshead, free of Esthwaite Mere, and all the surrounding solitudes. And yet each, as well in habits and teaching as in outward scenery and circumstance, answer strangely to the characters and after lives of the two friends.

Coleridge entered Jesus College, Cambridge, in February 1791, just a month after Wordsworth had quitted the University. On neither of the poets did their University life leave much impression. For neither was that the place and the hour. Coleridge for a time, under the influence of his elder friend Middleton, was industrious, read hard, and obtained the prize for the Greek Sapphic ode. It was on some subject about slavery, and was better in its thoughts than its Greek. Afterwards he tried for the Craven Scholarship, in which contest his rivals were Keate, afterwards head-master of Eton, Bethell, who became an M.P. for Yorkshire, and Butler, the future head of Shrewsbury School and Bishop of Lichfield, who won the scholarship. Out of sixteen or seventeen competitors, Coleridge was selected along with these three; but he was not the style of man to come out great in University competitions. He had not that exactness and readiness which are needed for these trials; and he wanted entirely the competitive ardour which is with many so powerful an incentive. After this there is no more notice of regular work. His heart was elsewhere—in poetry, with Bowles for guide; in philosophy, with Hartley, who had belonged to his own college, for master; and in politics, which then filled all ardent young minds even to passionate intoxication. For the French Revolution was then in its first frenzy, promising liberty, virtue, regeneration to the old and outworn world. Into that vortex of boundless hope and wild delirium what high-minded youth could keep from plunging? Not Coleridge. "In the general conflagration," he writes, "my feelings and imagination did not remain unkindled. I should have been ashamed rather than proud of myself if they had." Pamphlets were pouring from the press on the great subjects then filling all men's minds; and whenever one appeared from the pen of Burke or other man of power, Coleridge, who had read it in the morning, repeated it every word to his friends gathered round their small supper-tables. Presently one Friend, a fellow of Jesus College, being accused of sedition, of defamation of the Church of England, and of holding Unitarian doctrines, was tried by the authorities, condemned, and banished the University. Coleridge sided zealously with Friend, not only from the sympathy which generous youth always feels for the persecuted, but also because he had himself adopted those Unitarian

and other principles for which Frend was ejected. Hence would come a growing disaffection, which must have been weakening his attachment to his University, when other circumstances arose, which, in his second year of residence, brought his Cambridge career to a sudden close. The loss of his trusty friend and guide Middleton, who, failing in his final examination, quitted the University without obtaining a fellowship; and the pressure of some college debts, less than £100, incurred through his own inexperience, drove Coleridge into despondency. He went to London, and wandered hopelessly about the streets, and at night sat down on the steps of a house in Chancery Lane, where, being soon surrounded by swarms of beggars, real or feigned, he emptied to them the little money that remained in his pockets. In the morning, seeing an advertisement—"Wanted Recruits for the 15th Light Dragoons," he said to himself, "Well, I have hated all my life soldiers and horses; the sooner I cure myself of that the better." He enlisted as Private Comberbach, a name, the truth of which he himself was wont to say, his horse must have fully appreciated. A rare sight it must have been to see Coleridge perched on some hard-set, rough-trotting trooper, and undergoing his first lessons in the riding-school, with the riding-master shouting out to the rest of the awkward squad, "Take care of that Comberbach; he'll ride over you." For the grooming of his horse and other mechanical duties Coleridge was dependent on the kindness of his comrades, with whom he was a great favourite. Their services he repaid by writing all their letters to their wives and sweethearts. At last the following sentence written up in the stable under his saddle, "*Eheu, quam infortunium, miserrimum est fuisse felicem,*" revealed his real condition to a captain who had Latin enough to translate the words, and heart enough to feel them. About the same time an old Cambridge acquaintance, passing through Reading on his way to join his regiment, met Coleridge in the street in dragoon dress, stopped him when he would have passed, and informed his friends. After about four months' service he was bought off, returned to Cambridge, stayed there but a short time, and finally left in June 1794 without taking a degree.

Then followed what may be called his Bristol period, including his first friendship with Southey, their dream of emigration, their marriage, Coleridge's first attempts at authorship, and his many ineffectual plans for settling what he used to call the Bread and Cheese Question. On leaving Cambridge he went to Oxford, and there met with Southey, still an undergraduate at Balliol, whose friendship, quickly formed, became one of the main hinges on which Coleridge's after life turned. Their tastes and opinions on religion and politics were then, at

one, though their characters were widely different. Southey, with far less genius than Coleridge, possessed that firmness of will, that definite aim and practical wisdom, the want of which were the bane of Coleridge's life. Southey's high and pure disposition and consistent conduct, combined with much mental power and literary acquirement, awakened in Coleridge an admiring sense of the duty and dignity of making actions accord with principles, both in word and deed. In after years Southey was to Coleridge a faithful monitor in word, and a friend firm and self-denying in deed. Morally, we must say that he rose as much above Coleridge, as in genius he fell below him. But at their first meeting, pure and high-minded as Southey was, he had not so fixed his views, or so systematically ordered his life, as he soon after did. He too had been stirred at heart, as Coleridge and Wordsworth also were, by the moral earthquake of the French Revolution. Enthusiastically democratic in politics and Unitarian in religion, he at once responded to the day-dream of Pantisocracy, which Coleridge opened to him at Oxford. This was a plan of founding a community in America, where a band of brothers, cultivated and pure-minded, were to have all things in common, and selfishness was to be unknown. The common land was to be tilled by the common toil of the men; the wives, for all were to be married, were to perform all household duties, and abundant leisure was to remain over for social intercourse, or to pursue literature, or in more pensive moods

"Soothed sadly by the dirgeful wind
Muse on the sore ills they had left behind."

The banks of the Susquehanna were to be this earthly paradise, chosen more for the melody of the name than for any ascertained advantages. Indeed, they hardly seem to have known exactly where it was. Southey soon left Balliol, and the two friends went to Bristol, Southey's native town, there to prepare for carrying out the Pantisocratic dream. Such visions have been not only dreamed since then, but carried out by enthusiastic youths, and the result leaves no reason to regret that Coleridge's and Southey's project never got further than being a dream. Want of money was, as usual, the immediate cause of the failure; everything else had been provided for, but when it came to the point it was found that neither the two leaders, nor any of the other friends who had embarked in the scheme, had money enough to pay their passage to America. Southey was the first to see how matters stood and to recant. At this Coleridge was greatly disgusted, and gave vent to his disappointment in vehement language. The scheme was abandoned early in 1795,

and the two young poets, having been for some time in love with two sisters of a Bristol family, were married, Coleridge in October of that year to Sarah Fricker, and Southey six weeks later to her sister Edith.

Marriage, of course, brought the money question home to Coleridge more closely than Pantisocracy had done. And the three or four following years were occupied with attempts to solve it. But his ability was not of the money-making order, nor did his habits, natural or acquired, give even such ability as he had a fair chance in the toil for bread. First he tried lecturing to the Bristol folks on the political subjects of the time, and on religious questions. But either the lectures did not pay, or Coleridge did not stick to them steadily, so they were soon given up, and afterwards published as *Conciones ad populum*, Coleridge's first prose work. Attacking with equal vehemence Pitt, the great minister of the day, and his opponents, the English Jacobins, Coleridge showed in this his earliest, as in his latest works, that he was not an animal that could be warranted to run quietly in the harness of any party, and that those who looked to him to do this work were sure of an upset. Coleridge's next enterprise was the publication of a weekly miscellany; its contents were to range over nearly the same subjects as those now discussed in the best weeklies, and its aim was to be, as announced in the motto, that "all may know the truth, and that the truth may make us free." But powerful as he would have been as a contributor, Coleridge was not the man to conduct such an undertaking, least of all to do so single-handed. The most notable thing about *The Watchman* was the tour he made through the Midland county towns with a flaming prospectus, "Knowledge is power," to cry the political atmosphere. One of the most amusing descriptions Coleridge ever wrote is that of his encounter with the Birmingham tallow-chandler, with hair like candle-wicks, and face pinguinitiescent, for it was a melting day with him. After Coleridge had harangued the man of dips for half an hour, and run through every note in the whole gamut of eloquence, now reasoning, now declaiming, now indignant, now pathetic, on the state of the world as it is compared with what it should be; at the first pause in the harangue the tallow-chandler interposed :—

"And what might the cost be?" "Only *Four Pence* (O the anticlimax, the abysmal bathos of that *Four Pence*!) only four-pence, sir, each number." "That comes to a deal of money at the end of a year; and how much did you say there was to be for the money?" "Thirty-two pages, sir! large octavo, closely printed." "Thirty and two pages? Bless me, except what I does in a family way on the Sabbath, that's more than I ever reads, sir, all the year round. I am as great

a one as any man in Brummagem, sir! for liberty and truth, and all that sort of things, but as to this (no offence, I hope, sir) I must beg to be excused."

But notwithstanding this repulse Coleridge returned to Bristol triumphant with above a thousand subscribers' names, and having left on the minds of all who heard his wonderful conversation an impression that survived long after *The Watchman* with all it contained was forgotten. The first number of *The Watchman* appeared on the 1st of March, the tenth and last on the 13th of May 1796. From various causes, delay in publishing beyond the fixed day, offence given to the religious subscribers by an essay against fast-days, to his democratic patrons by inveighing against Jacobinism and French philosophy, to the Tories by abuse of Pitt, to the Whigs by not more heartily backing Fox, the subscription list rapidly thinned, and he was glad to close the concern at a dead loss of money to himself, not to mention his wasted labour. Though this failure was to him a very serious matter, he could still laugh heartily at the ludicrous side of it. He tells how one morning when he had risen earlier than usual, he found the servant girl lighting the fire with an extravagant quantity of paper. On his remonstrating against the waste, "La, sir!" replied poor Nanny, "why, it's only *The Watchman*."

The third of the Bristol enterprises was the publication of his *Juvenile Poems*, in the April of 1796, while *The Watchman* was still struggling for existence. For the copyright of these he received thirty guineas, from Joseph Cottle, a Bristol bookseller, who to his own great credit undertook to publish the earliest works of Southey, of Coleridge, and of Wordsworth, at a time when those higher in the trade would have nothing to say to them. If Cottle long afterwards, when their names had waxed great, published a somewhat gossiping book of reminiscences, and gave to the public many petty details which a wiser man would have withheld, it should always be remembered to his honour, that he showed true kindness and liberality towards these men, especially towards Coleridge, when he greatly needed it, and that he had a genuine admiration of their genius for its own sake, quite apart from its marketable value. No doubt, if any one wishes to see the seamy side of genius he will find it in the letters and anecdotes of Coleridge preserved in Cottle's book. But though these details, petty and painful as they are, in any complete estimate of Coleridge's character are not to be disregarded, in this brief notice we gladly pass them by.

Other plans for a livelihood were ventilated during this Bristol sojourn, such as writing for the *Morning Chronicle* and taking private pupils, but as these came to nought, we need only

notice one other line in which Coleridge's energies found at this time occasional vent, which he once, at least, thought of taking up as a profession. We have seen that before leaving Cambridge he had become an Unitarian, and so he continued till about the time of his visit to Germany. While he was in Bristol he was engaged from time to time to preach in the Unitarian chapels in the neighbourhood. The subjects which he there discussed seem to have been somewhat miscellaneous, and the reports of his success vary. Nothing can be more dreary, if it were not grotesque, than Cottle's description of his *début* as a preacher in an Unitarian chapel in Bath. On the appointed Sunday morning, Coleridge, Cottle, and party, drove from Bristol to Bath in a post-chaise. Coleridge mounted the pulpit in blue coat and white waistcoat, and for the morning service, choosing a text from Isaiah, treated his audience to a lecture against the Corn Laws; and, in the afternoon, he gave them another on the Hair-Powder Tax. The congregation at the latter service consisted of seventeen, of whom several walked out of the chapel during the service. The party returned to Bristol disheartened, Coleridge from a sense of failure, the others with a dissatisfying sense of a Sunday wasted. Compare this with Hazlitt's account of his appearance some time afterwards before a Birmingham congregation:—

"It was in January 1798 that I rose one morning before daylight, to walk ten miles in the mud to hear this celebrated person preach. Never, the longest day I have to live, shall I have such another walk as that cold, raw, comfortless one. When I got there the organ was playing the 100th Psalm, and when it was done, Mr. Coleridge arose and gave out his text, 'He departed again into a mountain himself alone.' As he gave out this text, his voice rose like a stream of rich distilled perfumes; and when he came to the two last words, which he pronounced loud, deep, and distinct, it seemed to me, who was then young, as if the sound had echoed from the bottom of the human heart, and as if that prayer might have floated in solemn silence through the universe. The preacher then launched into his subject, like an eagle dallying with the wind. The sermon was upon peace and war, upon Church and State—not their alliance, but their separation; on the spirit of the world and the spirit of Christianity—not as the same, but as opposed to one another. He talked of those who had inscribed the cross of Christ on banners dripping with human gore. He made a poetical and pastoral excursion, and to show the fatal effects of war, drew a striking contrast between the simple shepherd boy, driving his team a-field, or sitting under the hawthorn, piping to his flock as though he should never be old; and the same poor country lad, crimped, kidnapped, brought into town, made drunk at an alehouse, turned into a wretched drummer-boy, with his hair sticking on end with powder and

pomatum, a long cue at his back, and tricked out in the finery of the profession of blood.

'Such were the notes our own loved poet sung.'

"And for myself, I could not have been more delighted if I had heard the music of the spheres. Poetry and Philosophy had met together, Truth and Genius had embraced, under the eye and sanction of Religion. This was even beyond my hopes."

Which of the two was right in his estimate of Coleridge's preaching, Cottle or Hazlitt? Or were both right, and is the difference to be accounted for by Coleridge, like most men of genius, having his days when he was now above himself and now fell below? With one more passage from Hazlitt, descriptive of his talk at that time, we may close his Bristol life:—

"He is the only person I ever knew who answered to the idea of a man of genius. He is the only person from whom I ever learned anything. There is only one thing he might have learned from me in return, but *that* he has not. He was the first poet I ever knew. His genius at that time had angelic wings, and fed on manna. He talked on for ever; and you wished him to talk on for ever. His thoughts did not seem to come with labour and effort; but as if borne on the gusts of genius, and as if the wings of imagination lifted him off his feet. His voice rolled on the ear like a pealing organ, and its sound alone was the music of thought. His mind was clothed with wings; and raised on them he lifted philosophy to heaven. In his descriptions, you then saw the progress of human happiness and liberty in bright and never-ending succession, like the steps of Jacob's ladder, with airy shapes ascending and descending. And shall I who heard him then, listen to him now? Not I! That spell is broke; that time is gone for ever; that voice is heard no more: but still the recollection comes rushing by with thoughts of long-past years, and rings in my ears with never-dying sound."

It is pitiful to turn from such high-flown descriptions to the glimpses of poverty and painful domestic cares which his letters of this date exhibit. Over these we would gladly draw the veil. Whoso wishes to linger on them may turn him to Cottle. There are many more incidents of this time which we can but name: his residence for some months in a rose-bound cottage in the neighbouring village of Clevedon; the birth of his first son, whom he named Hartley, for love of the philosopher; his complete reconciliation with Southey on his return from Portugal. One little entry, in a letter of November 1796, is sadly memorable as the first appearance of

"The little rift within the lute,
Which soon will make the music mute."

He complains of a violent neuralgic pain in the face, which for

the time was like to overpower him. "But," he writes, "I took between sixty and seventy drops of laudanum, and sopped the Cerberus." That sop was soon to become the worse Cerberus of the two.

It was early in 1797 that Coleridge moved with his family from Bristol, and pitched his tent in the village of Nether Stowey, under the green hills of Quantock. One of the kindest and most hospitable of his friends, Mr. Poole, had a place hard by; and Coleridge having in June made a visit to Wordsworth at Racedown, persuaded this young poet, and his scarcely less original sister, to adjourn thence to the neighbouring mansion of Alfoxden. With such friends for daily intercourse, with the most delightful country for walks on every side, and with apparently fewer embarrassments, Coleridge here enjoyed the most genial and happy years that were ever granted him in his changeful existence. "Wherever we turn we have woods, smooth downs, and valleys, with small brooks running down them, through green meadows to the sea. The hills that cradle these valleys are either covered with ferns and bilberries or oak woods. Walks extend for miles over the hill tops, the great beauty of which is their wild simplicity; they are perfectly smooth, without rocks." Over these green hills of Quantock the two young poets wandered for hours together, rapt in fervid talk; Coleridge, no doubt, the chief speaker, Wordsworth not the less suggestive. Never before or since have these downs heard such high converse. "His society I found an invaluable blessing, and to him I looked up with equal reverence as a poet, a philosopher, and a man." So wrote Coleridge in after years. By this time Wordsworth had given himself wholly to poetry as his work for life. Alfoxden saw the birth of many of the happiest, most characteristic of his shorter poems. Coleridge had some years before this, when he first fell in with Wordsworth's *Descriptive Sketches*, found even in these the opening of a new vein. He himself, too, had from time to time turned aside from more perplexing studies, and found poetry to be its own exceeding great reward. But in this Nether Stowey time Coleridge came all at once to his poetic manhood. Whether it was the freedom from the material ills of life which he found in the aid and kindly shelter of Mr. Poole, or the secluded beauty of the Quantock, or the converse with Wordsworth, or all combined, that stirred him, there cannot be any doubt that this was, as it has been called, his *annus mirabilis*, his poetic prime. This was the year of *Genevieve*, *The Dark Ladie*, *Kubla Khan*, *France*, the lines to Wordsworth on first hearing *The Prelude* read aloud, the *Ancient Mariner*, and the first part of *Christabel*, not to mention many other poems of

less mark. The occasion which called forth the two latter poems, to form part of a joint volume with Wordsworth, has been elsewhere noticed. But if Coleridge could only have maintained the high strain he then struck, with half the persistency of his brother poet, posterity may perhaps have reason to regret that he should ever have turned to other subjects. During all his time at Nether Stowey he kept up a fire of small letters to Cottle in Bristol, at one time about poems or other literary projects, at another asking Cottle to find him a servant-maid, "simple of heart, physiognomically handsome, and scientific in vaccimulgence!" When they had composed poems enough to form one or more joint volumes, Cottle is summoned from Bristol to visit them. Cottle drove Wordsworth thence to Alfoxden in his gig, picking up Coleridge at Nether Stowey. They had brought the viands for their dinner with them in the gig: a loaf, a stout piece of cheese, and a bottle of brandy. As they neared their landing-place, a beggar, whom they helped with some pence, returned their kindness by helping himself to the cheese from the back of the gig. Arrived at the place, Coleridge unyoked the horse, dashed down the gig shafts with a jerk, which rolled the brandy bottle from the seat, and broke it to pieces before their eyes. Then Cottle set to unharnessing the horse, but could not get off the collar. Wordsworth next essayed it, with no better success. At last Coleridge came to the charge, and worked away with such violence that he nearly threwed the poor horse's head off his neck. He too was forced to desist, with a protest that "the horse's head must have grown since the collar was put on." While the two poets and their publisher were standing thus nonplussed, the servant-girl happened to pass through the stable-yard, and seeing their perplexity, exclaimed, "La! master, you don't go about the work the right way, you should do it like this." So saying, she turned the collar upside down, and slipped it off in a trice. Then came the dinner, "a superb brown loaf, a dish of lettuces, and, instead of the brandy, a jug of pure water." The bargain was struck, and Cottle undertook the publication of the first edition of the famous *Lyrical Ballads*, which appeared about Midsummer 1798. About the same time the two Messrs. Wedgewood settled on Coleridge £150 a year for life, which made him think no more of Unitarian chapels, and enabled him to undertake, what he had for some time longed for, a continental tour. In September of that year the two poets bade farewell, Wordsworth, with his sister, to Alfoxden, Coleridge to Nether Stowey, and together set sail for Hamburg.

So ended the Nether Stowey time, to Coleridge the brief blink of a poetic morning which had no noon; to Words-

worth but the fresh dawn of a day which completely fulfilled itself.

Landed at Hamburg, Wordsworth was interpreter, as he had French, Coleridge nothing but English and Latin. After having an interview with the aged poet Klopstock, the two young poets parted company, Wordsworth, with his sister, settling at Goslar, there to compose, by the German firestoves, the poems on *Matthew, Nutting, Ruth, The Poet's Epitaph*, and others, in his happiest vein; while Coleridge made for Ratzeburg, where he lived for four months in a pastor's family, to learn the language, and then passed on to Göttingen to attend lectures, and consort with German students and professors. Among the lectures were those of Blumenbach on Natural History, while Eichhorn's lectures on the New Testament were repeated to him from notes by a student who had himself taken them down. Wordsworth kept sending Coleridge the poems he was throwing off during this prolific winter, and Coleridge replied in letters full of hope that their future homes might be in the same neighbourhood: "Whenever I spring forward into the future with noble affections, I always alight by your side." His whole time in Germany, he seems to have overflowed with exuberant spirits and manifold life. "Instead of troubling others with my own crude notions, I was better employed in storing my head with the notions of others. I made the best use of my time and means, and there is no period of my life to which I look back with such unmingled satisfaction." He had passed within a zone of thought new to himself, and up to that time quite unknown in England; one of the great intellectual movements such as occur but rarely, and at long intervals, in the world's history. The philosophic genius of Germany, which awoke in Kant during the latter part of last century, is an impulse the most original, the most far reaching, and the most profound, which Europe has of late years seen. It has given birth to linguistic science, has re-cast metaphysics, and has penetrated history, poetry, and theology. For good or for evil, it must be owned that, under the shadow of this great movement, the world is now living, and is likely to live more or less for some time to come. Perhaps we should not call it German philosophy, for philosophy is but one side of a great power which is swaying not only the world's thought, but those feelings which are the parents of its thoughts, as well as of its actions and events. If asked to give in a sentence the spirit of this great movement, most men in this country would feel constrained to answer, as the great German sage is reported to have answered Cousin, "These things do not sum themselves up in single sentences." If any one still insists, we

would refer him to some adroit French critic who will formulate the whole thing for him in a word, or at most a phrase. Into this great atmosphere, however we define it, then seething and fermenting, it was that Coleridge passed. Most of his fourteen months were, no doubt, given to acquiring the language, but he could not mingle with those professors and students without catching some tincture of that way of thought which was then busy in all brains. It was not, however, till after his return to England that he studied Kant and other German philosophers. His name will ever be historically associated with the first introduction of these new thoughts to the English mind, which having been for more than a century deluged to repletion with Lockianism, was now sadly in need of some other aliment. Some have reviled Coleridge because he did not know the whole cycles of thought so fully as they suppose that they themselves do. As if anything, especially German philosophy so all-embracing as these, can be taken in completely all at once; as if the first delver in any mine ever yet extracted the entire ore. But to such impugners it were enough to say, We shall listen with more patience to your accusations, when you have done one-half as much to bring home the results of German thought to the educated British mind, as Coleridge by his writings has done.

The first fruits, however, of his newly acquired German were poetic, not philosophic. Arriving in London in November 1799, he set to work to translate Schiller's *Wallenstein*, and accomplished in three weeks what many competent judges regard as, notwithstanding some inaccuracies, the best translation of any poem into the English language. It is a free translation, with here and there some lines of Coleridge's own added where the meaning seemed to him to require it. At the time, the translation fell almost dead from the press, but since that day it has come to be prized as it deserves.

In the autumn of 1799, Coleridge joined Wordsworth on a tour among the Lakes, that tour on which the latter fixed on the Town End of Grasmere for his future home. This was Coleridge's first entry into a really mountainous country. Rydal and Grasmere, he says, gave him the deepest delight; Hawes Water kept his eyes dim with tears. During the last days of the year, Wordsworth, with his sister, walked over the Yorkshire fells, and settled in their new home. Coleridge had to return to London, and labour till near the close of 1802, writing for the *Morning Post*. About Coleridge's contributions to that paper, there has been maintained, since his death, a debate which hardly concerns us here. Enough to say that having

originally agreed with Fox in opposing the French war of 1800, and having at that time written violently against Pitt in the *Morning Post* and elsewhere, he was gradually separated from the leader of the opposition by the independent view he took against Napoleon, as the character of the military despot gradually unfolded itself. Coleridge passed over to the Tories, as he himself says,

"only in the sense in which all patriots did so at that time, by refusing to accompany the Whigs in their almost perfidious demeanour towards Napoleon. Anti-ministerial they styled their policy, but it was really anti-national. It was exclusively in relation to the great feud with Napoleon that I adhered to the Tories. But because this feud was so capital, so earth-shaking, that it occupied all hearts, and all the councils of Europe, suffering no other question almost to live in the neighbourhood, hence it happened that he who joined the Tories in this was regarded as their ally in everything. Domestic politics were then in fact forgotten."

But though he thus was constrained to come round to Pitt's foreign policy, he never, that we know, recanted the invectives with which he assailed that minister in 1800. There is still extant, among "The Essays on his Own Times," a well-known character of Pitt from the pen of Coleridge, which appeared in the *Morning Post*. Coleridge, in general fair-minded and far-seeing, had one or two strange and unaccountable antipathies to persons, which Wilson mentions, and this against Pitt was perhaps the strongest and the blindest. On the day that the character of Pitt appeared, the character of Buonaparte was promised for "to-morrow," but that to-morrow never arrived. What that portrait would have been may perhaps be gathered from a paragraph on the same subject, contained in Appendix B. to the *First Lay Sermon*. The will, dissevered from moral feeling and religion,

"becomes Satanic pride and rebellious self-idolatry in the relations of the spirit to itself, and remorseless despotism relatively to others; the more hopeless as the more obdurate by its subjugation of sensual impulses, by its superiority to toil and pain and pleasure; in short, by the fearful resolve to find in itself alone the one absolute motive of action, under which all other motives from within and from without must be either subordinated or crushed. . . . This is the character which Milton has so philosophically, as well as sublimely, embodied in the Satan of his *Paradise Lost*:—Hope in which there is no cheerfulness; steadfastness within and immovable resolve, with outward restlessness and immovable activity; violence with guile; temerity with cunning; and, as the result of all, interminableness of object with perfect indifference of means—these are the marks that have characterized

the masters of mischief, the libticides, and mighty hunters of mankind, from Nimrod to Buonaparte. . . . By want of insight into the possibility of such a character, whole nations have been so far duped as to regard with palliative admiration, instead of wonder and abhorrence, the Molochs of human nature, who are indebted for the larger portion of their meteoric success to their total want of principle, and who surpass the generality of their fellow-creatures in one act of courage only, that of daring to say with their whole heart, 'Evil, be thou my good!' All system is so far power; and a systematic criminal, self-consistent and entire in wickedness, who entrenches villany within villany, and barricades crime by crime, has removed a world of obstacles by the mere decision, that he will have no other obstacles but those of force and brute matter."

It must have been early in 1801 that Coleridge turned his back on London for a time, and on the *Morning Post*, and migrated with his family to the Lakes, and settled at Greta Hall, the landlord of which was a Mr. Jackson, the "Master" of Wordsworth's poem of the *Waggoner*; for from this house, destined to become Southey's permanent earthly home, as early as April of that year, Coleridge thus writes describing his new home to Southey, then in Portugal:—

"In front we have a giant's camp, an encamped army of tent-like mountains, which, by an inverted arch, gives a view of another vale. On our right the lovely vale and wedge-shaped lake of Bassenthwaite; and on our left, Derwentwater and Lodore in full view, and the fantastic mountains of Borrowdale. Behind us the massy Skiddaw, smooth, green, high, with two chasms and a tent-like ridge in the larger. A fairer scene you have not seen in all your wanderings."

There Southey soon joined Coleridge, and the two kindred families shared Greta Hall together, a common home with two doors.

Coleridge was now at the full manhood of his powers, he was about thirty, and the time was come when the marvellous promise of his youth ought to have had its fulfilment. He was surrounded with a country which, if any could, might have inspired him, with friends beside him who loved, and were ready in any way to aid him. But the next fifteen years, the prime strength of his life, when his friends looked for fruit, and he himself felt that it was due, were all but unproductive. The *Ode to Dejection*, written at the beginning of the Lake time, and *Youth and Age*, written just before its close, with two or three more short pieces, are all his poetry of this period, and they fitly represent the sinking of heart and hope which were now too habitual with him. What was the cause of all this failure? Bodily disease, no doubt, in some measure, and the languor of disease

depressing a will by nature weakly irresolute. But more than these, there was a worm at the root, that was sapping his powers, and giving fatal effect to his natural infirmities. This process had already set in, but it was some years yet before the result was fully manifest. During these first years at the Lakes, though Greta was his home, Coleridge, according to De Quincey, was more often to be found at Grasmere. This retirement, for such it then was, had for him three attractions, a loveliness more complete than that of Derwentwater, an interesting and pastoral people, not to be found at Keswick, and, above all, the society of Wordsworth. It was about this time that there arose the name of the Lake School, a mere figment of the *Edinburgh Review*, which it invented to express its dislike to three original writers, all unlike each other, but who agreed in nothing so much as in their opposition to the hard and narrow spirit which was the leading inspiration of the *Edinburgh*. How unlike Wordsworth and Coleridge really were, in their way of thinking and working, may be now clearly seen by comparing the works they have left behind. And as for Southey and Wordsworth, they had nothing at all in common, and were not even on friendly terms till more than ten years after the Lake School was first talked of. Likely enough Coleridge found Wordsworth more original and suggestive than Southey. The singleness and wholeness of moral purpose which inspired the lives of both his friends, must have been to Coleridge a continual rebuke; and Southey, perhaps, if we may argue from his letters, on the strength of his near relationship, and his greater opportunities of seeing the domestic unhappiness caused by Coleridge's neglects, may have added to the silent reproof of his example, admonitions more openly expressed. In August 1803, Wordsworth and his sister visited Coleridge at Keswick, and took him with them on that first tour in Scotland of which Wordsworth, and his sister too, have left such imperishable memorials. Most of the way they walked, from Dumfries up Nithsdale, over Crawfordmuir by the Falls of Clyde, and so on to Loch Lomond. Coleridge, never in good health, being at this time in bad spirits, and somewhat too much in love with his own dejection, left his two companions somewhere about Loch Lomond to return home. But either at this, or some other time not specially recorded, he must have got farther north, for we find him, in his second *Lay Sermon*, speaking of his solitary walk from Loch Lomond to Inverness, and describing the impression made upon him by the sight of the recently unpeopled country, and by the recital he heard from an old Highland widow near Fort Augustus of the wrongs she and her

kinsfolk and her neighbours had suffered in those sad clearances. But if Scotland woke in him no poetry on this his first, and perhaps only visit, and if Scotchmen have had some severe things said of them by him, they can afford to pardon them. The land is none the less beautiful for not having been sung by him; and if from the people he could have learned some of that shrewdness of which they have enough and to spare, his life would have been other and more successful than it was.

If the Lake country had suited Coleridge's constitution, and if he had turned to advantage the scenery and society it afforded, in no part of England, it might seem, could he have found a fitter home. But the dampness of the climate brought out so severely the rheumatism from which he had suffered since boyhood, that he was forced to seek a refuge from it on the shores of the Mediterranean,—a doubtful measure, it is said, for one in his state of nerves. Arriving at Malta in April 1804, he soon became known to the Governor, Sir Alexander Ball, and during a change of secretaries Coleridge served for a time as a temporary secretary. The official task-work, and not less the official parade, which he was expected but never attempted to maintain, were highly distasteful to him, and he gladly resigned, as soon as the new secretary could relieve him. He made, however, the friendship of the Governor, whose character he has painted glowingly in *The Friend*. Whether Sir Alexander Ball merited this high encomium we cannot say, but Professor Wilson mentions that Coleridge's craze for the three B's, Ball, Bell, and Bowyer, was a standing joke among his friends. The health he sought at Malta he did not find. The change at first seemed beneficial, but soon came the reaction, with his limbs "like lifeless tools, violent internal pains, labouring and oppressed breathing." For relief from these he had resource to the sedative, which he had begun to use so far back as 1796, and the habit became now fairly confirmed. Leaving Malta in September 1805, he came to Rome, and there spent some time in seeing what every traveller sees, but what Coleridge would see with other eyes and keener insight than most men. Full observations on these things he noted down for after use. There, too, he made the acquaintance of the German poet Tieck, of an American painter, Alston, and of Humboldt, the brother of the great traveller. Gilman informs us that Coleridge was told by Humboldt that his name was on the list of the proscribed at Paris, owing to an article which he (Coleridge) had written against Buonaparte in the *Morning Post*; that the arrest had already been sent to Rome, but that one morning Coleridge was waited on by a noble Benedictine, sent to him by the kindness of the Pope, bearing a passport signed by the Pope, and telling

him that a carriage was ready to bear him at once to Leghorn. Coleridge took the hint; at Leghorn embarked on board of an American vessel sailing for England; was chased by a French ship; and was, during the chase, forced by the captain to throw overboard all his papers, and among them his notes and observations made in Rome. So writes Coleridge's biographer. Wilson laughs at the thought of the Imperial eagle stooping to pursue such small game as Coleridge. And certainly it does seem hardly credible that Buonaparte should have so noted the secrets of the London newspaper press, or taken such pains to get his hands on one stray member of that corps. De Quincey, however, argues from Buonaparte's character and habits that the thing was by no means improbable.

It is hardly worth while to attempt to trace all the changes of his life for the next ten years after his return from Malta. Sometimes at Keswick, where his family still lived; sometimes with Wordsworth at the town-end of Grasmere; sometimes in London, living in the office of the *Courier*, and writing for its pages; sometimes lecturing at the Royal Institution, often, according to De Quincey, disappointing his audience by non-appearance; anon an inmate in Wordsworth's new home at Allan Bank, while *The Excursion* was being composed; then taking final farewell of the Lakes in 1810, travelling with Basil Montagu to London, and leaving his family at Keswick, for some years, under care of Southey; domiciled now with Basil Montagu, now with a Mr. Morgan at Hammersmith, or Calne, now with other friends in or not far from London: so passed those homeless, unsatisfactory years of his middle manhood. No doubt, there were bright spots here and there, when his marvellous powers found vent in lecturing on some congenial subject, or flowed forth in that stream of thought and speech which was his native element. During these wanderings he met now and then with the wits of the time, either in rivalry not of his own seeking, or in friendly intercourse. Scott has recorded a rencounter he had with Coleridge at a dinner party, when some London *littérateurs* sought to lower Scott by exalting Coleridge. Coleridge had been called on to recite some of his own unpublished poems, and had done so. Scott, called on to contribute his share, refused, on the plea that he had none to produce, but offered to recite some clever lines which he had lately read in a newspaper. The lines were the unfortunate *Fire, Famine, and Slaughter*, of which Coleridge was the then unacknowledged author. It is amusing to see the two sides of the story; the easy, off-hand humour with which Scott tells it in a letter, or in his journal; and the laborious self-defence with which Coleridge ushers in the lines in his published poems.

More friendly was his intercourse with Lord Byron, who, while he was lessee of a London theatre, had brought forward Coleridge's *Remorse*, and had taken much interest in its success. This brought the two poets frequently into company, and in April 1816, Coleridge thus speaks of Byron's appearance :—"If you had seen Lord Byron you could scarcely disbelieve him. So beautiful a countenance I scarcely ever saw ; his teeth so many stationary smiles ; his eyes the open portals of the sun—things of light, and made for light ; and his forehead, so ample, and yet so flexible, passing from marble smoothness into a hundred wreathes and lines and dimples, correspondent to the feelings and sentiments he is uttering." But lecturing, or conversation, or intercourse with brother poets, even taken at their best, are no sufficient account of the prime years of such genius as Coleridge was intrusted with.

The record of his writings, from 1801 till 1816, contains only one work of real importance. This was *The Friend*, a periodical of weekly essays, intended to help to the formation of opinions on moral, political, and artistic subjects, grounded upon true and permanent principles. Undertaken with the countenance of, and with some slight aid from, Wordsworth, it began to be published in June 1809, and ceased in March 1810, because it did not pay the cost of publishing, which Coleridge had imprudently taken on himself. The original work having been much enlarged and recast, was published again in its present three-volume form in 1818. Even as it now stands, the ground-swell after the great French Revolution tempest can be distinctly felt. It is full of the political problems cast up by the troubled waters of the then recent years, and of the attempt to discriminate between the first truths of morality and maxims of political expediency, and to ground each on their own proper basis. No one can read this work without feeling the force of Southey's remark : "The vice of *The Friend* is its round-aboutness." But whoever will be content to bear with this and to read right on, will find all through fruit more than worth the labour, with essays here and there which are nearly perfect both in matter and in form. But its defects, such as they are, must have told fatally against its success when it appeared in its early periodical shape. It was Coleridge's misfortune in this, as in so many of his works, to have to try to combine two things, hard, if not impossible to reconcile,—immediate popularity, and the profit accruing therefrom, with the attempt to dig deep, and to implant new truths which can only be taken in by an effort of painful thought, such as readers of periodicals will seldom give. Few writers have attained present popularity and enduring power, and least of all could Coleridge do so. *The Friend* con-

tains in its present, and probably it did in its first shape, clear indications of the change that Coleridge's mind had gone through in philosophy, as well as in his religious belief. But of this we shall have to speak again. This middle portion of Coleridge's life may, perhaps, be not inaptly closed by the description of his appearance and manner, as these were when De Quincey first saw him in 1807 :—

“I had received directions for finding out the house where Coleridge was visiting; and in riding down a main street of Bridgewater, I noticed a gateway corresponding to the description given me. Under this was standing and gazing about him a man whom I will describe. In height he might seem to be about five feet eight (he was in reality about an inch and a half taller, but his figure was of an order which drowns the height); his person was tall and full, and tended even to corpulence; his complexion was fair, because it was associated with black hair; his eyes were large and soft in their expression; and it was from the peculiar appearance of haze or dreaminess which mixed with their light that I recognised my object. This was Coleridge. I examined him steadfastly for a minute or more, and it struck me that he saw neither myself nor any other object in the street. He was in a deep reverie, for I had dismounted and advanced close to him before he had apparently become conscious of my presence. The sound of my voice, announcing my own name, first awoke him; he started, and for a moment seemed at a loss to understand my purpose or his own situation. There was no ‘*mauvaise honte*’ in his manner, but simple perplexity, and an apparent difficulty in recovering his position amongst daylight realities. This little scene over, he received me with a kindness of manner so marked, that it might be called gracious. The hospitable family with whom he was domesticated all testified for Coleridge deep affection and esteem; sentiments in which the whole town of Bridgewater seemed to share. . . .

“Coleridge led me to the drawing-room, rung the bell for refreshments, and omitted no point of a courteous reception. . . . That point being settled, Coleridge, like some great Orellana, or the St. Lawrence, that, having been checked and fretted by rocks or thwarting islands, suddenly recovers its volume of waters, and its mighty music, swept at once, as if returning to his natural business, into a continuous strain of eloquent dissertation, certainly the most novel, the most finely illuminated, and traversing the most spacious fields of thought, by transitions the most just and logical, that it was possible to conceive. . . . Coleridge to many people, and often I have heard the complaint, seemed to wander; and he seemed then to wander the most when in fact his resistance to the wandering instinct was greatest, viz., when the compass and huge circuit, by which his illustrations moved, travelled farthest into remote regions, before they began to revolve. Long before this coming round commenced, most people had lost him, and naturally enough supposed that he had lost himself. They continued to admire the separate beauty of the thoughts, but did not

see their relations to the dominant theme. However, I can assert, upon my long and intimate knowledge of Coleridge's mind, that logic the most severe was as inalienable from his modes of thinking as grammar from his language."

Admirable as in the main the essay is from which this sketch is taken, it contains some serious blemishes. De Quincey dwells on some alleged faults of Coleridge with a loving minuteness which the pure love of truth can hardly account for; and with regard to the great and all-absorbing fault, the habit of opium-taking, his statements are directly opposed to those made by Coleridge himself, and by those of his biographers who had the best means of knowing the truth. He says that Coleridge first took to opium, "not as a relief from bodily pains or nervous irritations, for his constitution was naturally strong and excellent, but as a source of luxurious sensations." Here De Quincey falls into two errors. First, Coleridge's constitution was not really strong. Though full of life and energy, his body was also full of disease, which gradually poisoned the springs of life. All his letters bear witness to this, by the many complaints of ill-health which they contain, before he ever touched opium. Again, as we have already seen, what he sought in opium was not pleasurable sensations, but freedom from pain,—an antidote to the nervous agitations under which he suffered. But whatever may have been the beginning of the habit, the result of continued indulgence in it was equally disastrous. We have given the letter which marks his first recourse to the fatal drug in 1796. As his ailments increased, so did his use of it. At Malta, opium-taking became a confirmed habit with him, and from that time for ten years it quite overmastered him. In 1807, the year when De Quincey first met him, he writes of himself as "rolling rudderless," with an increasing and overwhelming sense of wretchedness. The craving went on growing, and his consumption of the drug had reached a quite appalling height, when, in 1814, Cottle having met Coleridge, and seen what a wreck he had become, discovered the fatal cause, and took courage to remonstrate by letter. Coleridge makes no concealment, pleads guilty to the evil habit, and confesses that he is utterly miserable. Sadder letters were perhaps never written than those cries out of the depths of that agony. He tells Cottle that he had learned what "sin is against an imperishable being, such as is the soul of man; that he had had more than one glimpse of the outer darkness and the worm that dieth not; that if annihilation and the possibility of heaven were at that moment offered to his choice, he would prefer the former." More pitiful still is

that letter to his friend Wade:—"In the one crime of opium, what crime have I not made myself guilty of? Ingratitude to my Maker; and to my benefactors injustice; and unnatural cruelty to my poor children. . . . After my death, I earnestly entreat that a full and unqualified narrative of my wretchedness, and of its guilty cause, may be made public, that at least some little good may be effected by the direful example." It is painful to dwell on these things, nor should they have been reproduced here, had it not been that, as they have been long since made fully known, it might seem that we had given a too partial picture of the man had we avoided altogether this its darkest side.

Strange and sad as it is to think that one so gifted should have fallen so low, it is hardly less strange that from that degradation he should ever have been enabled to rise. The crisis seems to have come about the time when those letters passed between Cottle and him in 1814. For some time there followed a struggle against the tyrant vice, by various means, but all seemingly ineffectual. At last he voluntarily arranged to board himself with the family of Mr. Gilman, a physician, who lived at Highgate in a retired house, in an airy situation, surrounded by a large garden. It was in April 1816 that he first entered this house at Highgate, which continued to be his home for eighteen years till his death. The letter in which he opens his grief to Mr. Gilman, and commends himself to his care, is very striking, showing at once his strong desire to overcome the inveterate habit, and his feeling of inability to do so, unless he were placed under a watchful eye and external restraint. In this home he learned to abandon opium, and here, though weighed down by ever increasing bodily infirmity, and often by great mental depression, he found on the whole "the best quiet to his course allowed." That the vice was overcome might be inferred from the very fact that his life was so prolonged. And though statements to the contrary have been made from quarters whence they might least have been expected, yet we know from the most trustworthy authorities now living, that there was no ground for these statements, and that the friends of Coleridge who had best access to the truth, believed that at Highgate he obtained that self-mastery which he sought. No doubt, the habit left a bane behind it, a body shattered, and a mind shorn of much of its power for continuous effort, ever-recurring seasons of despondency, and visitings of self-reproach for so much of life wasted, so great powers given, and so little done. Still, under all these drawbacks, he laboured earnestly to redeem what of life remained; and most of what is satisfactory to remember of his life belongs to these last eighteen years.

It was a time of gathering up of the fragments that remained—of saving splinters washed ashore from a mighty wreck. But to this time, such as it is, we are indebted for most of that by which Coleridge is now known to men, and by which, if at all, he has benefited his kind. During these years the great religious change that had long been going on was completed and confirmed. As far back as 1800 his adherence to the Hartleian philosophy and his belief in Unitarian theology had been shaken. By 1805 he was in some manner a believer in the Trinity, and had entered on a closer study of Scripture, especially of St. Paul and St. John. There were in him, as De Quincey observed, the capacity of love and faith, of self-distrust, humility, and childlike docility, waiting but for time and sorrow to bring them out. Such a discipline the long ineffectual struggle with his infirmity supplied. The sense of moral weakness, and of sin, working inward contrition, made him seek for a more practical, upholding faith, than his early years had known. And so he learned that while the consistency of Christianity with right reason and the historic evidence of miracles are the outworks, yet that the vital centre of faith lies in the believer's feeling of his great need, and the experience that the redemption which is in Christ is what he needs; that it is the "sorrow rising from beneath and the consolation meeting it from above," the actual trial of the faith in Christ, which is its ultimate and most satisfying evidence. With him, too, as with so many before, it was *credidi, ideoque intellexi*. The Highgate time was also the period of his most prolonged and undisturbed study. Among much other reading, the old English divines were diligently perused and commented on; and his criticisms and reflections on them fill nearly the whole of the third and fourth volumes of his *Literary Remains*. A discriminating, often a severe critic of these writers, he was still a warm admirer, in this a striking contrast to Arnold, who certainly unduly depreciated them.

Almost the whole of his prose works were the product of this time. First the *Two Lay Sermons*, published in 1816 and 1817. Then the *Biographia Literaria*, published in 1817, though in part composed some years before. In 1818 followed the recast and greatly enlarged edition of *The Friend*; and in 1825 he gave to the world the most mature of all his works, the *Aids to Reflection*. Incorporated especially with the earlier part of this work, are selections from the writings of Archbishop Leighton, of which he has said that to him they seemed "next to the inspired Scriptures, yea, as the vibration of that once-struck hour remaining on the air." The main substance of the work, however, contains his own thoughts on the grounds of morality

and religion, and of the relation of these to each other, along with his own views on some of the main doctrines of the faith. The last work that appeared during his lifetime was that on *Church and State*, published in 1830. After his death appeared his posthumous works, viz., the four volumes of *Literary Remains*, and the small volume on the inspiration of Scripture, entitled *Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit*.

It is by these works alone, incomplete as many of them are, that posterity can judge of him. But the impression of pre-eminent genius which he left on his contemporaries was due not so much to his writings as to his wonderful talk. Printed books have made us undervalue this gift, or at best regard it more as a thing of display than as a genuine thought-communicating power. But as an organ of teaching truth, speech is older than books, and for this end Plato, among others, preferred the living voice to dead letters. Measured by this standard, Coleridge had no equal in his own, and few in any age. How his gift of discourse in his younger days arrested Hazlitt and De Quincey, we have already seen; and in his declining years at Highgate, when bodily ailments allowed, and during the pauses of study and writing, fuller and more continuous than ever the marvellous monologue went on. Some faint echoes of what then fell from him have been caught up and preserved in the well-known *Table Talk*, by his nephew and son-in-law, Henry Nelson Coleridge, who in his preface has finely described the impression produced by his uncle's conversation on congenial listeners. To that retirement at Highgate flocked, as on a pilgrimage, most of what was brilliant in intellect or ardent in youthful genius at that day. Edward Irving, Julius Hare, Sterling, and many more who might be named, were among his frequent and most devoted listeners. Most came to wonder, and hear, and learn. But some came and went to shrug their shoulders and pronounce it unintelligible; or in after years to scoff, as Mr. Carlyle. Likely enough this latter came craving a solution of some pressing doubt or bewildering enigma; and to receive instead a prolonged and circuitous disquisition must to his then mood of mind have been tantalizing enough. But was it well done, O great Thomas! for this, years afterwards, to jeer at the old man's enfeebled gait, and caricature the tones of his voice?

In the summer of 1833 Coleridge was seen for the last time in public, at the meeting of the British Association at Cambridge. Next year, on the 25th of July, he died in Mr. Gilman's house in The Grove, Highgate, which had been so long his home, and was laid hard by in his last resting-place within the old churchyard by the roadside.

Twelve days before his death, not knowing it to be so near, he wrote to his godchild this remarkable letter,¹ which, gathering up the sum of his whole life's experience, reads like his unconscious epitaph on himself :—

“MY DEAR GODCHILD,— . . . Years must pass before you will be able to read with an understanding heart what I now write; but I trust that the all-gracious God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, who, by his only begotten Son (all mercies in one sovereign mercy), has redeemed you from the evil ground, and willed you to be born out of darkness, but into light; out of death, but into life; out of sin, but into righteousness, even into the Lord our Righteousness,—I trust that He will graciously hear the prayers of your dear parents, and be with you as the spirit of health and growth in body and mind.

“ . . . I, too, your godfather, have known what the enjoyments and advantages of this life are, and what the more refined pleasures which learning and intellectual power can bestow; and with the experience which more than threescore years can give, I now, on the eve of my departure, declare to you (and earnestly pray that you may hereafter live and act on the conviction) that health is a great blessing, competence obtained by honourable industry a great blessing, and a great blessing it is to have kind, faithful, and loving friends and relatives; but that the greatest of all blessings, as it is the most ennobling of all privileges, is to be indeed a Christian. But I have been likewise, through a large portion of my later life, a sufferer, sorely afflicted with bodily pains, languors, and infirmities; and for the last three or four years have, with a few and brief intervals, been confined to a sick-room, and at this moment, in great weakness and heaviness, write from a sickbed, hopeless of a recovery, yet without prospect of a speedy removal; and I, thus on the very brink of the grave, solemnly bear witness to you, that the Almighty Redeemer, most gracious in His promises to them that truly seek Him, is faithful to perform what He hath promised, and has preserved, under all my pains and infirmities, the inward peace that passeth all understanding, with the supporting assurance of a reconciled God, who will not withdraw His Spirit from me in the conflict, and in His own time will deliver me from the Evil One.

“Oh, my dear godchild! eminently blessed are those who begin early to seek, fear, and love their God, trusting wholly in the righteousness and mediation of their Lord, Redeemer, Saviour, and everlasting High Priest, Jesus Christ.

“Oh, preserve this as a legacy and bequest from your unseen godfather and friend,
S. T. COLERIDGE.”

And now, perhaps, we cannot more fitly close this sketch than in those affectionate words of his nephew, the faithful defender of the memory of his great uncle :—

¹ This letter was written on the 13th, and he died on the 25th day of July.

"Coleridge! blessings on his gentle memory! Coleridge was a frail mortal. He had indeed his peculiar weaknesses as well as his unique powers; sensibilities that an averted look would rack, a heart which would beat calmly in the tremblings of an earthquake. He shrank from mere uneasiness like a child, and bore the preparatory agonies of his death-attack like a martyr. He suffered an almost life-long punishment for his errors, whilst the world at large has the unwithering fruits of his labours, and his genius, and his sufferings."

If we have traced in any measure aright the course of Coleridge's life, no more is needed to show what were his failings and his errors. It more concerns us to ask what permanent fruit of all that he thought, and did, and suffered under the sun, there still remains, now that he has lain more than thirty years in his grave. To answer this fully is impossible in the case of any man, much more in the case of one who has been a great thinker rather than a great doer; for many of his best ideas will have so melted into the general atmosphere of thought, that it will be hard to separate them from the complex whole, and trace them back to their original source. But the abler men of his own generation were not slow to confess how much they owed to him. In poetry, Sir Walter Scott acknowledged himself as indebted to him for the opening keynote of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*. In the metre, sentiment, and drapery of that first canto, it is not difficult to trace the influence of *Christabel*, then unpublished, but well known. Wordsworth, aloof from his contemporaries, and self-sufficing as he was, felt Coleridge to be his equal—"the only wonderful man I have ever known." Arnold, at a later day, called him the greatest intellect that England had produced within his memory, and shared with, perhaps learned from, him, some of his leading thoughts, as that the identification of the church with the clergy was "the first and fundamental apostasy." Dr. Newman pointed to Coleridge's works long ago as a proof that the minds of men in England were then yearning for something higher and deeper than what had satisfied the last age. Julius Hare speaks of him as "the great religious philosopher, to whom the mind of our generation in England owes more than to any other man." Mr. Maurice has everywhere spoken with deeper reverence of him than of any other teacher of these later times. Mr. Mill has said that "no one has contributed more to shape the opinions among younger men, who can be said to have any opinions at all." These words were written five-and-twenty years ago. Whether he still exercises anything of the same influence over younger men seems more than doubtful. Very possibly Mr. Mill himself, and others of that way of thinking, may have superseded him. Yet though his name may have

grown less, his works remain, and may be tested even by another generation that knew not Coleridge, by the thoughts which they contain.

These works are most of them more or less fragmentary, and this forms one difficulty in rightly estimating them. Another, and perhaps greater, lies in the width, we had almost said the universality, of their range. Most original thinkers have devoted themselves to but a few lines of inquiry. Coleridge's thought may be almost said to have been as wide as life. To apply to himself the word which he first coined, or rather translated, from some obscure Byzantian, to express Shakspeare's quality, he was a "myriad-minded man." He touched being at almost every point, and wherever he touched it, he opened up some shafts of truth hitherto unperceived. He who would fully estimate Coleridge's contributions to thought would have to consider him as a poet, a critic, a political philosopher, a moralist, and a theologian. But without hazarding anything like so large an attempt, a few brief remarks may be offered on what he has done in some of these so widely different paths.

It was as a poet that Coleridge was first known, and the wish has many times been expressed that he had continued to be so, and never tried philosophy. No doubt he had imagination enough, as some one has said, to have furnished an outfit for a thousand poets, and it may be that *Christabel* will be read longer than any prose work he has written. But this belongs both to the substance and the form of all poetry that is perfect after its kind. Gray's *Elegy* will probably survive longer, and will certainly be more widely read, than the best philosophic pieces of Hume, Berkeley, or Butler. This, however, does not prove that these thinkers have not done more for human thought than that most graceful of poets. Again, it may be that imagination such as Coleridge's may be as legitimately employed in interpenetrating and quickening the reason, and revivifying domains of philosophy, which are apt to grow narrow or dead through prosaic formalism, as in purely poetic creation. Moreover, there were perhaps in Coleridge some special powers of fine analysis and introvertive speculation, which seem to have predestined him for other work than poetry; just as there were some special wants, arising either from natural temperament or early education, which marred or impoverished his full poetic equipment. He had never lived much in the open air; he had no large storehouse of facts or images, either drawn from observation of outward nature, or from more than common acquaintance with any modes of human life or sides of human character, such as Wordsworth and Scott in different ways had. It was not the nature of his mind to

dwell lovingly on concrete things, but rather, by its strong generalizing bias, to be borne off continually into the abstract. Therefore we cannot think that Coleridge would have done more, either for the delight or the benefit of mankind, if he had stuck wholly to poetry, or that he did otherwise than fulfil his destiny by giving way to his philosophic instinct.

His daughter has said that he had four poetic epochs, representing, more or less, boyhood, early manhood, middle, and declining life. To trace these carefully is not for this place. The juvenile poems, those of the first epoch, though showing here and there hints of the coming power, contain, as a whole, nothing which would make them live, were it not for what came afterwards. He himself has said that these poems are disfigured by too great exuberance of double epithets, and by general turgidity. These mark, perhaps, the tumult of his thick-thronging thoughts, struggling to utter themselves with force and freshness, yet not quite disengaged from the old commonplaces of poetic diction, from "eve's dusky car," and from those frigid personifications of abstract qualities in which the former age delighted. Of these early poems, one of the most interesting is that on the death of Chatterton, in which, though the form somewhat recalls the odes of Collins and Gray, his native self ever here and there breaks through. Some of them are pensive with his early sorrow, others fierce and turbid with his revolutionary fervours. The longest and most important, styled *Religious Musings*, which Bowles ranked so high, might easily, notwithstanding some fine thoughts, suggest one of his rhapsodies in a Unitarian chapel cut into blank verse. The religious sentiments it contains are frigid and bombastic; the politics denunciatory of existing things, of

"Warriors, lords, and priests, all the sore ills
That vex and desolate our mortal life."

They contain, however, some true thoughts, well put, though tinged with his Revolution dreams, on the good and evil that have sprung out of the institution of property, and a fine apostrophe to all the sin-defiled and sorrow-laden ones, whose day of deliverance yet waits.

It had been well if the poems of the second period, which were mostly written during the Bristol and Nether Stowey periods, and now make up the chief part of the *Sibylline Leaves*, had been arranged in the order in which they were composed. This would have thrown much light on them, arising as they do out of either the events of the time or of Coleridge's personal circumstances. Compared with those of the former period, the stream flows more even and unbroken. The crude philosophy has

all but disappeared, the blank verse is now more fused and melodious, the rhythm of thought more mellow, the religious sentiment, where it does appear, no longer reasoning, but meditative, is more chastened and deep. These poems, it must have been, which were to De Quincey "the ray of a new morning, a revealing of untrodden worlds, till then unsuspected amongst men." Such Wilson found them, and so in a measure they have been to many since. But in re-reading them, after an interval of years, this is somehow felt less vividly. Is it that time has weakened the relish for poetry, or that the new fragrance they once gave forth has so filled the poetic atmosphere that it makes itself now less distinctly felt? Whichever way it be, these accidents of personal feeling do not affect their real worth. Of two fine poems written at Clevedon, the one on the "Eolian Harp," contains a passage that may be compared with a well-known, some might call it, a Pantheistic, one in Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey." The other, "Reflections on leaving a Place of Retirement," breathes a beautiful, though too brief, spirit of happiness and content. In the same gentle vein are the "Lines to his Brother George," and "Frost at Midnight," in which the blank verse is finely fused and nearly perfect. But higher and of wider compass are the three political poems, the ode on "The Departing Year," written at the close of 1796, "France," an ode, written in February 1797, and "Tears in Solitude," in 1798. The last of these opens and closes with some of his best blank verses, full of lambent light and his own exquisite music, though the middle is troubled with somewhat intemperate politics, pamphleteeringly expressed. The ode on "France," when his fond hopes of the Revolution ended in disappointment, is a strain of noblest poetry. It opens with a call on the clouds, the waves, the sun, the sky, all that is freest in nature, to bear witness

" With what deep worship I have still adored
The spirit of divinest Liberty."

And closes with these grand lines:—

" O Liberty ! with profitless endeavour
Have I pursued thee many a weary hour ;
But thou nor swell'st the victor's strain, nor ever
Didst breathe thy soul in forms of human power.
Alike from all, howe'er they praise thee
(Nor prayer, nor boastful name delays thee),
Alike from Priestcraft's harpy minions,
And factious Blasphemy's obscener slaves,
Thou speedest on thy subtle pinions,
The guide of homeless winds, the playmate of the waves !

And there, I felt thee ! on that sea-cliff's verge,
 Whose pines, scarce travell'd by the breeze above,
 Had made one murmur with the distant surge !
 Yes ! while I stood and gazed, my temples bare,
 And shot my being through earth, sea, and air,
 Possessing all things with intensest love,
 O Liberty, my spirit felt thee there !"

Equal, perhaps, to any of the above, are the lines he addressed to Wordsworth, after hearing that poet read aloud the first draft of "The Prelude:"—

"An Orphic song indeed,
 A song divine, of high and passionate thoughts,
 To their own music chanted ! . . .
 And when, O friend ! my comforter and guide !
 Strong in thyself, and powerful to give strength,
 Thy long-sustained song finally closed,
 And thy deep voice had ceased—yet thou thyself
 Wert still before my eyes, and round us both
 That happy vision of beloved faces—
 Scarce conscious, and yet conscious of its close,
 I sat, my being blended in one thought
 (Thought was it ? or aspiration ? or resolve ?)
 Absorb'd, yet hanging still upon the sound—
 And when I rose, I found myself in prayer."

Of the *Ancient Mariner* and *Christabel*, the two prime creations of the Nether Stowey period, and indeed of all Coleridge's poetry, nothing need here be said. Time has now stamped these as after their kind unsurpassed by any creation of his own generation, or perhaps of any generation of England's poetry. The view with which these two masterpieces were begun, as the two brother poets walked on Quantock, has been detailed elsewhere. Coleridge was to choose supernatural or romantic characters, and clothe them from his own imagination with a human interest and a semblance of truth. It would be hard to analyse the strange witchery that is in both, especially in *Christabel*: the language, so simple and natural, yet so aurally musical, the rhythm so original, yet so fitted to the story, and the glamour over all, a glamour so peculiar to the poet's self. The first part belongs to Quantock, the second was composed several years later at the Lakes, yet still the tale is but half told. Would it have gained or lost in power had it been completed ?

His third poetic epoch includes his whole sojourn at the Lakes, and the fourth the rest of his life. The poems of these two periods are few altogether, and what there are, more meditative than formerly, sometimes even hopelessly dejected.

"Youth and Age," written just before leaving the Lakes, with a strangely aged tone for a man of only seven or eight and thirty, has a quaint beauty ; to adapt its own words, it is like sadness, that "tells the jest without the smile." There are some of this time, however, in another strain, as the beautiful lines called "The Knight's Tomb," and "Recollections of Love." After the Lake time, there was still less poetry ; only when, as in the "Visionary Hope" and the "Pains of Sleep," the frequent despondency or severe suffering which weighed down his later years sought relief in brief verse. Yet, belonging to the third or fourth periods, there are short gnostic lines, in which, if the visionary have disappeared, the wisdom wrought by time and meditation is excellently condensed. Such are these :—

"Frail creatures are we all ; to be the best
Is but the fewest faults to have ;
Look thou then to thyself, and leave the rest
To God, thy conscience, and the grave."

Or the Complaint and Reply :—

"How seldom, friend ! a good great man inherits
Honours or wealth with all his toil and pains.
It sounds like stories from the land of spirits,
If any man obtain that which he merits,
Or any merit that which he obtains."

REPLY.

"For shame, dear friend ! forego this canting strain ;
What wouldst thou have the good great man obtain ?
Wealth, titles, salary, a gilded chain ;
Or throne of corpses which his sword had slain ?
Goodness and greatness are not means but ends.
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man ?—Three treasures, life and light,
And calm thoughts, regular as infant's breath ;
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night—
Himself, his Maker, and the Angel Death."

If from his own poetry we pass to his judgments on the poetry of others, we shall see an exemplification of the adage, "Set a poet to catch a poet." Here for once were fulfilled the necessary conditions of a critic or judge, in the highest sense ; that is, a man possessing in himself abundantly the originative poetic faculty which he is to judge of in others, combined with that power of sober generalization, and delicate, patient analysis, which, if poets possess, they generally find it irksome to exercise. This is but another way of saying, that before a man can pass worthy judgment on a thing, he must know that thing at first, and not at second, hand. The other kind of critic is he who,

though with little or none of the poetic gift in himself, has yet, from a careful study of the great master-models of the art, deduced certain canons by which to judge of poetry universally. But a critic of this kind, as the world has many a time seen, whenever he is called upon to estimate some new and original work of art, like to which the past supplies no models, is wholly at fault. His canons no longer serve him, and the native sympathetic insight he has not. To judge aright in such a case takes another order of critic; one who knows after another and more immediate manner of knowing; one who does not judge merely by what the past has done, but who, by the poet's heart within him, is made quick to welcome whatever new thing, however seemingly irregular, a young poet may create. Such a critic was Coleridge. An imagination richer and more penetrative than that of most poets of his time; a power of philosophic reflection and of subtle discrimination, almost over-active; a sympathy and insight of marvellous universality; and a learning "laden with the spoils of all times,"—these things made him the greatest—we had almost said, the only truly philosophic—critic England had yet seen.

Of his critical power, the two most eminent examples are his chapters on Wordsworth's poetry in the *Biographia Literaria*, and his notes on Shakspeare in the *Literary Remains*. If one wished to learn what genuine criticism should be, where else in our country's literature would he find so worthy a model as in that dissertation on Wordsworth? An excellent authority has lately said that the business of "criticism, is to know the best thing that is known or thought in the world, and to make this known to others." In these chapters on Wordsworth, Coleridge has done something more than this. In opposition to the blind and utterly worthless criticism which Jeffrey represented, he thought out for himself, and laid down the principles on which Wordsworth or any poet such as he should be judged, and showed these principles to be grounded, not on the caprices of the hour, but on the essential and permanent elements which human nature contains. He gave definitions of poetry in its essential nature, and showed, in opposition to Wordsworth's preface, wherein poetry really differs from prose. We wish we could stay to quote his description of the poet and his work, in their ideal perfection. Then how truly and with what fine analysis he discriminates between the language of prose and of metre! How good is his account of the origin of metre! "This I would trace to the balance in the mind, effected by that spontaneous effort which strives to hold in check the workings of passion." There is more to be learned about poetry from a few pages of that dissertation, confined though it

is to a specific kind of poetry, than from all the reviews that have been written in English on poets and their works from Addison to the present hour. Nor is the result of the whole a mere defence or indiscriminating eulogy on Wordsworth, rudely as that poet was then assailed by those who were also Coleridge's own revilers. From several of Wordsworth's theories about poetry he dissents entirely, especially from the whole of his remarks on the sameness of the language of prose and verse. At times, too, he finds fault with his practice, and lays his hand on faulty passages and defective poems, in which he traces the influence of false theory; while the true merits of these poems he places not on mere blind preference or individual taste, but on a solid foundation of principles. These principles few or none at that time acknowledged, but they have since won the assent of all competent judges. Canons of judgment they are, not mechanical, but living. They do not furnish the reader with a set of rules which he can take up and apply ready-made. But they require, before they can be used aright, to be assimilated by thought—made our own inwardly. They open the eye to see, generate the power of seeing for one's-self, call forth from within a living standard of judgment, which is based on truth and nature.

Again, turn to his criticisms on Shakspeare and the Drama. They are but brief notes, scattered leaves, written by himself or taken down by others, from lectures, given mainly in London. His lectures were in general wholly oral, and were best when delivered with no scrap of paper before him. But short as these notes are, they mark, and helped to cause, a revolution in men's ways of thinking about Shakspeare. First he taught, and himself exemplified, that he who would understand Shakspeare must not, Dr. Johnson-wise, seat himself on the critical throne, and thence deliver verdict, as on an inferior, or at best a mere equal; but that he has need to come before all things with reverence, as for the poet of all poets, and that, wanting this, he wants one of the senses the "language of which he is to employ." Again, Coleridge was the first who clearly saw through and boldly denounced the nonsense that had been talked about Shakspeare's irregularity and extravagance. Before his time it had been customary to speak of Shakspeare as of some great abnormal creature, some fine but rude barbarian, full of all sorts of blemishes and artistic solecisms, which were to be tolerated for the sake of the beauties which counterbalanced them. In the face of all this, he ventured to ask, "Are then the plays of Shakspeare works of rude uncultivated genius, in which the splendour of the parts compensates for the barbarous shapelessness and irregularity of the whole? Or is the form equally

admirable with the matter, and the judgment of the poet not less deserving our admiration than his genius?" The answer which he gave to his own question, and which he enforced with manifold argument, is in effect that the judgment of Shakspeare is as great as his genius; "nay, that his genius reveals itself in his judgment as in its most exalted form." In arguing against those who at that time "were still trammelled with the notion of the Greek unities, and who thought that apologies were due for Shakspeare's neglect of them, he showed how the form of Shakspeare's dramas was suited to the substance, not less than the form of the Greek dramas to theirs. He pointed out the contrast between mechanic form superinduced from without, and organic form growing from within; that if Shakspeare or any modern were to hold by the Greek dramatic unities, he would be imposing on his creations a dead form from without, instead of letting them shape themselves from within, and clothe themselves with a natural and living form, as the tree clothes itself with its bark. Another point which Coleridge insists on in these lectures and throughout his works, a point often unheeded, sometimes directly denied, is the close connexion between just taste and pure morality, because true taste springs out of the ground of the moral nature of man. We cannot now follow him into detail, and show the new light which he has thrown on Shakspeare's separate plays, and on his leading characters. We can but remark in passing, that Hamlet was the character in the exposition of which Coleridge first proved his Shakspearian insight. In the *Table Talk* he says, "In fact, I have a smack of Hamlet in myself." If any one wishes to see what a really masterly elucidation of a subtle character is, let him turn to the remarks on Hamlet in the second volume of the *Literary Remains*. We had intended to quote it here entire, but space forbids. This and other of Coleridge's Shakspearian criticisms have been claimed for Schlegel. But most of these had, we believe, been given to the world in lectures before Schlegel's book appeared; and as to this exposition of Hamlet, Hazlitt bears witness that he had heard it from Coleridge before his visit to Germany in 1798. That view of Hamlet has long since become almost a commonplace in literature, but the idea of it was first conceived and expressed by Coleridge. Some of the other criticisms may be more subtle than many may care to follow. But any one who shall master these notes on Shakspeare, taken as a whole, will find in them more fine analysis of the hidden things of the heart, more truthful insight into the workings of passion, than are to be found in whole treatises of psychology.

Any survey of Coleridge's speculations would be incomplete

if it did not include some account of his political philosophy, which holds so prominent a place among them. Not that he ever was a party politician,—his whole nature was averse to this,—but his mind was too universal in its range, his sympathy with all human interests too strong, to have allowed him to pass by these questions. But happily, the thorough and comprehensive discussion of this department of Coleridge's thought, which occupies the greater part of Mr. Mill's celebrated essay, relieves us from the necessity of entering on that subject here. There is, however, one important point to which that distinguished writer fails to advert. He speaks of Coleridge as an original thinker, but "within the bounds of traditional opinions," and as looking at received beliefs from within. But it must surely have been known to Mr. Mill that Coleridge, during his youth and early manhood, stood as entirely outside of established opinions, and looked at existing institutions as purely from without as it was possible to do. No extremest young radical of the present hour, when intellectual radicalism has once again become a fashion, can question received beliefs more freely, or assail the established order more fearlessly, than Coleridge in his fervent youth did. The convictions on politics and religion, therefore, in which he ultimately rested, are entitled to the weight, whatever it be, of having been formed by one who all his life long sought truth from every quarter, not from within traditionary beliefs only, but for many years from without also; and who, when his thought had gone full circle, became conservative, if that word is to be applied to him, not from self-interest or expediency, or from weariness of thinking, but after ample experience and mature reflection. With this one remark on his political side we pass on.

Criticism, such as we have described above, presupposes profound and comprehensive thought on questions not lying within, but based on wider principles beyond, itself. His critical studies, if nothing else, would have driven Coleridge back on metaphysics. But it was the same with whatever subject he took up, whether art or politics, or morals or theology. Everywhere he strove to reach a bottoming,—to grasp the living idea which gave birth to the system or institution, and kept it alive. Even in those of his works, as the *Literary Life*, *The Friend*, and the *Lay Sermons*, which most enter into practical details, the granite every here and there crops out, the underlying philosophy appears. But that searching for fundamental principles, which seems to have been in him from the first an intellectual necessity, was increased by that morbidly introvertive turn of mind which, at some stages of his life, had nearly overbalanced him. In an often-quoted passage from the *Ode to Dejection*,

written at Keswick in 1802, he laments the decay within himself of the shaping imagination, and says, that

. . . "By abstruse research to steal
From my own nature all the natural man;
This was my sole resource, my only plan,
Till that which suits a part infects the whole,
And now is almost grown the habit of my soul."

This passage opens a far glimpse into his mental history. It shows how metaphysics, for which he had from the first an innate propension, became from circumstances almost an unhealthy craving. What then was his ultimate metaphysical philosophy? This is not set forth systematically in any of his works, but we must gather it, as best we can, from disquisitions scattered through them all. And here we must be allowed to call to mind a few elementary matters, which, however trite to students of philosophy, are necessary to be borne in mind for the clear understanding of Coleridge's position.

Every one knows that from the dawn of thought down to the present hour, the question as to the origin of knowledge has been the Sphinx's riddle to philosophers. This strange thing named thought, what is it? This wondrous fabric we call knowledge, whence comes it? It is a web woven out of something, but is it wholly or chiefly woven from outward materials, or mainly wrought by self-evolving powers from within? Or, if due to the combined action of these, what part does each contribute? How much is due to the raw material, how much to the weaver who fashions it? These questions, even if they be insoluble, will never cease to provoke the scrutiny of every new generation of thoughtful men. There always have been a set of thinkers who have regarded outward things as the fixed reality, which impresses representations of itself on mind as on a passive recipient. There have always existed also another set, who have held the mind to be a free creative energy, evolving from itself the laws of its own thinking, and stamping on outward things the forms which are inherent in its own constitution. The one have held that outward things are genetic of knowledge, and that what are called laws of thought are wholly imposed on the mind by qualities which belong essentially to outward things. The others have maintained that it is the mind which is genetic, and that it in reality makes what it sees. This great question, as Mr. Mill has well said, "would not so long have remained a question, if the more obvious arguments on either side had been unanswerable." There must, however, be a point of view, if we could reach it, from which these opposing tendencies of thought shall be seen to combine into one harmonious whole. But the man who shall achieve this final synthesis, and the age which

shall witness it, are probably still far distant. Philosophic thought in Britain has in the main leant towards the external side, towards that extreme which makes the mind out of the senses, and maintains experience to be the ultimate ground of all belief. This way of thinking, so congenial to the prevailing English temper of mind, dates from at least as far back as Hobbes, but was first fairly established, almost like a part of the British Constitution, by the famous essay of Locke. In his polemic against innate ideas he asserted two sources of all knowledge. "Our observation," he says, "employed either about external sensible, or about the internal operations of our minds perceived and reflected on by ourselves, is that which supplies our understandings with materials of thinking." The latter of these two sources, here somewhat vaguely announced, was never very strongly insisted on by Locke himself, and was by his followers speedily discarded. This development of Locke's system is seen most clearly in Hume, who divided all the mind's furniture into impressions or lively perceptions, as when we see, hear, hate, desire, will; and ideas or faint perceptions, which are copies of our sensible or lively impressions. So that with him all the materials of thought are derived from outward sense, or inward sentiment or emotion.

Contemporary with Hume, and like him a follower of Locke, Hartley appeared at Cambridge, and carried out the same views to still more definite issues. He gathered up and systematized the materialistic views which were at that time floating about his university. Being, like Locke, a physician, he imported into his system a much larger amount of his professional knowledge, and sought to explain the movements of thought by elaborate physiological theories. He held that vibrations in the white medullary substance of the brain are the immediate causes of sensation, and that these first vibrations give birth to vibrations or miniatures of themselves, which are conceptions, or the simple ideas of sensible things. In another point he differed from Locke, in that, discarding Reflection, he brought more prominently forward Association, as the great weaving power of the mental fabric, which compounds all our ideas, and gives birth to all our faculties. Such theories as these were the chief philosophical aliment to be found in England when Coleridge was a young man. At Cambridge, having entered Hartley's college, where the name of that philosopher was still held in honour, Coleridge became his ardent disciple. In the *Religious Musings*, after Milton and Newton, he speaks of Hartley as

"He of mortal kind
Wisest; the first who marked the ideal tribes
Up the fine fibres to the sentient brain."

Materialistic though his system was, Hartley was himself a believer in Christianity, and a religious man. His philosophical system came to be in high favour with Priestley and the Unitarians towards the end of last century; so that when Coleridge became a Hartleian, he adopted Necessitarian views of the will, and Unitarian tenets in religion. A Materialist, a Necessitarian, a Unitarian, such was Coleridge during his Cambridge and Bristol sojourn. But it was not possible that he should be permanently holden of these things. There were ideal lights and moral yearnings within him which would burst these bonds. The piece of divinity that was in him would not always do homage to Materialism.

Before he visited Germany he had begun to awake out of his Hartleianism. It had occurred to him that all association—Hartley's great instrument—"presupposes the existence of the thoughts and images to be associated." In short, association cannot account for its own laws. All that association does is to use these laws, or latent *a priori* forms, to wit, contiguity of time and place, resemblance, contrast, so as to bring particular things under them. When two things have been thus brought together under one law—say contiguity in time—they may get so connected in thought that it becomes difficult to conceive them apart. But it never can be impossible so to conceive them; that is, to separate them in thought. Further, he began to see that the hypothesis of all knowledge, being derived from sense, does not get rid of the need of a living intellectual mechanism, which makes these copies from sensible impressions. His own illustration is, the existence of an original picture, say Raphael's Transfiguration, does not account for the existence of a copy of it; but rather the copyist must have put forth the same powers, and gone through the same process, as the first painter did when he made the original picture. Or take that instance, which is a kind of standing Hougoumont to sensational and idealistic combatants,—we mean causality, or the belief that every event must have a cause. Sensationalists, from Hume to Mr. Mill, have laboured to derive this, the grand principle of all inductive reasoning, from invariable experience. Mr. Mill's theory, the latest and most accredited from that side, thus explains it. He says that we arrive, by simple enumeration of individual instances, first at one and then at another particular uniformity, till we have collected a large number of such uniformities, or groups of cases in which the law of causation holds good. From this collection of the more obvious particular uniformities, in all of which the law of causation holds, we generalize the universal law of causation, or the belief that all things whatever have a cause; and then we proceed to apply this law so generalized as an

inductive instrument to discover those other particular laws which go to make up itself, but which have hitherto eluded our investigation. Thus, according to this philosopher, we arrive at the universal law by generalizing from many laws of inferior generality. But as these last do not rest on rigid induction, but only on simple enumeration of instances, the universal law cannot lay claim to any greater cogency than the inferior laws on which it rests. One authenticated instance in which the law of causality does not hold may upset our belief in the universal validity of that law; and that there may be worlds in which it is so upset—in which events succeed each other at random, and by no fixed law—Mr. Mill finds no difficulty in conceiving. But this is really a *reductio ad absurdum*. This world of causeless disorder, which Mr. Mill finds no difficulty in conceiving, is simply inconceivable by any intelligence. If such a world were proved to exist, we should be compelled to believe that for this absence of order there is a cause, or group of causes; just as we know there is a cause, or group of causes, for the presence of that order which we know to exist as far as our knowledge extends. This necessity to think a cause for every existence or event, a necessity which we cannot get rid of, forms the essential peculiarity of the notion of causality; marking it out as a necessary form of thought, born from within, and not gathered from experience. That which is created by experience is strengthened by the same. But this belief that every event must have a cause, is one which, as soon as we have clearly comprehended the terms, we feel to be inevitable. Experience, no doubt, first brings this cognition out into distinct consciousness; but as soon as we reflect on it, we discover that it must have been present as a constituent element of that very experience. Of causality, then, as of time and space, it may be said, to adopt the language of an able young metaphysician, "themselves cognitions generalized from experience, and, in that point of view, later than experience; they are discovered to have been also elements of those very cognitions of experience from which they have been generalized, present in them as constituent elements, undistinguished before analysis. . . . They are elements of any and every particular experience, entering into every one of them as its necessary form." Or, as Coleridge put it, "Though first revealed to us by experience, they must yet have pre-existed in order to make experience itself possible; even as the eye must exist previously to any particular act of seeing, though by sight only can we know that we have eyes." And again, "How can we make bricks without straw, or build without cement? We learn things, indeed, by occasion of experience; but the very facts so learned force us inward on the

antecedents that must be presupposed in order to render experience itself possible."

These and suchlike thoughts were sure to arise in a mind naturally so open to the idealistic side of thought as that of Coleridge, and to shake to pieces the materialistic fabric in which he had for a time ensconced himself. And not merely intellectual misgivings would work this way, but the soul's deeper cravings. Driven by hunger of heart, he wandered from the school of Locke and Hartley, successively on through those of Berkeley, Leibnitz, and, we believe, Spinoza, and finding in them no abiding place, began to despair of philosophy. To this crisis of his history probably apply these words:—

"I found myself all afloat. Doubts rushed in, broke upon me from the fountains of the great deep, and fell from the windows of heaven. The fontal truths of natural religion and the books of revelation alike contributed to the flood; and it was long ere my 'ark touched on an Ararat and rested.'"

About this time he fell in with the works of the German and other mystics—Tauler, Böhmen, George Fox, and William Law, and in them he found the same kind of help which Luther had found in Tauler:—

"The writings of these mystics acted in no slight degree to prevent my mind from being imprisoned within the outline of any single dogmatic system. They helped to keep alive the heart within the head; gave me an indistinct yet stirring and working presentiment that all the products of the mere reflective faculty partook of death, and were as the rattling twigs and sprays in winter, into which a sap was yet to be propelled from some root to which I had not as yet penetrated, if they were to afford my soul food or shelter. If they were a moving cloud of smoke to me by day, yet were they a pillar of fire throughout the night, during my wanderings through the wilderness of doubt, and enabled me to skirt, without crossing, the sandy deserts of utter unbelief."

It was in the company of these men that he first got clear of the trammels of the mere understanding, and learned that there is higher truth than that faculty can compass and circumscribe. The learned seemed to him for several generations to have walked entirely by the light of this mere understanding, and to have confined their investigations strictly within certain conventional limits, beyond which lay all that is most interesting and vital to man. To enthusiasts, illiterate and simple men of heart, they left it to penetrate towards the inmost centre, "the indwelling and living ground of all things." And then he came to this conviction, which he never afterwards abandoned, that if the intellect will not acknowledge a higher and deeper ground than

it contains within itself, if, making itself the centre of its system, it seeks to square all things by its own laws, it must, if it follows out fearlessly its own reasoning, land in Pantheism or some form of blank unbelief. While his mind was seething with these thoughts it was that he first studied the works of Kant, and these, he says, took possession of him as with a giant's hand. Henceforth his metaphysical creed was moulded mainly by the Kantian principles. This is not the place to attempt to enter on the slightest exposition of these. But, to speak popularly, it may be said that the gist of Kant's system is not to make the mind out of the senses, as Hume had done, but the senses out of the mind. As Locke and Hume had started from without, so he started from within, making the one fixed truth, the only ground of reality, to consist, not in that which the senses furnish, but in that which the understanding supplies to make sensible knowledge possible. His prime question was, How is experience possible? And this possibility he found in the *a priori* forms of the sensory time and space, and in the *a priori* forms or categories of the understanding, which by their activity bind together into one the multifarious and otherwise unintelligized intimations of sense. It is sense that supplies the understanding with the raw material; this the understanding passes through its machinery, and, by virtue of its inherent concept-forms, reduces it to order, makes it conceivable and intelligible. But the understanding is limited in its operation to phenomena of experience, and whenever it steps beyond this and applies its categories to super-sensible things, it lands itself in contradictions. It cannot arrive at any other truth than that which is valid within man's experience. Ultimate truths, valid for all intelligents, if such there be, are beyond its reach.

Had Kant's philosophy stopped here it would not have done much more for Coleridge than Locke's and Hartley's had done. It was because Kant asserted the existence in man of another faculty, distinct from and higher than understanding, namely, Reason, that Coleridge found him so helpful. The term *Reason* Kant employed in another than our ordinary sense, as the faculty of ultimate truths or necessary principles. He distinguished, however, between Reason in its speculative and in its practical use. Speculative Reason he held to be exclusively a regulative faculty, having only a formal and logical use. This use is to connect our judgments together into conclusions, according to the three forms of reasoning,—the categorical, the hypothetical, and the disjunctive. These three methods are the ideas of Speculative Reason by which it strives to produce unity and perfectness among the judgments of the understanding. As long as the ideas of Speculative Reason are thus used to control

and bring into unity the conceptions of the discursive understanding, they are used rightly, and within their own legitimate sphere. But whenever Speculative Reason tries to elevate these regulative ideas into objects of theoretical knowledge, whenever it ascribes objective truth to these ideas, it leads to contradiction and falsehood. In other words, Speculative Reason Kant held to be true in its formal or logical, but false in its material application. As the understanding, with its categories, has for its object and only legitimate sphere the world of sense, so Speculative Reason, with its ideas, has for its exclusive sphere of operation the conceptions of the understanding, and beyond this these ideas have no truth nor validity. It was not, however, by these views, either of understanding or of Speculative Reason, that Kant came to the help of the highest interests of humanity, but by his assertion of the existence in man of the Practical Reason which is the inlet or source of our belief in moral and super-sensuous truth. Some have maintained this to be an afterthought added to Kant's system. But, be this as it may, Kant held that the moral law revealed itself to man as a reality through his Practical Reason—a law not to be gathered from experience, but to be received as the fundamental principle of action for man, evidencing itself by its own light. This moral law requires for its action the truth of three ideas, that of the soul, of immortality, and of God. These ideas are the postulates of the practical reason, and are true and certain, because, if they are denied, morality and free-will, man's highest certainties, become impossible. They are, however, to man truths of moral certainty—of practical faith—though Kant did not use that word, rather than objects of theoretical contemplation.

This distinction between the understanding and the Reason Coleridge adopted from Kant, and made the ground-work of all his teaching. But the distinction between Speculative and Practical Reason, which was with Kant radical, Coleridge did not dwell on, nor bring into prominence. He knew and so far recognised Kant's distinction, that he spoke of Speculative Reason as the faculty of concluding universal and necessary truths, from particular and contingent appearances, and of Practical Reason, as the power of proposing an ultimate end, that is, of determining the will by ideas. He does not, however, seem to have held by it firmly. Rather he threw himself on Kant's view of Practical Reason, and carried it out with a fulness which Kant probably would have disallowed. Kant's strong assertion that there was at least one region of his being in which man came into contact with super-sensible truth, with the reality of things, this, set forth not vaguely, but with the most solid reasoning, was that which so attracted Coleridge. But

in the use which Coleridge made of this power, and the range he assigned it, he went much beyond his master. He speaks of Reason as an immediate beholding of super-sensible things, as the eye which sees truths transcending sense. He identifies Reason in the human mind, as Kant perhaps would have done, with Universal Reason; calls it impersonal; indeed, regards it as a ray of the Divinity in man. In one place he makes it one with the Light which lighteth every man, and in another he says that Reason is "the presence of the Holy Spirit to the finite understanding, at once the light and the inward eye." "It cannot be rightly called a faculty," he says, "much less a personal property of any human mind." We cannot be said to possess Reason, but rather to partake of it; for there is but one Reason, which is shared by all intelligent beings, and is in itself the Universal or Supreme Reason. "He in whom Reason dwells can as little appropriate it as his own possession, as he can claim ownership in the breathing air, or make an enclosure in the cope of heaven." Again, he says of Reason, that "it has been said to be more like to sense than to understanding; but in this it differs from sense: the bodily senses have objects differing from themselves; Reason, the organ of spiritual apprehension, has objects consubstantial with itself, being itself its own object,—that is, self-contemplative." And again, "Reason substantiated and vital, one only, yet manifold, overseeing all, and going through all understanding, without being either the sense, the understanding, or the imagination, contains all three within itself, even as the mind contains its own thoughts, and is present in and through them all; or as the expression pervades the different features of an intelligent countenance."

In much of the above, Coleridge has not only gone beyond Kant's cautious handling of Practical Reason, but has given to the German's philosophical language a religious, and even a Biblical colouring of his own. Nay, in regarding Reason as the power of intuitive insight into moral and spiritual truths, he has approached nearer to some of the German philosophers who came after Kant. Though Coleridge made so much of this distinction between Reason and understanding, and of Reason as the organ of spiritual truth, and though throughout his later works he is continually and at length insisting on it, he cannot be said to have made it secure against all the technical objections. It would be impossible here to follow him into all the ramifications of this abstruse subject, and to show minutely the relation in which he placed Reason to understanding. We may, however, notice one scoff against the whole system. It has been represented as a device to enable a man to believe that what is false to his understanding may be true to his Reason. This, though it may be a smart sneer, is nothing more. What Coleridge did

maintain was that the material of moral and spiritual truth which comes to man through his Reason, must, before it can be reduced to definite conceptions and expressed in propositions, first pass through the forms of the understanding. In so passing, the truths of Reason and the moral will suffer some loss, because the conceptions of the understanding are not adequate to give full expression to them; so that it was to him no argument against a truth whose source lies in Reason, if, in passing through the understanding, or being reduced to logical language, it issued in propositions which seem illogical, or even contradictory. And what more is this than to say that man's logical understanding is not the measure of all truth? a doctrine surely which did not originate with Coleridge. But whatever difficulties there may be in this philosophy of the reason, it is an attempt to vindicate and sanction those truths which lie deepest, and are most vital to human nature. Questions are continually rising within us, whether born of our own thoughts or imported from intellectual systems, asking anxiously whether any thought of man can reach to spiritual realities. The mind is continually getting entangled in a self-woven mesh of sophistry. It is the highest end of all philosophy to clear away these difficulties which philosophy has itself engendered, and to let the mind look out on the truth as uncloudedly as it did before these sophistications arose; to give back to the race the simplicity of its childhood, with the wisdom of its mature age. Of most metaphysicians, first and last, the main work has been to build up between the spirit of man and the Father of spirits solid walls and high, which no human strength can pierce through, no eye can overlook. To break down and clear away these walls, which others with such pains had reared, this was the ultimate aim and end towards which Coleridge laboured. Herein lies the great service which he did to his age and country. He was almost the first philosopher for a hundred and fifty years, who upheld a metaphysics which was in harmony at once with the best wisdom of the olden time, and with man's deepest aspirations in all time. It was a thorough and profound protest against the philosophy judging according to sense, with which England, and, *pace* Reid be it said, Scotland too, had so long been deluged. It opened up once more a free passage for man's thoughts to that higher world of truth which philosophy had so long barred against them; opened up to the human spirit a path which it might travel, undisturbed by technical objections of the understanding, toward that spiritual region which is its natural home. Man's deepest heart, his inmost being, from depths beyond all conscious thought, cry out for such access. And it is the business of a true philosophy, not, as has been often done, to bar the way and to break down the bridges that span the gulfs, but cautiously, yet

resolutely, to make ready a way by which the weary hearts of men may pass over in safety. Honour be to the spiritual engineers who have laboured to build up such a highway for humanity!

When Coleridge had made his own the distinction between reason and understanding, he found in it not only a key to many of the moral and religious questions which had perplexed himself, and were working confusion among his contemporaries, but he seemed to find in it a truth, which, however unsystematically, had been held and built on by all the masters of ancient wisdom, whether in philosophy or theology. Especially he seemed to see this truth pervading the writings of the Cambridge Platonists, of Leighton, and of all the best divines of the seventeenth century.

A good example of the way in which Coleridge applied his metaphysical principles to philosophic questions, will be found in the *Essays on Method*, in the third volume of *The Friend*. He there attempts to reconcile Plato's view of the Idea as lying at the ground of all investigation with Bacon's philosophy of induction, and to prove that, though they worked from opposite ends of the problem, they are not really opposed. In all inductive investigations, Coleridge contends, the mind must contribute something, the mental initiative, the *prudens quæstio*, the idea; and this, when tested or proved by rigorous scientific processes, is found to be a law of nature. What in the mind of the discoverer is a prophetic idea, is found in nature to be a law, and the one answers, and is akin to, the other. What Coleridge has there said of the mental initiative which lies at the foundation of induction, Dr. Whewell has taken up and argued out at length in his works on Induction. Mr. Mill has as stoutly redargued it from his own point of view, and their polemic still waits a solution. But we must pass from these pure metaphysical problems to notice some of the ways in which Coleridge applied his principles to moral and religious questions.

In the *Literary Remains* there is a remarkable essay on Faith, which contains a suggestive application of these principles. Faith he defines to be fealty or fidelity to that part of our being which cannot become an object of the senses; to that in us which is highest, and is alone unconditionally imperative. What is this? Every man is conscious of something within him which tells him he ought, which commands him, to do to others as he would they should do to him. Of this he is as assured as he is that he sees and hears; only with this difference, that the senses act independently of the will. The conscience is essentially connected with the will. We can, if we will, refuse to listen to it. The listening or the not-listening to conscience is the first moral act by which a man takes upon

but or refuses allegiance to a power higher than himself, yet speaking within himself. Now, what is this in each man, higher than himself, yet speaking within him? It is Reason, super-sensuous, impersonal, the representative in man of the will of God, and demanding the allegiance of the individual will. Faith, then, is fealty to this rightful superior; "allegiance of the moral nature to Universal Reason, or the will of God; in opposition to all usurpation of appetite, of sensible objects, of the finite understanding," of affection to others, or even the purest love of the creature. And conscience is the inward witness to the presence in us of the divine ray of reason, "the irradiative power, the representative of the Infinite." An approving conscience is the sense of harmony of the personal will of man with that impersonal light which is in him, representative of the will of God. A condemning conscience is the sense of discord or contrariety between these two. Faith, then, consists in the union and interpenetration of the Reason and the individual will. Since our will and moral nature enter into it, faith must be a continuous and total energy of the whole man. Since reason enters into it, faith must be a light—a seeing, a beholding of truth. Hence faith is a spiritual act of the whole being; it is "the source and germ of the fidelity of man to God, by the entire subjugation of the human will to Reason, as the representative in him of the divine will." Such is a condensation, nearly in Coleridge's own words, of the substance of that essay. Hard words and repulsive these may seem to some, who feel it painful to analyse the faith they live by. And no doubt the simple, childlike apprehension of the things of faith is better and more blessed than all philosophizing about them. They who have good health and light breathing, whose system is so sound that they know not they have a system, have little turn for disquisitions on health and respiration. But, just as sickness and disease have compelled men to study the bodily framework, so doubt and mental entanglement have forced men to go into these abstruse questions, in order to meet the philosophy of denial with a counter philosophy of faith. The philosophy is not faith, but it may help to clear away sophistications that stand in the way of it.

For entering into speculations of this kind, Coleridge has been branded as a transcendentalist, a word with many of hideous import. But abstruse and wide of practice as these speculations may seem, it was for practical behoof mainly that Coleridge undertook them. "What are my metaphysics?" he exclaims; "merely the referring of the mind to its own consciousness for truths which are indispensable to its own happiness." Of this any one may be convinced who shall read with care his *Friend* or his *Lay Sermons*. One great source of the

difficulty, or, as some might call it, the confusedness of these works, is the rush and throng of human interests with which they are filled. If he discusses the ideas of the Reason, or any other like abstract subject, it is because he feels its vital bearing on some truth of politics, morality, or religion, the clear understanding of which concerns the common weal. And here is one of his strongest mental peculiarities, which has made many censure him as unintelligible. His eye flashed with a lightning glance from the most abstract truth to the minutest practical detail, and back again from this to the abstract principle. This makes that, when once his mental powers begin to work, their movements are on a vastness of scale, and with a many-sidedness of view, which, if they render him hard to follow, make him also stimulative and suggestive of thought beyond all other modern writers.

When Coleridge first began to speculate, the sovereignty of Locke and his followers in English Metaphysics was not more supreme than that of Paley in Moral Philosophy. Both were Englishmen of the round, robust English stamp, haters of subtilities, abhorrent of idealism, resolute to warn off any ghost of scholasticism from the domain of common-sense philosophy. And yet both had to lay down dogmatic decisions on subjects into which, despite the burliest common sense, things infinite and spiritual will intrude. How resolute was Coleridge's polemic against Locke and all his school we have seen. Not less vigorous was his protest against Paley as a moralist, and that at a time when few voices were raised against the common-sense Dean.

For completely rounded moral systems Coleridge indeed professed little respect, ranking them for utility with systems of casuistry or auricular confession. But of vital principles of morality, penetrating to the quick, few men's writings are more fruitful. A standing butt for Coleridge's shafts was Paley's well-known definition of virtue as "the doing of good to mankind, in obedience to the will of God, and for the sake of everlasting happiness." Or, as Paley has elsewhere more broadly laid down the same principle, "we are obliged to do nothing, but what we ourselves are to gain or lose something by, for nothing else can be a violent motive." Against this substitution, as he called it, of a scheme of selfish prudence for moral virtue, Coleridge was never weary of raising his voice. Morality, as he contended, arises out of the Reason and conscience of man; prudence out of the understanding, and the natural wants and desires of the individual; and though prudence is the worthy servant of morality, the master and the servant cannot rightly be confounded. The chapter in *The Friend*, in which he argues against the Utilitarian system of ethics, and proves that general consequences cannot be the criterion of the right and wrong of

particular actions, is one of the best-reasoned and most valuable which that work contains. The following are some of the arguments with which he contends against "the inadequacy of the principle of general consequences as a criterion of right and wrong, and its utter uselessness as a moral guide." Such a criterion is vague and illusory, for it depends on each man's notion of happiness, and no two men have exactly the same notion. And even if men were agreed as to what constitutes the end, namely, happiness, the power of calculating consequences, and the foresight needed to secure the means to the end, are just that in which men most differ. But morality ought to be grounded on that part of their nature, namely, their moral convictions, in which men are most alike, not on the calculating understanding, in which they stand most widely apart. Again, such a criterion confounds morality, which looks to the inward motive, with law, which regards only the outward act. Indeed, the need of a judgment of actions according to the inward motive, forms one of the strongest arguments for a future state. For in this world our outward actions, apart from their motives, must needs determine our temporal welfare. But the moral nature longs for, and Scripture reveals, a more perfect judgment to come, wherein not the outward act but the inward principle, the thoughts and intents of the heart, shall be made the ground of judgment. Again, this criterion is illusory, because evil actions are often turned to good by that Providence which brings good out of evil. If, then, consequences were the sole or chief criterion, then these evil actions ought to be, because of their results, reckoned good. Nero persecuted the Christians and so spread Christianity: is he to be credited with this good result? Again, to form a notion of the nature of an action multiplied indefinitely into the future, we must first know the nature of the original action itself. And if we already know this, what need of testing it by its remote consequences? If against these arguments it were urged that general consequences are the criterion, not of the agent but of the action, Coleridge would reply, that all actions have their whole worth and main value from the moral principle which actuates the agent. So that, if it could be shown that two men, one acting from enlightened self-love, the other from pure Christian principle, would observe towards all their neighbours throughout life exactly the same course of outward conduct, yet these two, weighed in a true moral balance, would be wide as the poles asunder. By these and suchlike arguments Coleridge opposes the Paleyan and every other form of Utilitarian ethics. Instead of confounding morality with prudence, he everywhere bases morality on religion. "The widest maxims of prudence," he asserts, "are arms without hearts, when disjoined from those feelings which have their

fountain in a living principle." That principle lies in the common ground where morality and religion meet, and from which neither can be sundered without destruction to both. The moral law, every man feels, has a universality and an imperativeness far transcending the widest maxims of experience; and this because it has its origin in Reason, as described above, in that in each man which is representative of the Divine Will, and connects him therewith. Out of Reason, not from experience, all pure principles of morality spring, and in it find their sanction. This truth Coleridge reiterated in every variety of form.

But while he is thus strong in placing the foundation of individual morality in Reason, in his sense of that word, he repudiates those theories which would draw from the same source the first principles of political government. In opposition to these theories, he held that each form of government is sufficiently justified, when it can be shown that it is suitable for the circumstances of the particular nation. Therefore no one form of government can lay claim to be the sole rightful one. Thus to prudence or expediency Coleridge assigns a place in political questions which he denies to it in moral ones. Full of power is his whole argument against Rousseau, Paine, and others of that day, who maintained the social contract and the rights of man, and, laying the grounds of political right exclusively in Reason, held that nothing was rightful in civil society which could not be deduced from the primary laws of reason. "Who," asked Rousseau, "shall dare prescribe a law of moral action for any rational being, considered as a member of a state, which does not flow immediately from that reason which is the fountain of all morality?" Whereto Coleridge replies, Morality looks not to the outward act, but to the internal maxim of actions. But politics look solely to the outward act. The end of good government is to regulate the actions of particular bodies of men, as shall be most expedient under given circumstances. How, then, can the same principle be employed to test the expediency of political rules and the purity of inward motives? He then goes on to show that when Rousseau asserted that every human being possessed of Reason had in him an inalienable sovereignty, he applied to actual man—compassed about with passions, errors, vices, and infirmities—what is true of the abstract Reason alone; that all he asserted of "that sovereign will, to which the right of legislation belongs, applies to no human being, to no assemblage of human beings, least of all to the mixed multitude that makes up the people; but entirely and exclusively to Reason itself, which, it is true, dwells in every man potentially, but actually and in perfect purity in no man, and in no body of men." And this reasoning he clinches

by an instance and an argument, often since repeated, though we know not whether Coleridge was the first to employ it. He shows that the constituent assembly of France, whenever they tried to act out these principles of pure Reason, were forced to contravene them. They excluded from political power children, though reasonable beings, because in them Reason is imperfect; women, because they are dependent. But is there not more of Reason in many women, and even in some children, than in men dependent for livelihood on the will of others, the very poor, the infirm of mind, the ignorant, the depraved? Some reasonable beings must be disfranchised. It comes then to a question of degrees. And how are degrees to be determined? Not by pure reason, but by rules of expedience, founded on present observation and past experience. But the whole of Coleridge's reasoning against Rousseau and Cartwright's universal suffrage is well worth the attention of those advanced thinkers of the present day, who are beginning once again, after a lapse of half a century, to argue about political rights on grounds of abstract reason. They will there find, if they care to see it, the whole question placed not on temporary arguments, but on permanent principles.

But keen as was Coleridge's interest in political and moral subjects, and in whatever affects the wellbeing of man, the full bent of his soul, and its deepest meditations, were given to the truths of the Christian revelation. From none of his works are these thoughts absent; but the fullest exposition of his religious views is to be found in the *Aids to Reflection*, his maturest work, and in the third and fourth volumes of the *Literary Remains*. Before, however, adverting to these opinions, it may be well to remember, that, much as Coleridge thought and reasoned on religion, it was his firm conviction, founded on experience, that the way to an assured faith, that faith which gives life and peace, is not to be won by dint of argument. "Evidences of Christianity! I am weary of the word. Make a man feel the *want* of it; rouse him, if you can, to the self-knowledge of the need of it, and you may safely trust it to its own evidence, remembering always the express declaration of Christ himself: 'No man cometh to me, unless the Father leadeth him.'" So it was with himself. Much as he philosophized, philosophy was not his soul's haven; not thence did his help come. It may have cleared away outlying hindrances, but it was not this that led him up to the stronghold of hope. Through the wounds made in his own spirit, through the brokenness of a heart humbled and made contrite by the experience of his own sin and utter helplessness, entered in the faith which gave rest, the peace which "settles where the intellect is meek." Once his

soul had reached the citadel, his ever-busy eye and penetrating spirit surveyed the nature of the bulwarks, and examined the foundations, as few before had done. And the world has the benefit, whatever it may be, of these surveys. But though Coleridge was a religious philosopher, let it not be supposed that he put more store by the philosophy than the religion. He knew well, and often insisted, that religion is life rather than science, and that there is a danger, peculiar to the intellectual man, of turning into speculation what was given to live by. He knew that the intellect, busy with ideas about God, may not only fail to bring a man nearer the divine life, but may actually tend to withdraw him from it. For the intellect takes in but the phantom of the truth, and leaves the total impression, the full power of it, unappropriated. And hence it comes that those truths which, if felt by the unlearned at all, go straight to the heart and are taken in by the whole man, are apt, in the case of the philosopher and the theologian, to stop at the outside region of the understanding, and never to get further. This is a danger peculiar to the learned, or to those who think themselves such. The trained intellect is apt to eat out the child's heart, and yet the "except ye become as little children" stands unrepealed. Coleridge knew this well. In his earliest interview with De Quincey, he said

"that prayer with the whole soul was the highest energy of which the human heart was capable, and that the great mass of worldly men, and of learned men, were absolutely incapable of prayer."

And only two years before his death, after a retrospect of his own life, to his nephew, who sat by his bedside one afternoon, he said,

"'I have no difficulty in forgiveness. . . . Neither do I find or reckon the most solemn faith in God as a real object the most arduous act of reason and will. O no! it is to pray, to pray as God would have us; this is what at times makes me turn cold to my soul. Believe me, to pray with all your heart and strength, with the reason and the will, to believe vividly that God will listen to your voice through Christ, and verily do the thing He pleaseth thereupon—this is the last, the greatest achievement of a Christian's warfare on earth.' And then he burst into tears, and begged me to pray for him."

It has been said that the great object of his theological speculations was to bring into harmony religion and philosophy. This assertion would mislead, if it were meant to imply that he regarded these as two co-ordinate powers, which could be welded together into one reasoned system. It would, perhaps, be more true to say that his endeavour was, in his own words, to remove the doubts and difficulties that cannot but arise whenever the understanding, the mind of the flesh, is made the measure of

spiritual things. He laboured to remove religion from a merely mechanical or intellectual, and to place it on a moral and spiritual foundation. His real aim was, notwithstanding that his love for scholastic distinctions might seem to imply the contrary, to simplify men's thoughts on these things, to show that spiritual truth is like the light, self-evidencing, that it is preconformed to man's higher nature, as man's nature is preconformed to it.

As he had to contend against Lockean metaphysics and Paleyan ethics, so he had to do strenuous battle against a theology mainly mechanical. He woke upon an age when the belief in God was enforced in the schools as the conclusion of a lengthened argument; when revelation was proved exclusively by miracles, with little regard to its intrinsic evidence; and when both natural and revealed truths were superinduced from without, as extraneous, extra-moral beliefs, rather than taught as living faiths evidenced from within. In opposition to this kind of teaching, which had so long reigned, Coleridge taught that the foundation truth of all religion, faith in the existence of God, was incapable of intellectual demonstration—that as all religion, so this corner-stone of religion, must have a moral origin. To him that belief was inherent in the soul, as Reason is inherent, indeed a part of Reason, in the sense he gave to that word, as moral in its nature, and the fountain of moral truth. His words are—

“Because I possess Reason, or a law of right and wrong, which, uniting with the sense of moral responsibility, constitutes my conscience, hence it is my absolute duty to believe, and I do believe, that there is a God, that is, a Being in whom supreme Reason and a most holy will are one with infinite power; and that all holy will is coincident with the will of God, and therefore secure in its ultimate consequences by His omnipotence. The wonderful works of God in the sensible world are a perpetual discourse, reminding me of His existence, and shadowing out to me His perfections. But as all language presupposes, in the intelligent hearer or reader, those primary notions which it symbolizes, . . . even so, I believe, that the notion of God is essential to the human mind; that it is called forth into distinct consciousness principally by the conscience, and auxiliarily by the manifest adaptation of means to ends in the outward creation. It is, therefore, evident to my Reason, that the existence of God is absolutely and necessarily insusceptible of a scientific demonstration, and that Scripture so represents it. For it commands us to believe in one God. Now all commandment necessarily relates to the will; whereas all scientific demonstration is independent of the will, and is demonstrative only in so far as it is compulsory on the mind, *volentem*.”

Thus we see that with regard to the first truth of all religion,

Coleridge places its evidence in conscience and the intuitive reason. Carrying the same manner of thinking into revealed religion, to its inherent substance he gave the foremost place as evidence, while to historical proofs and arguments from miracles he assigned the same subordinate place, as in reference to the existence of God he assigned to arguments from design.

His view upon this subject also had better be given in his own language. It could hardly be expressed in fewer, and certainly not in better words. The main evidences, he thinks, are

"the doctrines of Christianity, and the correspondence of human nature to these doctrines, illustrated, *first*, historically, as the production of a new world, and the dependence of the fate of the planet upon it; *second*, individually, from its appeal to an ascertained fact, the truth of which every man possessing Reason has an equal power of ascertaining within himself; viz., a will, which has more or less lost its own freedom, though not the consciousness that it ought to be and may become free; the conviction that this cannot be achieved without the operation of a principle co-natural with itself; the experience in his own nature of the truth of the process described by Scripture, as far as he can place himself within the process, aided by the confident assurances of others as to the effects experienced by them, and which he is striving to arrive at. All these form a practical Christian. To such a man one main test of the truth of his faith is its accompaniment by a growing insight into the moral beauty and necessity of the process which it comprises, and the dependence of that process on the causes asserted. Believe, and if thy belief be right, that insight, which changes faith into knowledge, will be the reward of that belief."

Subordinate to this internal evidence in Coleridge's view, but-tresses, but not corner-stones, are the facts of the existence and of the history of Christianity, and also of the miracles which accompanied its first appearance. These are necessary results, rather than primary proofs of revelation. For, "as the result of the above convictions, he will not scruple to receive the particular miracles recorded, inasmuch as it is miraculous that an incarnate God should not work what must to mere men appear as miracles; inasmuch as it is strictly accordant with the ends and benevolent nature of such a Being to commence the elevation of man above his mere senses by enforcing attention first, through an appeal to those senses." Thus, according to him, they are not the adequate and ultimate proof of religion, not the keystone of the arch, but rather "compact stones in it, which give while they receive strength."

Coleridge's theology was more or less a recoil from one in which miracles had been pushed into undue, almost exclusive prominence, one in which the proof of religion was derived mainly from the outward senses; whereas he was convinced

that to subjugate the senses to faith, the passive belief to the moral and responsible belief, was one main end of all religion. Whether Coleridge struck the balance aright between outward and inward evidence, whether he gave to miracles that place which is their due; whether, in his zeal for the inward truths, he estimated as they deserve the miraculous facts, which, whatever they may be to some over-subtilized intellects, have been, and always must be, to the great mass of men, the main objective basis on which the spiritual truths repose, these are questions into which we shall not now inquire. Our aim, especially in this part of our essay, is not so much to criticise, as to set forth, as fairly as may be, what his views really were.

We have seen then that Coleridge held the adaptation of Christianity to man's need, and to his whole moral nature, to be the strongest evidence of its truth. And this naturally suggests the question, How far did he regard man's moral convictions to be the test of revelation as a whole, or of any particular doctrine of revelation? Did he wish to square down the truths of revelation to the findings of human conscience? To answer this question is the more necessary, because Mr. Mill, in the few remarks on Coleridge's religious opinions with which he closes his essay, has asserted that he "goes as far as the Unitarians in making man's reason and moral feelings a test of revelation; but differs *toto cælo* from them in their rejection of its mysteries, which he regards as the highest philosophical truths." It would be strange, indeed, if Coleridge, who certainly ought to have known both his own views and those of the Unitarians, should have so far deluded himself as to protest against them unweariedly for this very fault, that they made man the measure of all things, while in this matter he himself was substantially at one with them. The truth is, that those who speak most strongly about reason being the measure of faith, mean by the word Reason much the same as Coleridge meant by Understanding—the faculty of definite conceptions, the power of clearly comprehending truths. And in their mouths the proposition means that nothing is to be believed in religion, or anything else, which man's understanding cannot fully grasp, clearly conceive, definitely express, satisfactorily explain. Now Coleridge used the term Reason in a sense different, nay, opposed to this. He held, whether rightly or no we do not now inquire, but he held, that there is in man a power of apprehending universal spiritual truths, something that brings him into close relation, we had almost said contact, with super-sensible reality, and to this power he gave the name of Reason. And the intimations of moral and spiritual things, which he believed that he received through this power, he accepted readily, though he could not understand nor explain

them, nor even conceive the possibility of them. Even with regard to the first truth of religion, the existence, personality, and moral nature of God, he held that this is to be received on moral grounds, and regarded as a settled truth "not by the removal of all difficulties, or by any such increase of insight as enables a man to meet all sceptical objections with a full and precise answer; but because he has convinced himself that it is folly as well as presumption to expect it; and because the doubts and difficulties disappear at the beam when tried against the weight of the reasons in the other scale." Again, of the fall of man, he says that it is a mystery too profound for human insight; and of the doctrine of the Trinity, that it is an absolute truth, transcending our human means of understanding or demonstrating it. These, and numerous other suchlike sayings might be adduced, not to speak of the whole scope of his philosophy, to show that it was no obstacle to his belief in a truth, that it transcended his comprehension. Nay, more, so far was he from desiring to bring down all religious truths to the level of human comprehension, that he everywhere enforced it as a thing antecedently to be expected, that the fundamental truths should be mysteries, and that he would have found it hard to believe them if they had not been so.

What then did he mean when he maintained, as he certainly did, that "in no case can true Reason and a right faith oppose each other?" We have seen that Reason with Coleridge was the link by which man is joined on to a higher order, the source whence he draws in all of moral truth and of religious sentiment which he possesses. It was the harmony of revelation with this faculty of apprehending universal spiritual truths which was to him the main ground for originally believing in revelation, and, therefore, he held that no particular doctrine of revelation can contradict the findings of that faculty on the evidence of which revelation as a whole is primarily received. In other words, no view of God's nature and of his dealings with men, no interpretation of any doctrine, nor of any text of Scripture, can be true, which contradicts the clear intimations of enlightened conscience. And the substance of revelation and the dictates of conscience so answer to each other, that the religious student, under the guidance of the Divine Spirit, may expect to find an ever increasing harmony between the two teachings. Opposed to this doctrine of Coleridge, on the one hand, is the teaching of those who, believing in revelation, deny to man any power of apprehending spiritual truths, and hold that the first truths of religion must be received simply as authoritative data from without. Equally opposed, on the other hand, are the views of those who, though admitting in some sense the truth of revelation, yet make

man's power of understanding the entire measure of all that is to be received as revealed. The creed which is bounded either theoretically or practically within this limit must needs be a scanty one.

The truth seems to be that, both in the things of natural and revealed religion, the test that lies in man's moral judgment seems more of a negative than a positive one. We are not to believe about God anything which positively contradicts our first notions of righteousness and goodness, for, if we were to do so, we should cut away the original moral ground of our belief in His existence and character. Thus far our moral judgments carry us, but not much further. No rational man who believes in God at all will try to square all the facts that meet him in the natural and the moral world to his sense of right and wrong. Life is full of inscrutable facts which cannot be made by us to fit into any moral standard of ours. All that the moral judgment has a right to say to them is to refuse to believe any proposed interpretation of them which contradicts the plain laws of right and wrong, any interpretation which makes God unrighteous on account of such facts, and to wait patiently in full faith that a time will come when we shall see these now inscrutable facts to have been fully consistent with the most perfect righteousness. And the same use which we make of our moral judgment in regard to the facts that meet us in life, we are bound to make of it with regard to the doctrines of revelation. We are not to expect to see moral light through all of these, but we are to refuse any interpretation of them which does violence to the moral sense. In both cases, however, we have reason to expect that, to those who honestly and humbly use the light they have, more light will be given,—a growing insight, or, at least, a trustful acquiescence in facts which at first were too dark and perplexing. There are in this region two extremes, equally to be shunned. One is theirs, who in matters of religion begin by discrediting the natural light,—by putting out the eye of conscience,—that they may the more magnify the heavenly light of revelation, or rather their own interpretations thereof. The other is seen in those, who enthroning on the judgment-seat the first offhand findings of their own, and that perhaps no very enlightened, conscience, proceed to arraign before this bar the statements of Scripture, and to reject all those which do not seem to square with the verdicts of the self-erected tribunal. There is a more excellent way than either of these, a way not definable perhaps by criticism, but to be found by spiritual wisdom. There are those who, loath to do violence to the teachings either of Scripture or of conscience, but patiently and reverently comparing them together, find that the more deeply they are considered, the more do they, on the

whole, reflect light one on the other. To such the words of Scripture, interpreted by the experience of life, reveal things about their own nature, which once seemed incredible. And the more they know of themselves and their own needs, the more the words of Scripture seem to enlarge their meaning to meet these. But as to the large outlying region of the inexplicable that will still remain in the world, in man, and in Holy Writ, they can leave all this, in full confidence that when the solution, soon or late, shall come, it will be seen to be in profound harmony with our highest sense of righteousness, and with that word which declares that "God is light, and in him is no darkness at all." Such, though not expressed in Coleridge's words, we believe to be the spirit of his teaching.

What then is to be said of those passages in his works in which he speaks of the mysteries of faith, and the highest truths of philosophy, as coincident; in which he says that he received the doctrine of the Logos not merely on authority, but because of its to him exceeding reasonableness; in which he speaks as if he had an intellectual insight into the doctrine of the Trinity, and draws out formulas of it in strange words hard to understand? Whatever we may think of these sayings and formulas, it is to be remembered that Coleridge never pretended that he could have discovered the truths apart from revelation. If, after practically accepting these truths, and finding in them the spiritual supports of his soul, he employed his powers of thought upon them, and drew them out into intellectual formulas more satisfactory to himself probably than to others, yet these philosophizings, made for the purpose of speculative insight, he neither represented as the grounds of his own faith, nor obtruded on others as necessary for theirs. He ever kept steadily before him the difference between an intellectual belief and a practical faith, and asserted that it was solely in consequence of the historical fact of redemption that the Trinity becomes a doctrine, the belief in which as real is commanded by our conscience.

In the *Aids to Reflection*, the earlier half of the work is employed in clearing away preliminary hindrances; the latter part deals mainly with the moral difficulties that are apt to beset the belief in Original Sin and in the Atonement.

With regard to the former doctrine, he shows that the belief of the existence of evil, as a fact, in man and in the world, is not peculiar to Christianity, but is common to it with every religion and every philosophy that has believed in a personal God; in fact, to all systems but Pantheism and Atheism. The fact then needs no proof, but the meaning of the fact does. As to this, Coleridge rejected that interpretation of original sin, which makes 'original' mean 'hereditary,' or inherited like our

bodily constitution from our forefathers. Such, he held, might be disease or calamity, but could not be sin, the meaning of which is, the choice of evil by a will free to choose between good and evil. This fact of a law in man's nature which opposes the law of God, is not only a fact, but a mystery, of which no other solution than the statement of the fact is possible. For consider: Sin to be sin is evil originating in, not outside of the will. And what is the essence of the will? It is a self-determining power, having the original ground of its own determination in itself; and if subject to any cause from without, such cause must have acquired this power of determining the will, by a previous determination of the will itself. This is the very essence of a will. And herein it is contradistinguished from nature, whose essence it is to be unable to originate anything, but to be bound by the mechanism of cause and effect. If the will has by its own act subjected itself to nature, has received into itself from nature an alien influence which has curtailed its freedom, in so far as it has done so, it has corrupted itself. This is original sin, or sin originating in the only region in which it can originate—the Will. This is a fall of man.

You ask, When did this fall take place? Has the will of each man chosen evil for itself; and, if so, when? To this Coleridge would reply that each individual will has so chosen; but as to the when, the will belongs to a region of being,—is part of an order of things, in which time and space have no meaning; that “the subject stands in no relation to time, can neither be called in time or out of time; but that all relations of time are as alien and heterogeneous in this question as north or south, round or square, thick or thin, are in the affections.”

Again you ask, With whom did sin originate? And Coleridge replies, The grounds of will on which it is true of any one man are equally true in the case of all men. The fact is asserted of the individual, not because he has done this or that particular evil act, but simply because he is man. It is impossible for the individual to say that it commenced in this or that act, at this or that time. As he cannot trace it back to any particular moment of his life, neither can he state any moment at which it did not exist. As to this fact, then, what is true of any one man is true of all men. For, “in respect of original sin, each man is the representative of all men.”

Such, nearly in his own words, was the way in which Coleridge sought, while fully acknowledging this fact, to construe it to himself, so as to get rid of those theories which make it an infliction from without, a calamity, a hereditary disease; for which, however much sorrow there might be, there could be no

responsibility, and therefore no sense of guilt. And he sought to show that it is an evil self-originated in the will; a fact mysterious, not to be explained, but to be felt by each man in his conscience as his own deed. Therefore, in the confession of his faith, he said:—

“I believe (and hold it a fundamental article of Christianity) that I am a fallen creature; that I am myself capable of moral evil, but not of myself capable of moral good; and that an evil ground existed in my will previously to any given act, or assignable moment of time, in my own consciousness. I am born a child of wrath. This fearful mystery I pretend not to understand. I cannot even conceive the possibility of it, but I know that it is so. My conscience, the sole fountain of certainty, commands me to believe it, and would itself be a contradiction were it not so; and what is real must be possible.”

And the sequel of the same confession thus goes on:—

“I receive, with full and grateful faith, the assurance of revelation that the Word, which is from eternity with God, and is God, assumed our human nature, in order to redeem me and all mankind from this our connate corruption. My reason convinces me that no other mode of redemption is possible. . . . I believe that this assumption of humanity by the Son of God was revealed and realized to us by the Word made flesh, and manifested to us in Jesus Christ, and that his miraculous birth, his agony, his crucifixion, death, resurrection, and ascension, were all both symbols of our redemption, and necessary facts of the awful process.”

Such was his belief in 1816, marking how great a mental revolution he must have gone through since the days when he was a Unitarian preacher. The steps of that change he has himself but partially recorded. But the abandonment of the Hartleian for a more ideal philosophy, the blight that fell on his manhood, his suffering, and sense of inner misery, then the closer study of the Bible in the light of his own need, and growing intercourse with the works of the elder divines,—all these were parts at least of the process. But whatever may have wrought this change, no one who knows anything of Coleridge can doubt that in this, as in opinions of lesser import, he was influenced only by the sincerest desire for truth. Great as may have been his moral defects—fallen, as he may have fallen, in some of the homeliest duties, even below common men, this at least must be conceded to him, that he desired the truth, hungered and thirsted for it, pursued it with a life-long earnestness, rare even among the best men. In this search for truth, and in his declaration of it when found, self-interest, party feeling, friendship, had no place with him. He had come to believe in some sort in a Trinity in the Godhead, and admitted more or less the personality of the Logos, for some time before

once the expressions of Scripture and the requirements of conscience, than any other theologian we know of has done.

Such are a few samples of Coleridge's theological method and manner of thinking. In the wish to set them forth in something of a systematic order, we have done but scanty justice to the fulness and the practical earnestness which pervades the *Aids to Reflection*, and have given no notion at all of the prodigality of thought with which his other works run over. It were vain to hope that any words of ours could give an impression of that marvellous range of vision, that richness, that swing, that lightning of genius. Besides his works already noticed, his *Lay Sermons*, with their Appendices, and his *Literary Remains*, are a very quarry of thought, from which, more than any other books we know, young and reflecting readers may dig wealth of unexhausted ore. Time forbids us to enter on them here. Neither can we do more than merely allude to those remarkable letters, published after his death, in which Coleridge approaches the great question of the inspiration of Scripture. Arnold recognised their appearance as marking an era in theology the most important that had occurred since the Reformation; and the interval that has since passed has fully verified the prediction. To the views of Scripture there propounded Coleridge himself attached much importance. In the words of his nephew, "he pleaded for them so earnestly, as the only middle path of safety and peace between a godless disregard of the unique and transcendent character of the Bible taken generally, and that scheme of interpretation, scarcely less adverse to the pure spirit of Christian wisdom, which wildly arrays our faith in opposition to our reason, and inculcates the sacrifice of the latter to the former, that to suppress this important part of his solemn convictions would be to misrepresent and betray him."

Having given the fullest scope to his own inquiries on all subjects, yet in a spirit of reverence, he wished others to do the same, believing this to be a condition of arriving at assured convictions of truth. He was full of wise and large-hearted tolerance—not that tolerance, so common and so worthless, which easily bears with all opinions, because it earnestly believes none—but that tolerance, attained but by few, which, holding firmly by convictions of its own, and making conscience of them, would neither coerce nor condemn those who most strongly deny them. Heresy he believed to be an error, not of the head, but of the heart. He distinguished between that internal faith which lies at the base of religious character, and can be judged of only by God, and that belief with regard to facts and doctrines, in which good men may err without moral obliquity. His works abound with such maxims as this:

"Resist every false doctrine; but call no man heretic. The false doctrine does not necessarily make the man a heretic; but an evil heart can make any doctrine heretical."

These are a few of the contemplations with which Samuel Taylor Coleridge busied himself during the threescore years of his earthly existence. For more than thirty years now he has been beyond them, inheritor of higher visions, but these he has left behind for us to use them as we may. And since, while men are here, they must needs, if they think at all, sometimes look up to those heights of thought, it may be doubted whether, for persons philosophically disposed, our age and country has produced any abler guide. Those who remember what Coleridge was to their youth, may fear lest in their estimate of him now they should seem to be mere praisers of the past, and yet, if they were to call him the greatest thinker whom Britain has during this century produced, they would be but stating the simple truth. For if any should gainsay this, we should ask, Whom would you place by his side? What one man would you name who has thrown upon the world so great a mass of original thinking, has contributed so many new thoughts on the most important subjects? His mind was a very seed-field of ideas, of which many have gone to enrich the various departments of thought, literary, philosophical, political, and religious; while others still lie embedded in his works, waiting for those who may still turn them to use. And all he wrote was in the interest of man's higher nature, true to his best aspirations. The one effort of all his works was to build up truth from the spiritual side. He brought all his transcendent powers of intellect to the help of the heart, and soul, and spirit of man against the tyranny of the understanding, that understanding which ever strives to limit truth within its own definite conceptions, and rejects whatever refuses to square with these. This side of philosophy, as it is the deepest, is also the most difficult to build up. Just as in bridging some broad river, that part of the work which has to be done by substructions and piers beneath the water is much more laborious and important, while it strikes much less upon the senses, than the arches which are reared in open daylight; so the side of truth which holds by the seen and the tangible, which never quits clear-cut conceptions, and refuses to acknowledge whatever will not come within these, is much more patent and plausible, and, in this country, at least, is more likely to command the suffrages of the majority. The advocates of this doctrine experienced for a time a brief reaction, caused by the influence of Coleridge; for one generation he turned the tide against them; but again they are mustering in full force, and bid fair to become masters of the position. Their chief teachers have for some time, by the merits, it must be

owned, of their works, become all but paramount in the most ancient seats of learning. In Oxford, for instance, the only two living authors a knowledge of whose works is imperatively required of candidates for highest honours, belong to this school. And there is no counteracting authority speaking from the opposite, that is, the spiritual side of philosophy, because no such living voice is amongst us. Whenever such a thinker shall arise, he will have to take up the work mainly where Coleridge left it. In the foundations laid, and the materials collected by Coleridge, he will find the best helps which British thought affords towards building up the much-needed edifice of a spiritual philosophy. And not for the philosophy only, but for the general literature and the politics of our time, what words of admonition would he have had, if he had been still present with us! In his own day the oracles of Liberalism reserved for him their bitterest raillery, and he repaid them with contempt. He would hardly, we imagine, have been more popular with the dominant Liberalism of our time, nor would he have accorded to it much greater respect. Before the intellectual idols of the hour, whatever names they bear, he would not, we conceive, very readily have bowed down. Rather he would have shown to them their own shortcomings, as seen in the light of a more catholic and comprehensive wisdom. Who can doubt this, when he regards either the spirit of his works, so deep-thoughted and reverent, so little suited for popularity, or the attitude in which he stood towards all the arbiters of praise in his own generation?

Above all, Coleridge was a great religious philosopher, and by this how much is meant! Not a religious man and a philosopher merely, but a man in whom these two powers met and interpenetrated. There are instances enough in which the two stand opposed, mutually denouncing each other; instances too there are in which, though not opposed, they live apart, the philosophy unleavened by the religion. How rare have the examples, at least in modern times, been, in which the most original powers of intellect and imagination, the most ardent search for truth, and the largest erudition, have united with reverence and simple Christian faith—the heart of the child with the wisdom of the sage! He who has left behind him a philosophy, however incomplete, in which these elements harmoniously combine, has done for his fellow-men the highest service human thinker can, has helped to lighten the burden of the mystery.

- ART. II.—1. *Die Verlorene Handschrift* [*The Lost Manuscript*]. Roman in fünf Büchern. Von GUSTAV FREYTAG. 3 vols. Leipzig, 1864.
2. *Auf der Höhe* [*On the Height*]. Roman in acht Büchern. Von BERTHOLD AUERBACH. 3 vols. Stuttgart, 1865.
3. *Meraner Novellen* [*Meran Stories*]. Von PAUL HEYSE. Berlin, 1864.

NOVELS are as much a branch of industry in Germany as they are in England, but they have not enlisted the same class of talents in their service. We do not believe that this arises from any want of appreciation. It is true that the Germans look down on what they call "circulating library novels" with a contempt which is seldom felt, and still more seldom expressed, by English readers. But, on the other hand, our best novelists are highly esteemed in Germany, and no German would think of denying Dickens the name of poet, which few Englishmen would think of according him. And if the dignity of the true novelist is thus recognised, there is no want of the other kind of appreciation which is measured by sale. Freytag's *Debit and Credit* went through six editions in two years. A second edition of the two first volumes of his *Lost Manuscript* was called for before the third volume was ready to be delivered. We may not have such striking instances of success in other writers; and the Germans do not provide us with those interesting figures about the earnings of their popular authors which are furnished by literary gossipers in England, and which must prove so valuable to the income-tax collectors. But we know that the sale of more serious works in Germany bears no proportion to that of novels, and that where another writer counts his readers by tens, the novelist is certain of his hundreds.

Mr. Ruskin may perhaps allude to these remarks as a proof that demand is not necessarily followed by supply. But we doubt if any political economist would assert that the supply of what is good depends on the demand for what is good. In Germany the demand for novels has certainly been answered. The circulating libraries are amply provided. Every good French novel, every good English novel, is translated at once; and a great many both of French and English novels that are very far from being good have a chance with the German public. But if we ask how many German works rise above the level of French or English mediocrity, the mass of names dwindles almost to nothing. The Englishman who has learned just so much German as to master its light reading, finds the stock exhausted in a moment. He hears of Hackländer as the

German Boz (the Germans scarcely ever talk of Dickens, and a stranger will at first be puzzled at the frequent mention of *Botz* as our greatest writer), and he tries in vain to work his way through long-winded and fantastic inventions, in which the humour is not nature, and the nature is not humour. He finds that Louise Mühlbach has more claim to the title of the German James, as her interminable historical novels are easy to read, and still more easy to forget. But for anything to be named, not with the masters of English fiction, but (to borrow a simile from Eton) with the sixth form, he soon learns that he must content himself with a small list of writers, the best of whom we have placed at the head of this article.

One of the reasons, though not necessarily the chief reason of this state of things, is the absence of rule and the predominance of theory. Mr. Lewes says very justly, that no writer with a wholesome fear of the critics before his eyes, would have dared to mystify the public as Goethe did with Wilhelm Meister's *Wanderjahre*. The German critics think a novel an occasion for philosophizing. They go so deeply into its inner meanings that they have no time left for considering the mere execution, the mere artistic value, the mere accidents of the story. And while they thus neglect the rules of fiction, they are very eloquent upon its laws. They constitute themselves a legislative, not an executive body. Instead of saying, "This is bad," "This is unnatural," "This is a failure," they ask, "What are the internal motives of the author in departing from the beaten track of conventional nature, and interposing a dissonance as a break to the general harmony?" We see this substitute for criticism very strongly marked in the introduction written by Bunsen for one of the translations of Freytag's first novel. We are told that "every romance is intended or ought to be a new *Iliad* or *Odyssey*, in other words, a poetic representation of a course of events consistent with the highest laws of moral government, whether it delineate the general history of a people, or narrate the fortunes of a chosen hero. If we pass in review the romances of the last three centuries, we shall find that those only have arrested the attention of more than one or two generations which have satisfied this requirement. Every other romance, let it moralize ever so loudly, is still immoral."

It is not a little significant, as a commentary on this passage, that Auerbach, in his able lecture on *Goethe and the Art of Narration*, calls Wilhelm Meister the modern Ulysses. But though we may safely predict that Goethe's story will arrest the attention of more than one or two generations, we cannot recommend writers of less genius to follow in his footsteps, or to aim at avoiding immorality by the construction of such a modern *Odyssey*.

The lecture of Auerbach's to which we have just alluded would have been more valuable if it were devoted less to criticism on Goethe, and more to the refutation of false theories on art. As it is, it gives us the whole secret of novel-writing in one sentence: "Good stories, well told." We need hardly say that the sentence is quoted from Lessing, but it is applied by Auerbach. As this is all we have a right to claim from the novelist, so it is the only end to which the novelist need look. Let him turn away his eyes from those incomprehensible theories about the novel which led Goethe astray when he was more than half-way to the goal. Let him study the nature which lies before him, and try to reproduce that. Above all, let him not pervert the Horatian maxim,

"Scribendi recte sapere est et principium et fons:
Rem tibi Socraticæ poterunt ostendere chartæ,
Verbaque provisam rem non invita sequentur,"

into a theory that book-knowledge is all in all, and that if a man is certain of his philosophy it matters little what words he uses. The knowledge wanted by a novelist is that of man and the heart of man, and style is more essential to him than even to an historian or a philosopher.

How far the three writers whom we have before us observe these rules in their latest works, is now to be decided. But before entering on a detailed examination of the works, we must, in justice to the authors themselves and to our own public, give some sketch of the principles by which they have hitherto been guided, and of the writings by which they are best known. Our reason for placing Freytag at the head of the list, is that his distinction as a novelist is greater than that of Auerbach. The works by which Auerbach has earned his popularity have been shorter tales, more like those of Paul Heyse, and his longer novels have not attained the same standard as his village stories. But Freytag, with the exception of his dramas, and his *Pictures of Past Life in Germany*, to which we need not here allude, is known purely by two novels, *Soll und Haben*, and *Die Verlorene Handschrift*. Of the first of these works we entertain a very high opinion. We think the second in most respects very much inferior. Perhaps, as both have been translated into English,¹ we may conclude that they are familiar to our readers, and we may state our impressions of them without sketching the plot or detailing the characters.

The strong point of *Debit and Credit* was its vivid realism. Almost all the personages had something to do, and they never

¹ *The Lost Manuscript* has been translated by Mrs. Malcolm, and published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall.

let the reader fall asleep when they were really in action. Such scenes as the journey of Anton and his principal to the Polish town which is in open revolt, and in which the waggons of the firm of Schröter have been detained by a scoundrelly innkeeper; or the assault on the Polish château in another insurrection, the flaming wagon driven up to the door, and the yells which bear witness to the accuracy of Fink's aim, are as spirited as anything in Scott. The whole career of Veitel Itzig, the Jew boy, who begins with nothing, raises himself to the height of wealth, and drowns himself at the end, is admirably told. That scene, in particular, where he is standing at the back of the Jew caravanserai, as we may call it, seeing indistinct letters forming themselves in the waters of the stream and on the backs of the houses opposite, is a most powerful piece of psychological painting. Many of the characters are entitled to equal praise. Fink is not, perhaps, very natural for a German, but he is very good. The Jew Schmeie Tinkles is no doubt taken from the life; he is certainly not taken from Dickens; nor is it fair to tax Freytag with borrowing a character, when he has only learnt those habits of observation which lead to the construction of such a character. Again, Veitel Itzig himself, and his master in iniquity, Hippus, are as well drawn as their course is well described. These are the most striking merits of the novel, the salient points which imprint it on the memory. But much besides these is good, though not in an equal degree. The details of life on the Polish estate which Anton manages for the Rothsattel family, the ruin which creeps gradually on that family, both in Germany and Poland, some of the social scenes in the capital, and, more than all, the character of Lenore, would raise *Debit and Credit* above mediocrity, and insure it a good place, if not in our minds, at least on our book-shelves. But there are serious faults by the side of these merits. The habit of observation which Freytag has learned from the English, sometimes degenerates into imitation of the English. There is some truth in the verdict of St. René Taillandier:—"Il s'en faut bien toutefois que M. Freytag soit un talent complet. C'est l'absence des romanciers qui a fait son triomphe, c'est aussi le désir que l'Allemagne éprouve de se voir représentée autrement que dans les études retrospectives ou dans les histoires de village. M. Freytag a osé peindre les hommes de son temps, voilà sa force; il est diffus, il manque de concentration et de nerf, c'est là sa faiblesse." This weakness has some chance of being pardoned in *Debit and Credit*, for the sake of the merits which we have specified. But the critical eye notices it as a significant indication of the dangers to which Freytag would be exposed in another novel, and *The Lost Manuscript* justifies such a prognostic.

Even in *Debit and Credit* the extreme length of the descriptions was tedious. Three pages devoted to cutting up loaf-sugar are not a recommendation to novel-readers. But when we come to the minute detail of the Rothsattel estate, and of the mode of conducting business in the house of T. O. Schröter, to the jealousy of one of Schröter's clerks for another, and the trick by which one of the clerks supplants another in the affections of a widow, nothing but a severe process of "skip" saves us from prematurely closing the volume. In *The Lost Manuscript* we have this tediousness without the redeeming points. There is far less spirit, far less incident in the new novel than in the old one, yet the descriptions are quite as long, the unnecessary episodes are worked out with equal minuteness, and the characters are finished to the finger-nail. It is interesting to read accounts of the way in which Freytag came to know so much about the management of commercial business and landed property. It is interesting to know, that while he was studying at the University of Berlin he mixed much with the family of a landed proprietor who had leased a royal domain, and that from this intercourse he came to know not only the ways, but the very life of a large estate; that while he was *privatdocent* in Breslau he entered into close relations with Theodor Molinari, an esteemed merchant and patriot. But it is not so interesting to have all the details that Freytag learnt from these two friends of his embodied in a novel, and the novel turned into a *Merchant's Complete Guide*, or *A Country Gentleman's own Vade Mecum*. What Freytag says of his own mode of painting may be applied more or less to his novels, though written of his dramas. In a letter to Ludwig Tieck, dated February 1848, we find Freytag expressing himself as follows:—

"One passage in your letter gives me much ground for reflection. You are afraid that much in my pieces comes from my own experience. That is not the case. With the *Valentine*, indeed, I found the ethical significance in my own life. In *Waldemar* everything is invented, with the exception of a couple of bad jokes; but there is something suspicious in it, and your remark has brought it back to my mind without my being quite able to apprehend it. There is something peculiar in my perception and rendering of characters, something which is not normal, a sort of surplussage, giving ideal figures the air of portraits. This damages their ideality, and makes the representation of them more difficult to the actors. What is it? Is it an exuberance which time and practice may lessen? Or is it not rather a deficiency, an organic failing in the construction? The peculiarity, however, seems to proceed from my painting with an infinity of small strokes, which I cannot avoid, because they flow quick and easily from my pen,—that gives an air of internal wealth, behind which poverty may well be

concealed. It is a sort of arabesque painting, which makes me look very small in my own eyes, when I compare it with the simple, bold, and dashing lines of Shakspearean contours. And I am much afraid that this blemish will hinder me from being of much use to the theatre, or doing great things in our art. However, I am soon going to try my hand on a subject pregnant with great passions, in order to find out what my powers are. I fully recognise that, in the present torpor and worthlessness of dramatic art, my mission lies in rearing the banner of artistic truth and fidelity, till some better man comes and takes it out of my hands. That will perhaps grieve me, but it shall not perplex me. My misfortune is that I stand alone, too much alone. I am too much in need of competitors to urge me on. With the others I have little in common."

This "misfortune" has already been touched on by St. René Taillandier. In other respects Freytag is the severest critic of his own productions. The infinity of small strokes to which he refers, and the air, not of portraits, but of miniatures, which is shed over ideal figures, are certainly obstacles to the production of the highest art. But it will be a great day for German fiction when some better man than Freytag takes the banner of truth and fidelity out of his hands; for then, indeed, German fiction will have gained a proud position, and may hope to rival all its contemporaries.

When we say that *The Lost Manuscript* is inferior to *Debit and Credit*, we do not mean to imply that in some artistic respects it is not in advance of its predecessor. It is inferior in interest; it is an advance in insight. It is inferior in spirit; it is an advance in power. It is inferior in quaint character; it is an advance in true character. It is not so good as a story, and will not impress the reader's mind so vividly, but it shows that the author's hand has grown firmer, and that he has gained in mastery of passion. In one respect *The Lost Manuscript* is much superior; in the freedom of touch with which comic incidents are presented. The comedy of *Debit and Credit* was often the most tiresome part of the book; it was laboured and stilted, forced and unreal. Much the same may be said for what is meant to be the lively episode of *The Lost Manuscript*—the rivalry of the houses of Hahn and Hummel. This has no real connexion with the story, and, like excrescences generally, it tries to vindicate its right by means that make it doubly obnoxious. But the comic scenes with some of the professors, belonging naturally to the story, and therefore not insisted upon, are most successful. The novelist should learn from this that there is a time for everything, and that everything is right when it comes in its proper place.

The hinge on which *The Lost Manuscript* turns appears at

first rather arbitrary, and not very promising. A philological professor, who finds in an old account-book of a monastery an allusion to a manuscript, which his critical penetration tells him must have been a complete copy of Tacitus, and who starts with a friend in search of this treasure, does not impress us as a satisfactory hero. Novels of a certain age have surfeited us with the old roll of paper discovered in some chest or cupboard, and we cannot at first divine why the old roll is this time to be a manuscript of Tacitus. When the professor fails in his search, but brings back a wife instead of the manuscript, we begin to find a certain resemblance to Auerbach's story of the *Frau Professorin*. The training through which Freytag's hero puts his countrified wife is told at very great length, and might seem a reflection on the absence of the same training in Auerbach's story. Then we suspect a secret reason for the Tacitean element in a forgery of a leaf of Tacitus, which deceives one of the other professors, and is exposed by our hero. But it is not till almost the end of the second volume that we light on the real connexion between the lost manuscript and the living personages. For a while the third volume is intensely interesting. As a piece of psychological portraiture, the prince is very powerful. Freytag's hero details the different stages of the Cæsarean malady as anatomized by Tacitus, without knowing that the prince to whom he is speaking has gone through all of them in his own person. It is not till later that he discovers the real nature of the prince, and the scene in which he discovers it is one of the most exciting of the story. The readers have not been left so long in ignorance. They have watched the wiles of the princely spider for some time, have witnessed him reading his subjects' letters, spying into everything that goes on at the Court and everything done by his son at home or at the university, and giving full powers to the culprit who forged the first leaf of Tacitus to forge leaves of *The Lost Manuscript*, so as to detain the professor. The prince, this "*Tiberio in diciottesimo*," to borrow a line from Giusti, is in love with the professor's wife, and while the professor is making a fresh search for the manuscript in the prince's dominions, his wife is left alone in a pavilion which communicates by secret ways with the palace, and has served more than once for similar adventures. But with the prince's attempt on the professor's wife, and his subsequent design of murdering the professor with his own royal hand, the interest drops off again, the novelist lets the thread go, and the tragedy falls into melodrama.

To all who have read *The Lost Manuscript*, and even to those who have no more knowledge of it than they have gathered from these remarks, it must be plain that the book is very

unequal. This is certainly our own conclusion. But the inequality of the book is to be assigned to many causes. One of them is that Freytag is still too much enamoured of details which, like the small strokes of his portraiture, flow quick and easily from his pen. Another is, that he paints all his personages too uniformly, and all at full length. The fact that they are natural is no excuse, for it is a necessity of the novelist's art that some of his figures must be kept more in the background, and that of some only the upper half must be visible. Still, after making all deductions for this, we must allow Freytag the merit of natural portraiture. St. René Taillandier attributes the success of *Debit and Credit* to the fact that Freytag's models were recognised by the whole of Germany. "I was walking at Augsburg," says the French critic, "with a *spirituel* editor of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*; he made me pass through the great manufactories, the rich commercial houses of the old city. There is the house of Schröter, he told me; it is there that Gustav Freytag chose his models. The same thing is said at Hamburg, at Lübeck, at Berlin, at Breslau, at Leipzig, at Vienna, at Trieste." And this is no small triumph. To some extent it may be repeated with the present work. Every university town could point out originals of Professors Raschke and Struvelius. The students' *Commerz*, the students' duel, the professors' ball, with all the husbands dancing with their wives, the inauguration of the hero as Rector Magnus, are living pictures of the ways of a German university. We have read so many books about German students, and have long been so profoundly sick of their songs, their drinkings, their duels, and their follies in general, that we did not think there was anything to be made out of them, even by such an artist as Freytag. We are doubly grateful to him for having shown us our error.

It has often been said that a great success, especially in the case of a first work, is a stumblingblock to an author. Sheridan was said by Garrick to be in great danger of failing with his *School for Scandal*, on account of its powerful *Rivals*. Weber himself declared that the favour shown to one of his operas in Vienna would militate against the success of the next: "that young rascal *Der Freischütz* has shot his poor sister *Euryanthe* dead." We do not believe that the public expects too much from Freytag on account of his first success, but we think he has been led to repeat some parts of his first novel as the surest way to enlist sympathy for his second. He must remember that one of the chief *motifs* in *Debit and Credit* was the wound inflicted on Schröter, when trying to get possession of his wagons in the Polish town. Yet he gives us the same kind of

incident in the first volume of *The Lost Manuscript*, when the professor saves the young children from the gipsies, and is wounded in the arm. Again, the incident of the boat in *The Lost Manuscript* is almost identical with that of the lake in *Debit and Credit*; the Doctor and Laura are the actors in the first, and Bernard Ehrenthal and Lenore in the second. We do not think some of the characters quite clear from the same charge. Magister Knips bears a strong resemblance to Schmeie Tinkeles. Hummel has sat at the feet of Fink. Even if these resemblances escape observation, there is too much similarity in the way the chief female characters are contrasted in both novels. Sabina and Lenore in *Debit and Credit*, Ilse and Laura in *The Lost Manuscript*, are almost exactly balanced against each other,—the one staid and thoughtful, the other skittish and delightful. But though Ilse is a far better portrait than Sabina, Laura cannot be named by the side of Lenore. That it was impossible to mate the hero of *Debit and Credit* with the heroine, was a sufficient reason against giving so prominent a part to such a character.

We can hardly avoid making in some sort a parallel between Auerbach's new novel and the one we have just been considering. In both novels the principal scenes are laid at a minor Court. In both the loves of princes contribute chiefly to form the plot. But we do not think either novel can be called exactly political. The object of a political novel is to show the abuses inseparable from some system of government, and to move its readers to demand a reform. Freytag's *Lost Manuscript* can scarcely be said to show the abuses of arbitrary rule in a small state, because he has made his prince unnaturally arbitrary for one of the present rulers of Germany. Auerbach's *On the Height* is still less aimed against the institution of monarchy, because the sin he attacks is by no means confined to kings or to people in authority, but might exist to the full in a humbler sphere, and would not be diminished by imposing any restrictions on royalty. If, however, there is any political feeling in Auerbach's new novel, it is the same that he has expressed from his very earliest writings. He has always looked on the world as more or less out of joint. In his lecture on Goethe, he openly confesses his dissatisfaction with the state of things in Germany:—"Goethe—it is sad that we must confess it—reproduced only German life as it was in his time, and as, to our regret, it is still; we have an art before we have a sound civil, political, national life; we have, through Goethe himself, through his predecessor Lessing, and his contemporary Schiller, a high and rich literature, but we have no life at all corresponding to it." Auerbach has always shown this opinion very clearly

when he has left the villages of the Black Forest for a more animated life. But even in describing the villages of the Black Forest he is neither contented nor idyllic. Julian Schmidt, the historian of German literature, says of Auerbach :—"The effect of his village stories is not particularly cheerful. He does not present country life in its quiet enjoyment, but in its internal dissensions. The atmosphere in which we breathe is not thoroughly healthy, and it is a question if poetry has a right to represent exceptional cases, as if they formed the rule." But although this is the verdict of a critic of such eminence, it does not seem to be generally accepted. Auerbach's sunny tales, the cheerful atmosphere of the Black Forest, the hearty open peasantry, are phrases not unfrequently employed. One of his translators tells us that his works show the existence, in so remote a corner of Europe, of that element of political freedom—the exercise of self-government. It is a singular commentary on this, that the mayor in one of the village stories makes the hero shave off his moustaches. Perhaps the best refutation of the theories in favour of Auerbach's account of the Black Forest peasants is the one furnished by the peasants themselves. "I have been told," says the author in one of his later prefaces, "that one of my stories has been reprinted in a local newspaper ; that the peasants of the village I have named are furious against me, say that the whole story is a lie, and that I have tried to make them ridiculous."

Auerbach's new novel is in itself a plain indication of his real views about the peasantry. We hope that we may take it as a sign that he is not going to relapse into that eternal village life with which even he has wearied us, and that this novel will bridge over the chasm between the life of his old, and that of his present associates. It is eight years since St. René Taillandier told Auerbach that "*l'auteur des Histoires de Village ne retrouvera les succès de ses débuts qu'en se mesurant avec les grands problèmes, en peignant les vices ou les vertus de la vraie société de son temps*," and we hope the advice has been taken. It is not indeed the first time that Auerbach has attempted something beyond village life, but it is the first time he has done so with any real success. The first novel he published was based on the life of Spinoza, and in this it is difficult to recognise the future painter of the Black Forest. There is a great deal of Rembrandt-like power in the pictures of the Inquisition in Spain, and of the Synagogue at Amsterdam ; but for knowledge of the human heart, and for observation of human nature, we must go to the everlasting peasants. Another of Auerbach's later works, in which he tried to shake himself free, is the novel of *New Life* (*Neues Leben*), published in 1852, and plainly in-

spired by the Revolution of 1848. But of this we cannot speak with any favour. What we wanted from Auerbach was a novel dealing with more general life, and yet preserving the same mastery as is apparent in *Barfüßle*, *Joseph im Schnee*, and *Edelweiss*. Something of this is given us in his present venture.

The story opens in a palace. An heir to the throne is expected; but it is contrary to etiquette for the queen to nurse it, and a young physician is despatched to the mountains in search of a healthy peasant. It is also contrary to etiquette for an unmarried woman to nurse a royal child, and it is difficult to get a married woman who will leave her home, her own child, and her husband. At last one is found, but she is unwilling to come; her husband is reluctant to lose her; and the scene in which she debates with herself what she ought to do is touching in the extreme. Her journey to the capital, with constant thoughts recurring to her child, is happily broken by the crowds of people in the streets, and the whole town illuminated in honour of the birth of a future king. Walpurga, the peasant woman, is brought at once to the Mistress of the Robes, who, though of the same nation, speaks to her through an interpreter, for French is the Court language in the whole of Germany. Then she is taken to the queen. Her astonishment when the queen talks of the baby as "the prince," is exceedingly naïve; she was not yet aware that in the language of Court circulars, royal personages never give birth to boys or girls, but to princes or princesses. Indeed, Walpurga has much to learn at the Court. She finds that in palaces people always go about in their Sunday clothes; that the king makes love to a beautiful Maid of Honour over the cradle of his new-born prince; that princes do not like to see any but handsome men around them; and that the way in which every one bows when the king passes, is like the shutting up of a pocket-knife. Some of these wonderful discoveries are communicated in a letter home, which Walpurga dictates, and which is written for her by the lovely Maid of Honour, Countess Irma Wildenort. This young countess is the heroine, more beautiful than the queen, and far more charming. Such is Walpurga's opinion, and, unfortunately, it is the king's opinion too. Irma is not blind to her danger; she resolves to leave the Court, and return to her father. But her father, a proud old republican, with a general contempt for kings, drives her back by his exaggerated dislike of her royal admirer; and when she comes back to the Court the king makes no longer a secret of his devotion.

Irma is unlucky in her family. Her father, who might have saved her, drives her back to her ruin; her brother, a vile character himself, tries to lead her into an unworthy marriage,

partly to palliate one of the kind that he has himself contracted. While Irma is in this secret misery, her guilt is almost unfolded to the queen. A play is to be given in honour of the king's birthday, and the queen is asked to choose a piece. She names *Emilia Galotti*, and there is sudden silence. The king is conscious of the awkwardness of the pause, and breaks it; but the sound of his voice is so strange, that the queen is still more frightened. The play had been forbidden hitherto, and its revival is not a little significant. The people in the pit whisper when they see the queen in her box, attended by Irma. One of them remarks that Irma has a single rose in her hair, "like Emilia Galotti." But the play begins. The manager of the theatre had provided a musical interlude by some known composer after each act, that the audience might be silenced; but this plan has failed. In the pit, as in the boxes, the whispers continue at every pause. The fourth act comes; the scene between Orsina and Marinelli, which discloses the prince's designs on Emilia. At this the queen can scarcely command her anxiety. She hears Irma's breath come quicker and quicker behind her; she half resolves to turn round suddenly and face her, but she dares not; she thinks in herself all the time, "What if Irma were to faint away? what if she were to shriek out loud?" But Irma bears herself bravely, and the queen is convinced that she was mistaken.

One of the characters is a lackey named Baum, who comes from Walpurga's part of the country, but has dyed his hair, so that he may not be recognised by his disreputable family. Baum has struck up a friendship with Walpurga since she first came to Court; and after the performance this evening he gives her an account of it from the point of view natural to a royal lackey. Walpurga asks the names of the characters. Baum gives her the playbill, and there she reads names that are familiar to her from the conversations of the king and Irma.

Meanwhile Walpurga's year is drawing to an end. She is not sorry to leave the atmosphere of a Court where such things are done. But all things are not smooth at home. Her husband Hansei has nearly been entangled in an intrigue with Baum's sister. He has got into too great familiarity with the village publican, and passes his evenings at the public-house. When Walpurga comes home, she finds that her own child has grown strange to her. The village people, with the publican at their head, want to make much of her, but she sees that it is merely for the sake of her earnings. So she and her husband stay away from the public-house when a feast is got up in their honour. The village is mortally offended, and the

publican sends Hansei back his beer-glass, as a sign that he will be no longer admitted. Walpurga is disenchanted. Much as she had complained of the ways of a Court, she begins to see that there may be something worse in those of a village. Every bad feeling here comes out so nakedly, that she thinks it better to be wicked with some decorum. And what she prefers above all is the peaceful family life she has witnessed in the house of the chief Court physician, a life free at once from the evils of high society, and from those of the peasantry. In the bitterness of her heart she exclaims, "I don't believe the great are half as bad as the villagers." Their ingratitude leads her to think of investing the money earned at Court in some distant purchase. Hansei accordingly buys a farm, and they move away to it. As they cross the lake, a face appears from the waters, which legend proclaims to be the maiden of the lake, but which Hansei declares is an exact likeness of the Black Esther who so nearly led him astray. And as they land on the other side, where their goods are placed in a waggon, Walpurga catches sight of another form which she knows too well, and which she at once pursues and clasps in her arms.

Some time after Walpurga had left the palace a dissolution of the Chamber had become necessary. Irma's father, Count Eberhard, is requested to stand for his district. He agrees, and comes forward as the champion of the popular cause. It is just after an electoral meeting that several letters proclaiming his daughter's dishonour are placed in his hands. The proud man has a fit of apoplexy, and his children, who are sent for, find him speechless. He will have nothing to do with his son; he cannot make himself intelligible to his daughter. At last, while she kneels by his bedside, he raises his hand, already covered with the dews of death, and with his finger traces "one word on her forehead—a short word. She sees it, she hears it, she reads it; it rests everywhere,—in the air, on her forehead, in her brain, in her soul. She gives a loud shriek, and falls on the floor." The doctor comes in hastily, and finds him dead. That moment a band of music strikes up before the house, and hundreds of voices cry, "Long live our representative, Count Eberhard!"

Irma has fled. She writes a full confession to the queen, an eternal farewell to the king, escapes from the Court lackey who is with her, and wanders in the woods. It is night, and lightning-flashes make a distant glimmer on the horizon. Far off she sees the waters of the lake, which glance in the moonbeams, and in which she hopes to find a resting-place. Her footsteps startle the quiet inmates of the wood; the cracking of the trees thrills through her nerves as if it was a sign of pursuit. At

last she is on a precipice without a sign of a path. From this she is rescued by a strange woman, and receives shelter in a hut. But there is no peace for her there. The hut belongs to the family of Baum the lackey; the brother, who is at home, is a desperate poacher; and knowing Irma's disgrace, he offers her violence. Again she has to fly, and Esther, who had saved her on the precipice, saves her now from the brother. The wretch wreaks his vengeance on Esther, and Irma, as she escapes down the steep rocky paths, sees her deliverer plunged from above into the lake. The lackey Baum, and Irma's brother, Bruno, track Irma's footsteps through the wood. In one place they find broken branches, in another marks of blood, at another her hat is found on the verge of a precipice. A woman's body has been found in the lake, and the two searchers, convinced that it must be Irma's body, go to identify it. But no sooner does Bruno catch a sight of the face than he cries out "Esther!" His guilt is clear to every one. He it was who first led the unhappy girl astray, and his unhappy victim is Baum's sister.

This is the crisis of the novel, and a short concluding chapter might have told the rest. Irma was found by Walpurga as she was about to plunge into the lake, was taken off to the new farm, and ended her days in a *châlet* on the hill above it. Auerbach has unfortunately been tempted to give Irma's life at the farm with details as full as the earlier part of the story. No less than 134 pages are devoted to a diary of Irma's, where she has nothing to tell. Very few readers will have any attention to spare for the last 300 pages of the third volume. It is strange that a writer of such power and such skill as Auerbach should have fallen into such an error. But he has fallen into another, of no less magnitude, in dwelling so minutely on the search for Irma, when the reader knows what has become of her. Two such faults as these detract seriously from the interest of the concluding volume. They are the more to be regretted, as that interest had been excited so strongly, and kept up so well, till within the last few pages. Perhaps we must pardon them, in consideration of Auerbach's other merits, and of the difficulties which the composition of a three-volume novel present to one who has so long confined himself to shorter stories. We believe this is the reason why Paul Heyse has never tried his hand on a novel.

We have said that this novel of Auerbach's may be viewed hopefully, as bridging over the chasm between country and town life,—as an indication of the author's future course, of the enlargement of his artistic range. If Court life had been merely sketched from the point of view of a peasant woman, we should

not have been equally hopeful. It is true that Walpurga's experiences are amusing, especially where she tells the queen that it must be difficult to keep house for so many people, as if the queen went round the palace like a farmer's wife, and entered into all the details of the royal housekeeping. But the new merits of the book are the author's own views of phases of life which he has hitherto avoided. He has been accused of "making capital" out of sarcastic descriptions of the ways of a Court, and has been told that this is unworthy of the chronicler of the Black Forest. But while there are some thirty towns in Germany where Court life prevails, and where everything is subordinated to the Court, we must admit that there is considerable ground for such descriptions. The Germans are getting tired of etiquette. They have not time for constant bows and salutes, for court ceremonies which cut up a working day, and Court dresses which make a hole in moderate incomes. They do not wish to be taxed in order to keep up guards that are not wanted, and fêtes that are not enjoyable, in order that every one may wear a worthless order, and that classes of men too dignified to work may be maintained in a state suited to that dignity. Both Freytag and Auerbach are of this opinion, and there is no doubt that their open expression of it will have an effect on the minds of their fellow-countrymen. Such cases as that which has just happened at Stuttgart justify any amount of satire. Neither the prince in *The Lost Manuscript*, nor the king in *On the Height*, is entitled to be named with the king of Würtemberg; the "caricature" of the novelists has been exceeded by real life.¹ German truth is indeed stranger than German fiction.

¹ We refer to the following Order of the day to the Würtemberg army, issued in Stuttgart on the 15th of October:—

"1. It has been observed with displeasure that, when His Majesty enters his box in the Court theatre, the officers present do not rise all together, but upon one side later than upon the other. 2. Officers are reminded that, when the Queen enters the royal box after the King, Her Majesty is to be saluted separately. 3. It has been repeatedly observed with displeasure that the guards deliver the salutes prescribed by the regulations too late before their Majesties. The excuse that the sentry before the guard-house delayed in turning out the guard will be no longer accepted, but the commandant of the post will be made personally responsible for the delivery of the salute at the proper time. 4. As mistakes have occurred in the salutes to be given to his Royal Highness Prince Frederick, attention is directed to the fact that the salutes prescribed for Princes and Princesses of the Royal House in the direct line are to be delivered, not before Prince Frederick only, but whenever his Royal Highness passes the guard-house accompanied by his Royal Highness's consort, Princess Catherine. To avoid error, in case their Royal Highnesses should drive past the post together in a closed carriage, the footman at the back will make a sign to the sentry by raising his arm. 5. The excuse that a soldier has omitted the prescribed salute from ignor-

Freytag shows us the tyranny of etiquette, as practised by a father on his son and successor. The Crown Prince may not do anything that he wants without especial leave, and if he utters any opinion there is an immediate inquiry into its origin. He is sent to a university, although it is the usual custom to put princes in the army of a certain great State, but this army has been closed to the Prince. And how has it been closed? Let the father speak:—

"I have been thinking, in spite of the scruples caused me by his delicate health, of enrolling him in one of the greater armies. You know that there is only one state in which this is possible. And in that state an unexpected difficulty has occurred. There are two regiments in that army which give us a security that the Prince would enter into friendly relations with none but officers of family. But one of these regiments is commanded by the Kobell who left our service some years ago; it is impossible to make the Prince his subordinate. In the other regiment a thing has taken place, at the last moment, which was quite unexpected; in spite of all the opposition of the corps of officers, a Herr Müller has been thrust in. It is thus impossible for the Hereditary Prince to enter the sole army that stands open to us. 'May I permit myself the question, if the second obstacle is not to be removed?' asked the High Steward. 'They would gladly oblige us,' replied the Prince, 'but they do not know how to do it, for the enrolment of the bourgeois lieutenant was a concession on political grounds.' 'And it would not be of much avail if the disturbing element in the name and family of Lieutenant Müller was changed?' interposed the High Steward. 'That has also been attempted, but it was found that there was no willingness in the man's father. And, your Excellence, the *inconvenance* is just the same. You know that I am by no means a purist in these matters, but for the daily *camaraderie* such a proximity would be too unpleasant for the Prince.' Müller or von Müller, the meal-dust remains."

There are many touches in Auerbach's novel which may be compared with this. He talks of the Constitution as not *hoffähig*—not having the right of presentation at Court. His king loved the queen as he loved the Constitution, but he loved Irma as his own power, and his own way of interpreting the Constitution. In the theatre the nobles all rise to salute the king and queen, without any of that unpunctuality which

ance of the King's person will no longer be admitted. All soldiers have to make themselves well acquainted with His Majesty's person. For this purpose exact photographs of His Majesty are to be obtained at the regimental cost, and hung up in the barrack-rooms. 6. The excuse that the prescribed salutes to their Majesties were omitted because, being in a close carriage, they were not recognised by the passers-by, cannot be accepted. Soldiers are advised, in case of doubt, to deliver the prescribed salute before every closed Court carriage."

displeased the King of Würtemberg; and on the king sitting down the nobles sit down simultaneously with him, *as if they had been tied to him*. The proud republican, Count Eberhard, gives a description of the king, that would do for many of the crowned heads of Germany:—

“Full of wit! Yes, I know that. He can ask a thousand questions, propose a thousand problems; at dessert he wants a *résumé* of ecclesiastical history or philosophy, or anything else that is worth knowing, but will never work by himself continuously; never reads a whole book, but always extracts, essences. And then the skilful melodists of the Court abandon their ideas to him. Don't think that I undervalue the king's endeavour. People have always said to him, You are a genius. Kings are always persuaded that they are geniuses, military, political, connoisseurist geniuses; he has been persuaded that whoever comes near a prince must put his mind in a Court dress; and thus the king does not see men and things as they are, but everything is draped in the costume that suits him.”

The same cynic gives a history of waiting dinner for the king:—

“I was at the summer palace; the king had gone out shooting; dinner-time was long past, yet there were no signs of him. There were all the chamberlains and ladies of honour, and whatever else their titles are, running about the park, sitting first on one bench, then on another, looking through telescopes, talking, and not keeping to one subject; for these well-dressed gentlemen and ladies, young and old, were as hungry as common people, and there was no sign of the shepherd to put their food in the trough. Your Uncle Willibald appeased his grumbling inner man with small cakes, so as not to spoil his appetite. Hours passed, and we wandered about like the Jews on the long day of the fast. But we laughed and joked, at least we tried to laugh and joke, and our insides grumbled. And your uncle had thirty horses at home in his stables, and oxen and cows in plenty, and broad acres around, yet here he was serving and waiting, for it was his pride to be head chamberlain. At last the king's shooting-carriage drove up; every one bowed and made a joyous face; and yet the king was in a bad humour, for a general who was with him had shot a stag of twelve, and, according to etiquette, when the king shoots nothing, no one else ought to shoot anything. The general was intensely miserable at this good luck, and when the noble animal was brought and deposited in the court of the palace, his head hung down as sadly as the dead stag's. He excused himself again and again, and regretted that his Majesty had not shot it; the king congratulated him, but with very forced politeness. Seeing me, the king asked, ‘Well, how are you?’ and I replied, ‘Very hungry, your Majesty!’ He chuckled, and the whole Court was horrified at my impropriety.”

We have met with suspicious resemblances to Count Eber-

hard in Auerbach's earlier stories. The vein of cynicism which runs through almost everything Auerbach has written, is apt to show most strongly in some one of his characters. There is also a good deal of repetition in the villagers of *On the Height*; the old meanness and brutality are preserved with few variations. At the same time the new characters are not merely new from the novelty of their situation, the external accidents of dress and condition. They are not transplanted from the Black Forest, and changed into courtiers by a wave of the magician's wand. The only one of whom this can be said is Count Eberhard, and he has lived so long among the peasants that he may have unconsciously adopted their ways. His daughter Irma is admirably drawn, however much she may forfeit our regard by her *liaison* with the king. We have given our readers one portrait of the king, and though it is sketched by an unfriendly hand, it is no whit exaggerated. Other characters, which have only a minor part in the story, are none the less commendable. The trustful yet *narrow and* revengeful queen; the noble colonel who offers Irma his hand when she feels herself unworthy of it; the retired *danseuse*, whose daughter by the late king marries Irma's brother, and whom Bruno in his rage is about to address as "Miss mother-in-law;" Baum, that pattern of Court lackeys, with his dyed hair and his forgotten past; are sketched easily but clearly, with less power indeed than is shown by Freytag, but not with the same diffuseness.

In 1848 Auerbach passed two stormy months in Vienna, from before the flight of the Emperor to the capture of the city by Windischgrätz. In the diary of this time, which he published at the end of the same year, he records the commencement of the blockade, in words not a little significant of his own writings: "Breakfast-time shows us that we are besieged. No milk, and above all, no rich cream. It will make thousands remark, what never occurs to them the whole year round, how thoroughly the city is dependent on the country life which surrounds it." Auerbach's stories have hitherto supplied the city with this country life, and in the work before us the country is pointedly contrasted with the city. The people of the Court follow the example of the villagers,

"Repeat in large what *they* practised in small."

The landlord of the inn is to the village what the king is to the capital, and when Hansei is excluded from the inn, he feels like the inhabitant of a small capital who is not presentable. The desperate poacher who kills Esther for revenge, and ends by shooting his brother Baum by mistake, is paralleled by Bruno,

as bad a brother and a worse son. So far the resemblance may stand. But as soon as good characters come on the scene, we begin to notice Auerbach's old weakness. The good village characters are all idealized; they are more perfect than you would expect to find them in any sphere of life, and they are suited least of all to the one in which they are placed. This is not the case with the good characters in a higher station, such as the Doctor and the Colonel. They have their faults and weaknesses; they are not idealized. But Walpurga is. It was the same in *Barfüßle*. So long as the actions of the subordinate personages were related, everything was natural. "The heroine's guardian," says a writer on Germany, discussing this same book, "does nothing to help her, but is indignant when she herds geese, because he is accused of having driven her to it; his son turns her out of the house at night because his sister's sweetheart has diverted his affections to her; the sister knocks her down and hits her in the face; the whole village is vexed with her and her brother because they don't go to America." But when the hero or the heroine, or the old philosophic woman must be described, we are at once in a different world. Julian Schmidt says very truly of Auerbach:—"He puts his own method of induction in the mouths of his characters, and, with all respect for his many years' study of peasant life, we cannot help remarking that he very often makes his peasants speak as a peasant never has spoken, never can speak. He does not look on his characters as wholes, but puts them together out of individual traits which strike him forcibly." It is partly for this reason that we rejoice at his present transition. In the life which goes on around him, and in which he can mix, he will have less inducement to invent paragons of any kind, as he will have less opportunity of observing monsters. The one extreme leads necessarily to the other. Where there is little in real life to relieve the eye, the mind is sure to wander to ideal creations. The youth of nations, and the comparative infancy of civilisation, are the times generally marked by great poems; and now that life is more on a level, with fewer decided exceptions on either side, the ideal faculty takes refuge in villages, where, by the side of real defects, it creates impossible virtues.

The third author on our list is more remarkable in the way of idealism than Auerbach, but the limits within which he paints are so different, that we must try him by another standard. A picture by Meissonnier may be more ideal than a picture by Kaulbach, though you can point to the model which served for the one, and the other has evidently sprung from the imagination. But the one is so thoroughly in keeping, and so

harmonious, that it impresses you more with ideal completeness than all the wild inventions of the other. Paul Heyse was once taken by an English critic as the representative of realism, a name which also belongs to Meissonnier. It is true that nothing in Heyse's stories is impossible, or inconsistent with the rest; that the general aspects of life which he describes are true to life; and that his principal characters are never types or abstractions. But with all this his stories are intensely ideal, intensely poetical. The atmosphere in which they move allows them to be so. How far that atmosphere could be preserved in a novel is another question, and one which, to our regret, Paul Heyse has always answered with a decided negative. But in his last volume two of the stories attain a greater length than any of his former ones, and of these two, one in particular presents a more crowded canvas, and a greater stir of passionate life than he has ventured on before.

The *Meran Stories* were preceded by four volumes, each containing four stories. We are not sure to which volume we should give the preference. There is little doubt that most readers prefer the Italian stories, of which there is one at least in each volume. The first series contains a favourite one, called *La Rabbia*, but, in spite of the general love for this story, we must own that there are others which we value more highly. The *Maiden of Treppi* in the second series, the *Solitaires* in the third, and *Annina* in the fourth, are also importations from Italy, from the wild Apennines, the rocks of Capri, or the fountains before St. Peter's. Almost all of Heyse's stories are set in an appropriate frame of scenery, and the reader's mind is tuned to what is coming by the opening descriptions. As a sample of these, let us give the following sketch of an old German château:—

"I had walked for a full hour up the ravine, when it seemed strange to me that the road was entirely neglected, and that no carriage could have passed along it for more than a year. The fallen leaves of last autumn mouldered away in the deep ruts; here and there I came on fragments of rock and dead branches, which a winter storm had hurled down from the edge of the hollow way; and nothing but the traces of human steps could be recognised in the tenacious soil. I put an end to my doubts, by the thought that a more level road must long have been made from the château to the plain, although on entering the ravine I had noticed that there could be no straighter way to the near town. Now, however, that I had come to the summit of the pass, I was quite undecided, for half-a-dozen paths met there, and all were equally run wild. I climbed an old, large-boughed beech, and now I had my first view of the country round. A deep and regularly rounded basin of valley lay at my feet, filled with the beautiful dark green waves of a deep sea of thickest beechwood. Below, right in the

middle, rose some few pinnacles and chimneys of the château, the roofs of which were sinking in the wilderness of leaves. It was like a fairy tale to see the weathercock on the little tower glittering in the clear sun of the autumn evening, as they tell of enchanted castles sunk in the sea, and their highest pinnacles peering out of the depths when the air is bright. No sound of human life broke out on any side. The woodpeckers tapped monotonously among the trees; a careless roe passed me, and looked at me more in wonder than in fear; and every branch swarmed with forward squirrels, which pelted the intruder with the husks of beech-nuts. . . . I took a path at random up the valley, and soon sank into the most wonderful forest night that had ever rustled over my head. But even the forest night has its dreams, and these had soon entwined me so fast, that I quite forgot where I was and whither I was going, and let my feet go on heedlessly. They went on till they had to stop on the verge of a broad stream that ran black between the beeches. I could find no further track. The trees stood close together, and their branches, with the matted brushwood, made an impenetrable wall. I turned at once and took another path, then another, and wandered for hours through the whole bed of the valley, without seeing one stone of the château gleam through the wilderness. The moon was already shining through the tops of the beeches, and I made up my mind that I must pass the night under her airy roof. All of a sudden, when I least expected it, the wood opened out, and there stood the grey old château as large as life, with its countless blind windows, like an island in the midst of the sea of green."

It would not be difficult to choose a companion picture from each of the author's stories. The desolate vistas of the Apennines, the sea views from Capri, the grey heads of the mountains around Meran, and the stream plunging turbid through its close ravine, the unbroken expanse of the Campagna with the howl of the pack of pursuing dogs, the mountain pastures of the Bavarian Alps looking down on the emerald Königssee, the German painter standing by the fountain before St. Peter's and his long yellow hair floating with the floating spray, might furnish subjects for artistic illustration, but that no further touch is needed to give them life and reality. Yet this talent for description, this art in framework, is subordinate to the true art of the story. The characters live before us, and their hearts are laid bare with a few skilful touches. The web is so carefully woven that we do not know that one touch will dissolve it till the author gives that touch. One of the stories in which this merit is most conspicuous is the one called *Helene Morten*. A woman of rare culture and great sensitiveness of frame has married a busy pushing merchant in some seaport of Germany. He is quite inferior to her in mental gifts, and, much as he loves her, cannot half appreciate her. She, on the other hand, can take

but little interest in his commercial affairs, and her extreme delicacy forbids her paying a visit to his favourite ships, even when the sea is smooth and they are in harbour. Thus there is a secret mental antagonism between husband and wife. When the husband talks of his success in trade, the money he has "turned over," or the luck he has had with a certain venture, he sees that his wife does not understand him, and is forcing herself to take an interest which is alien to her nature. On the other hand, if she reads one of her favourite books to him, or plays one of her favourite airs, the chances are that he is dead beat with his daily work, and goes to sleep in the middle. He does not observe that she gradually discontinues her favourite books and music, or that her sunny brightness of spirits is subsiding. But at last this is forced upon his notice. He engages in a lawsuit, and the advocate who conducts his cause comes to talk matters over with him one evening. The advocate at once recognises the rare merits of Helene, and instead of discussing business with her husband, talks with her of books and music.

The right chord is touched in Helene's heart. Dwelling on her favourite subjects, with one who appreciates them as she does, she is lured insensibly into her old gaiety, and her husband sees in one and the same moment that her bright spirits had faded in his company, and were revived in the company of his friend. He cannot help feeling a little jealous. True, he has full confidence in his wife, but it is impossible to avoid seeing that his friend would suit her better. These feelings grow upon him at every fresh visit of the advocate, especially as these fresh visits recur with great frequency. At last the husband says that business calls him away from home, and leaves his wife abruptly.

He settles down for a few days at the place assigned for this business. The first three days a letter comes regularly from Helene. The fourth day there is no letter, and he returns instantly. He finds, as he expected, the house empty, its mistress gone, and a letter lying on her writing-table. Of course, he concludes that she has eloped with his friend, and every reader of the story would form the same opinion. But here comes the extraordinary beauty of Paul Heyse's treatment. Helene has not eloped. A sudden crisis has occurred in her husband's business. Three of his ships have been consigned to a firm in Copenhagen, and while they are half-way thither, the news comes that this firm is on the verge of bankruptcy. If the three ships arrive at Copenhagen, they will be seized as the property of that firm, and the only chance of saving them is to sail in a faster ship and overtake them. Helene, who cannot bear the sea when it is smooth, and whose interest in her

husband's business has always seemed so small, embarks at once in pursuit.

This is what the merchant learns from his head clerk. Helene had left strict orders that he was to hear nothing about her voyage, that no one was to write to him for fear of making him uneasy. The letter on her table was not, as he imagined, a farewell to him, but was addressed to his friend, in answer to the question he had put to her, whether she was happy? She said that she was happy, how happy she could hardly tell. Her only trouble was, that some fault of hers must have caused her husband's sudden journey, but she was conscious of no fault, and was innocent of all intention. This letter, which the husband reads, shows him the full worth of the heart he has possessed and lost. He feels that he has lost it, that Helene will not return alive from her desperate voyage. And when he goes out to look over the stormy sea, and sees the three ships returning, led by the fast sailer which had overtaken them almost in sight of Copenhagen, it needs not the flag half-mast high to tell him that his noble wife has sunk under her sufferings.

Helene Morten illustrates both the strength and weakness of Heyse's art. A musical friend of ours observes that the great beauty of Haydn's symphonies lies in their surprises. "Haydn," he says, "takes a theme and exhausts it; he gives you every possible variation on it, and, as it were, worries it to death; and then, when you think nothing more can come out of it, he suddenly gives you a most charming melody, which you never looked for, and which you thought absolutely impossible from the exhaustion of the motive." This is what Heyse has done in *Helene Morten*. At the same time, he is too much given to let the chief actor relate the story in the past tense. So many of his stories are told in this way, with an interval of years between the event and its narration, that there is often a certain coldness in the scenes which should be the most passionate. It is this characteristic which has led some critics to censure Heyse as being artificial, or to nickname him the poet of the studio. The *Saturday Review* went further, and proclaimed him insipid. Much the same charge was brought by Wagner against Mendelssohn; and we have met with men who valued music for its own sake, and yet talked of Mendelssohn as a drawing-room artist, composing in white kid gloves.

The *Meran Stories* are the best answer to any such charge against Heyse. In the second of them there is enough sensation for the admirers of Miss Braddon, with enough truth and passion for a much higher class of readers. We will endeavour to give some idea of it, though it is told with such art, and the web is so intricate, that the task we have undertaken

is almost impossible. The story opens in a deep ravine that plunges from the slope of the Ifinger into the valley of the Adige. In summer, the stream, of which this ravine is the bed, is almost dry, but in spring, with the melting of the snow, or later in the year, when the hail comes down, or hurricanes break loose, the whole fury of the elements is concentrated in the narrow gully; the tenacious clay which clothes the sides of the mountain dissolves into a dark-brown liquid slime, and pours along, carrying away fragments of earth and rock and trunks of trees in its fury. The earth shakes for miles round as the stream thunders into the valley; the peasants near rush out, crying "The Naif is coming," and the farmers drive off their cattle, or load waggons with their most valuable goods, before the stream overflows. For as soon as a large rock or tree chokes the ravine, the mass of liquid mud rises in a wall and pours over the surrounding country, sweeping off vineyards and orchards, farms and houses.

Not far from this ravine stands a castle, half in ruins, and tenanted by a strange family. An old Italian grandmother, a father, who is away on shooting excursions, and a daughter, are in charge of the ruin, and live there in entire seclusion. Some mystery attaches to them. There is something strange about the daughter. There is something strange in the way the father leaves her alone, and the watch he keeps on her when they are together. A young Count, who has been jilted, and is for a time sick of the world, is a little taken by the girl, thinks of retiring to a castle as a hermitage, and wants to buy the ruin. The father tries to dissuade him from the purchase, and will not let him speak to the daughter. And the Count's companion, a misanthropic colonel, sneers at the raw cynicism of the jilted young man, and at the fancies in which he looks for consolation.

We are introduced to these two men as they walk up the bed of the Naif. The colonel points with a chuckle to a horse-leech preying on a snail, as a proof that "nature is one with rapine;" but he is horrified at the sight of some ants on his companion's coat. We have to read some way before we find the meaning of this horror, and the cause of this misanthropy. It comes out at length strangely. The Count has found all his attempts at interesting himself in the girl of the ruined castle frustrated. Weber, her father, resents them all, guards his daughter carefully, keeps a close watch on the Count. One night the Count and his companion are in a wine-house, when some young men at another table begin talking loudly, as young men will talk. The hero of the party is a handsome lion of Meran, who has succeeded to the Count's place in the affec-

tions of his faithless charmer. But the young man is now boasting of another conquest, and talks mysteriously of the ruined castle. The Count springs up and calls him to account. The young man promises him a meeting, which is destined not to be kept.

While the Count is wondering at the mystery of the Weber family, a man in the corner of the wine-house, who has overheard the quarrel, volunteers to speak. At his first word the colonel turns pale and leaves the room, but the Count remains to listen. His informant is *landrichter* in Meran, and knows the whole history of the Webers. They were allowed to change their name on account of a calamity that had happened to one of the family. Weber was forester in the Val Sugana. His elder daughter Anna was attached to a young man much below her in station, an underling of her father's. At the conscription this young man was taken. He had promised to return that night to the block-hut, where he had held secret interviews with Anna; but no sooner were the recruits enrolled than an order was issued forbidding them to leave the barracks that night on pain of death. In spite of the order, the youth slipped out and got to the rendezvous, but in coming back he fell down a precipice, and was found there with his leg broken by the patrols who went out to look for him. Had he confessed the cause of his expedition, he might have been pardoned; but he was silent, for he had promised secrecy—and he was shot.

An hour after, a tall, handsome girl came to the room of the young officer who had command of the corps of recruits, and who had just presided at the execution of the sentence. She came to beg her lover's pardon, not knowing that it was already too late. The young officer's servant grew curious when the girl remained a long time closeted with his master. He listened through the keyhole and heard nothing. At last he made some excuse to open the door. The girl was on her knees before the officer. He had a strange expression on his face, had taken off his neckcloth as if he were choking, and was walking with great strides up and down the room. He thrust his servant rudely out, and locked the door upon him. In another half hour the girl came out, imagining she had her lover's pardon. The servant, to whom she spoke about it, told her at once that her lover had been shot more than an hour ago. For a moment her eyes seemed to shoot living fire, but the next moment she burst out in a loud peal of laughter. But a day after the young officer was not to be found. He was tracked to the block-hut, where Anna and her lover used to meet, and there his uniform was found rolled in a corner. We will leave Paul Heyse to tell the upshot of the search:—

"I will be brief. There is a chasm in the mountain a little higher. I do not know what led me to the thought that he must have fallen down it. But the reality was still worse. Just at this moment the moon came out, and we could distinguish every tree a rifle-shot around us. 'What's that white thing hanging there?' cried the boy suddenly, and stood as if he was turned to stone, for he was afraid of ghosts. I cast a sharp glance through the tree-stems, and could not utter a word, so terrible was the sight. A fir-tree, stripped of all its bark at the foot, rose by the chasm, and flung out two solitary boughs at about a man's height from the ground. From one of these hung the wretched youth, in his shirt and trousers; his arms tied tightly behind his back, his feet also tied tightly together, and suspended by a treble noose to the branch, while his head just touched the ground, not far from the verge of the abyss, with its floating hair. But there, between the roots of the fir, some ants had built their heap, and though this was half destroyed by footsteps, we saw with a shudder the creatures swarming about the dead man's head——."

But here the description breaks off abruptly, and no one could wish it pursued. What with her lover's death, and the cruelty practised on herself, Anna had gone mad. She was found at home laughing and singing hysterically, muttering every now and then, in low and haunting tones, "The ants! the ants! don't scare them off, they are only doing their duty!" The young officer's father, a colonel—; but here the Count interrupts the narrative. He has now learnt the secret of his companion, of the misanthropy which makes him avoid all other men, the horror which he felt at the sight of ants, the pallor which overcame him when the judge began his story.

The Count, however, is quite overcome. Just after the quarrel he had gone outside, and had heard that Weber had been sitting on the bench before the door during the whole scene. No doubt the father had followed up the young man who boasted of his conquest. And as this thought occurs to the Count, he thinks he hears a shriek for help. Neither his thoughts nor his ears have deceived him. Weber had listened to the boast, and had clung to the track of the young man. But again we must let Heyse himself speak:—

"Aloys racked his brains, but his ideas were still confused. To the effect of his story was added the roar of the Naif which he was approaching, the ghostly paleness of the moonlight, and high in front of him the motionless peak of the Ifinger, over which the clouds were racing as if the high rock nodded and threatened and shook itself, and meditated a fall which would bury alike the wicked and the guiltless. Strangely enough, when he reached the wooden bridge, the youth could not make up his mind to put his foot on the long beams. They were trembling indeed with the might of the swollen torrent. But he

knew that a high piled harvest-waggon could cross in safety; what had a single passenger to fear? And could he not see, fifty paces off, enticing and quiet in the moonlight, the château where he was so ardently expected? And had he not many and many a night shaken off all the trepidations of memory and conscience, as soon as he had passed the secret door opening on the south terrace, and entered the lofty ante-chamber of his lovely fair, which, with its scent of flowers, was far more attractive than the turret-cellar up yonder in those uninhabitable ruins? Yet, in spite of these thoughts, he stood still on the extreme end of the bridge, and looked down into the yeasty stream. The thick slime which poured furiously through the rocky bed, broke into a thousand fanciful forms, and, faintly lighted by the moon, whirled like a mass of melted earth at once heavily and impetuously into the depths. Here, too, the noise was so loud that the solitary wanderer, in spite of having his ears sharpened by fear, never once heard the footsteps of another who had followed him. And now the dark sturdy figure in the coarse jacket stood close behind him; a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder, the youth started, and half suppressed a cry of terror, as his hasty glance met two immovable eyes, that seemed to look through and through him."

The result of this interview may easily be imagined. After a few words the infuriated father flings the youth from the bridge into the thick slimy torrent. The cry which the Count fancied he heard was the despairing shriek for mercy as the wretch was tossed over. But another cry comes to the ears of Weber. Had any one seen him? He looks round, and the coast seems clear. Yet a girl living by the Naif, who had been sent out by her master to see if the torrent was rising, had witnessed the whole scuffle; and, when Weber looked round, had seen his face distinctly in the clear moonlight. The story finds its way to the ears of the younger daughter, and she too begins to laugh loudly and hysterically. The same fate has come on her as on her sister. The minds of both have failed under woes too great for human endurance.

We have told this story at some length, and given these extracts, in order to show what is to be found in Heyse, and what may be expected of him. We do not wish him to abandon the field in which he has earned such laurels, and essay himself in a full novel. But we think that by degrees he may enlarge his canvas, as he has been doing of late, and may steal imperceptibly into something more important than the tale or story. And we think that, on the whole, the conclusion forced on our minds by the other works we have considered, is equally hopeful. We have three authors viewing their art as something serious, yet recognising the subordination of their art to nature. If we could believe that they would train others to

follow in their steps, we should augur a fair future for German fiction. But at present we cannot speak on the point with much confidence. The followers of all three are apt to exaggerate the faults of their originals, and to neglect their beauties. Bald and naked realism, interminable descriptions of things not worth a line, philosophical discussions on matters that need not be dreamt of even by deeper philosophers than Horatio, are more easily caught from Freytag than his choice of subjects, his wit, and his profound view into character. The imitators of Auerbach sicken us with impossible stories of peasant life, bands of brigands headed by the wife of a small farmer, characters which are neither new nor in keeping, and incidents which sin equally against nature and invention. The followers of Heyse aim at his artistic arrangement, and become artificial; he subdues passion overmuch, and they leave it out of the question. Yet, as imitation is the natural tendency of all beginners, and as Thackeray himself admitted that he began by imitating Fielding, the Germans may shake themselves clear of these faults, and learn instead of copying.

From the authors themselves we have a right to expect more than they have given us. But it would be ungrateful to dwell on what we expect when we have so much to acknowledge. We trust indeed that we have done them justice, that we have not tried them by an exclusively English standard, that we have not pointed out their faults except as a means of leading them to amendment. If we seem to have treated Freytag more hardly than Auerbach, and both more hardly than Heyse, it is because the higher a man attains the more rigorous becomes the standard. We must necessarily judge Freytag by his first success; but we cannot judge Auerbach by *Debit and Credit*. If Paul Heyse chooses to confine himself to a narrow sphere, and almost to reach perfection where perfection is less worth having, he earns our praise for what he has done, but we may not blame him for what he has not attempted. One of the wisest of the Germans tells us:—

“Erkenne, Freund, was er geleistet hat,
Und dann erkenne was er leisten wollte.”

Or, as the English poet says—

“In every work regard the writer's end,
Since none can compass more than they intend.”

An observance of these two maxims would prevent much of the shallow criticism which exists, and which does equal harm to authors and to readers.

ART. III.—*Plato and the other Companions of Socrates.* By
GEORGE GROTE, F.R.S., etc. London: John Murray, 1865.

THIS book is one sign among many of the reviving interest of this country in philosophy. "All false philosophy," says Professor Ferrier, "is Plato misinterpreted; all true philosophy is Plato rightly understood." If any part of this be true, we have to congratulate ourselves that the words of the first great philosopher are now being discussed and illustrated so fully. Not to mention the excellent editions of some of the Dialogues which have issued from the Oxford press within the last few years, we have two elaborate books by distinguished authors, Dr. Whewell and Mr. Grote, each attempting in his own way to set the substance of the Platonic writings before the English reader. We regret that it is not possible to speak more favourably of Dr. Whewell's English Plato. If strong English sense, with its rough and ready solutions of great questions, if sound scholarship and boundless energy were enough to represent Plato, he has this, and more. But the humour, the subtlety, the poetry, somehow evaporates under his rough handling. His reverence for Plato does not prevent him from treating the divine Dialogues like the exercises of a schoolboy that have to be re-arranged, corrected, and cut short by the master. Plato's greatest work, the *Republic*, he breaks up into four distinct Essays, and casts the intervening passages into an Appendix. One can hardly express too strong reprobation of the barbarism that allows him thus to dismember and re-arrange a work which has the unity of a poem, as well as of a philosophic treatise.

Mr. Grote's book is an attempt of a different kind, not to translate or reproduce Plato as a whole, but simply to give an account of the discussions contained in each Dialogue, and to criticise the philosophical results attained thereby. He seeks to give us Plato without his artistic dress—Plato unveiled. The variety, the humour, the poetry of the Dialogues, the fresh play of changing situation and character, disappear, and are intended to disappear, in a dry analysis, which brings into clear light the different points of the argument, but leaves all else in shadow. "How does the matter of Plato look without the form, and what, so taken, is its absolute value?" is the question Mr. Grote tries to answer. A more sympathetic mind might have shrunk from such a severance of soul and body, and might, perhaps, question its possibility, in the case of a writer in whom poet and philosopher are so closely bound together. There is a point where metaphysics and poetry meet, or, to express it

more accurately, the highest truth of philosophy is a rational and self-conscious poetry, as the highest poetry may be described as an irrational and unconscious philosophy. This, at least, is the Platonic conception of their relation; and a mind that severs matter and form, theory and expression, so decidedly as Mr. Grote, can scarce represent the thought of Plato fairly. Besides this, philosophy was in Plato's time still struggling into birth, out of the symbolic and unreflected forms of mythology. It had not yet, as with Aristotle, a definite language and sphere of its own; it did not move apart in an atmosphere of abstraction. Hence an apparent self-contradiction that often occurs in the language of Plato. He is ever warring against the looseness and indefiniteness of popular thought, as also against the poets and rhetoricians, who in his view only give an artificial completeness and symmetry to this indefiniteness, without really delivering us from it. Yet, on the other hand, he is obliged himself to have recourse to symbol and poetry in order to body forth conceptions for which he has as yet no more accurate language. Plato walks as far as he can, then flies when he cannot walk. In many of the Dialogues, as in the *Phædo*, we have an entire metaphysical discussion, which at the end passes off into a dream. There is in him a realm of clear logical distinction and accurate thinking, but around it on every side is a kind of cloud-land, in which float the images of "worlds not realized," or, in other words, of conceptions for which he has yet found no rational and abstract expression. And even between these two, as we see especially from the *Timæus*, there lies a debatable region in which myths and abstractions mingle together and struggle for the mastery. This varied tone and colour of the Platonic thought, this endless shading and doubtful suggestion, this infinity, which forms the background of all that is determinate and fixed, increases wonderfully his interest and instructiveness, but renders it impossible to do justice to him by an analysis, or indeed in any way but by translation.

In some respects, every one must allow that the historian of Greece is well fitted for his task. His knowledge of the Dialogues, as well as of their "setting" in Greek life, is all that could be wished. And, what is as important, he has a real sympathy with that joy of the intellect in its own energy, in the mere play of thought for its own sake, which fills the Platonic Dialogues. He does not, like Dr. Whewell, weary of the negative dialectic, or desire to cut it short, even when he can see no objective point to which it tends. This fresh self-surrender to the guidance of reason, this fearlessness, and even, to a certain extent, carelessness of results, if so be that the fallow-field of thought is thoroughly upturned and made ready for receiving the seed, is one

of the most distinguishing characteristics of the Platonic writings; and if any one wearies of this endless seeking and questioning, he is not thoroughly in sympathy with Plato, who seeks to awaken the minds of his readers, not to give them rest, and who holds that there is no truth for any one, except that which he wins for himself by the working of his own mind.

"Plato," says Mr. Grote, "feels a strong interest in the inquiry, in the debate *per se*, and he presumes a like interest in his readers. He has no wish to shorten the process, nor to reach the end and dismiss the question as settled. On the contrary, he claims it as the privilege of philosophical research that persons in it are noways tied to time; they are not like judicial pleaders, who, with a clepsydra or water-clock to measure the length of each speech, are under slavish dependence on the feelings of the dikasts, and are therefore obliged to keep strictly to the point. Plato regards the process of inquiry as being in itself both a stimulus and a discipline, in which the minds both of questioner and respondent are implicated and improved, each being indispensable to the other; he also represents it as a process, carried on under the immediate inspiration of the moment, without reflection or knowledge of the result."—Vol. i. p. 274.

The merits and defects of Mr. Grote as an interpreter of Plato might almost be guessed from this passage alone. He is not imaginative; he is not even subtle or speculative; delicate distinctions and shades of meaning are either obliterated or exaggerated by his strong but heavy pen; but he has unquestionable vigour and manliness of thought, and for a dialectical combat, an intellectual wrestle between two opinions, no one could wish a better spectator or judge. The boldness, too, with which he casts aside all former commentary, and questions Plato anew, often gives great interest and freshness to his words. He has seen for himself, and therefore his opinion always has the value of originality. Let any one who wishes to appreciate his power read his commentary on the *Theætetus*, or, still better, on the *Protagoras*, upon which his speculative sympathies have led him to spend his best efforts. Whether we agree with his conclusions or no, we must have our minds braced by the atmosphere of intellectual energy in which we find ourselves, and we cannot come away without a stronger sense that "the process of inquiry is at once a stimulus and a discipline."

But while the spirit of a Platonic discussion is thus vividly brought before us, we cannot say so much for Mr. Grote's treatment of those Dialogues in which the speculative or constructive element predominates. We can scarce believe that any one who has thoroughly studied the *Republic* will be satisfied with his analysis and criticism of it. And the *Laws* fare still worse.

Partly it is, as we shall see, that he has a theory which prevents him doing full justice to these Dialogues, and partly that a certain dogmatic hardness and inflexibility of mind becomes more obvious when brought into contact with the highest expressions of the delicate and subtle spirit of Plato. And this mental inflexibility shows itself also in another way. It may seem bold to accuse a great historian of a want of historic sympathy—an incapacity of forgetting the associations of his own day, and assuming the spiritual vesture of the past. Yet, we think that even the *History of Greece* is not quite free from this defect. We are never allowed altogether to forget the new in the old world; and the image of ancient democracy is considerably obscured in our eyes by the associations of modern Radicalism. And Plato, as we might expect, suffers even more than Athens from the modernisms forced upon him, as, for instance, in the commentary on the *Theætetus*, where the sophist is made to argue as if he were familiar with Hume and Berkeley. And to the distance between the modern and ancient world, we have here to add the distance between Plato and a mind at the opposite intellectual pole from him. We do not of course expect a critic to give up his own judgment to the author he is criticising, but we *do* expect him to show some power of forgetting himself for the moment, and looking at the world through his author's eyes. Now, Mr. Grote seems to us always to judge Plato *ab extra*; he scarcely ever attempts to identify himself with him. The unworldliness of the Platonic spirit, if we may so express it, and that characteristic transfusion of emotion and thought, which has drawn into his school all the poets from Dante to Tennyson, is all but a dead letter to Mr. Grote. We may, by anticipation, take one example. When in the *Republic*, Plato, like half the great moral teachers, down even to our own Carlyle, turns the question, "What is my right?" into the *other* question, "What is my duty?" (τὰ οἰκεία πράττειν), and maintains, in deliberate opposition to the theory of Glaucon, that duties, not rights, are to be considered in the foundation of the state, Mr. Grote only exclaims against the strange meaning given to the word *justice*, and finds in it a proof that Plato had not yet advanced to the Aristotelian notion, that justice is virtue viewed as involving relations to other men. Would he not find a similar difficulty when Christ answers the question, "Who is my neighbour?" by the counter question, "Which then was neighbour to him that fell among thieves?" How much of a higher logic is in these inconsequences, and what a loss to mankind if they had not been committed! It is not that Mr. Grote disapproves—that he may have a right to do, when he has shown first that he appreciates; it is that he

has scarcely ever entered one great region of thought in which Plato often moves.

The most important and most distinctive peculiarity of Mr. Grote's book is his division of the Dialogues. He draws a broad line of distinction between those which, after Thrasyllus, he names respectively "Dialogues of Search," and "Dialogues of Exposition." The former are entirely negative and critical, and have no end beyond the discussion itself. The latter are affirmative and dogmatic, full of magisterial decisions on all points of philosophic doctrine. And these two classes stand side by side, the offspring of different tendencies, and without any connecting link.

"Some," he says, "represent all the doubts and difficulties in the negative Dialogues as exercises to call forth the intellectual efforts of the reader, preparatory to full and satisfactory solutions which Plato has given in the dogmatic Dialogues at the end. The first half of this hypothesis I accept, the last half I believe to be unfounded. The doubts and difficulties were certainly exercises to the mind of Plato himself, and were intended as exercises to his readers, but he has nowhere provided a key to the solution of them. Where he propounds positive dogmas he does not bring them face to face with the objections, nor verify their authority by showing that they afford satisfactory solutions of the difficulties exhibited in his negative procedure. The two currents of his speculation, the affirmative and negative, are distinct and independent of each other. Where the affirmative is specially present (as in *Timæus*) the negative dialectic disappears. . . . When Plato comes forward to affirm, his dogmas are altogether *à priori*; they enumerate pre-conceptions and hypotheses which derive their hold upon his belief, not from any aptitude for solving the objections he has raised, but from deep and solemn sentiment of some kind or other, religious, æsthetical, ethical, poetical, etc. The dogmas are enunciations of some grand sentiment of the divine, good, just, beautiful, symmetrical, etc., which Plato follows out into corollaries. But this is a process in itself, and while he is performing it, the doubts previously raised are not called up to be solved, but are forgotten, or kept out of sight."—Vol. i. pp. 270-1.

This is afterwards more vividly expressed in his criticisms on the *Republic*:—

"While his spokesman, Socrates, was leader of the opposition, Plato delighted in arming him with the maximum of cross-examining acuteness, but here Socrates has passed over to the ministerial benches, and . . . no new leader of opposition is allowed to replace him."—Vol. iii. p. 165.

Mr. Grote "cuts things in two with an axe." There is a rough similarity with the facts in this classification, though it

would require endless adaptation and qualification, ere we could admit it as a fair representation of them. Nor, we think, are the two categories of "negative dialectic" and "grand sentiment" at all sufficient to indicate the contents of the Platonic writings. There are few of the Dialogues which are purely negative, which do not contain some germs of positive theory, and there are none, except perhaps the *Laws*, which can be quite fairly described as dogmatic. At the very least, to make Mr. Grote's classification valid, we must introduce between the Dialogues of Search and the Dialogues of Exposition a third class, in which he examines the metaphysical principles of other philosophies, and lays the foundation for his own. These we may call the Speculative Dialogues. The meaning of this name will become clear in the sequel.

The Dialogues which correspond most nearly to Mr. Grote's description of the "Dialogue of Search," are those in which Plato remains within the circle of ideas traced out by Socrates. Their distinguishing characteristic is, that the subject is always morals, and the result negative. Plato is, above all things, a moral philosopher; his metaphysical inquiries arise, in the first instance, out of the attempt to determine morals scientifically. Socrates is the beginning of his mind; and it is only in seeking a sufficient basis for the Socratic ethics that he is led gradually into a region of metaphysical speculation, which Socrates neglected or despised. We have no record of the order in which the Dialogues were written, and it has been the subject of endless controversy; but if we take the Socratic ethics, on the one hand, and those great constructive efforts, the *Republic*, *Timæus*, and *Laws*, on the other, as the extreme limits between which the speculation of Plato moves, we shall probably commit no error of speculative importance. And if this be so, we see that Plato, who had been led by the course of his thought out of the Socratic sphere of ideas into a very different region of speculation, returns at the end of his life, with the results he has gathered, to apply them to the ethical problems of his youth.

The peculiarity of Socrates that strikes us most is that he is a prophet without being a dogmatist. The mere search for truth, the love of truth for its own sake, received with him a religious consecration. He does not bid his disciples believe; he professes to have nothing to teach them, except that truth is, and is the most desirable of possessions. All he can do for them is to destroy the conceit of knowledge that prevents the desire for truth from arising; for "not they that are whole need a physician, but they that are sick." †

What was it that led Socrates to attach this religious value

and necessity to pure science? Obviously the circumstances of the time in which he lived, a time when the "simple morality of childhood" was no longer an adequate guide for men. To the early Athenian or Spartan, there was no question of a scientific standard of right. Law, supplemented by custom, furnished him with a guide whose sufficiency it never occurred to him to doubt. The same divine authority which had made him citizen of Athens or Sparta had fixed the laws under which he should live; and to say, "It is our way" (πάτριον γὰρ ἡμῖν), was the same thing to him as to say, "It is right." This simple faith was gradually giving way as the culture of Greece advanced, and the knowledge of other cities and nations weakened the force of local tradition. The words "good" and "just" began to take a wider meaning, and, being appealed to by all, they seemed to point to some standard above and independent of the peculiarities of any one people. Yet this standard was utterly vague and undefined, or took its colour from the feelings of the moment. Socrates first clearly detected this vagueness and indeterminateness, and he first saw how it was to be remedied. The only possible substitute for local tradition and custom, if a more universal standard were required, was *science*,—a science which should determine the meaning of those vague words which all had in their mouths, and to which all equally attached the highest authority. If we could define justice and goodness in the abstract, these definitions would form a measure to which all particular acts might be referred. Without such definitions, it was only unconscious ignorance that could take upon itself to define what is just and good. The first thing which Socrates had to do was to make clear what was needed, and thereby to make ignorance conscious of itself. Hence he begins invariably with the demand for a definition of some general term, a demand which is generally misunderstood. "What is virtue?" says Socrates in the *Meno*. "The virtue of a man," says Meno, "is to be able to manage the affairs of state, and to do good to his friends and harm to his enemies; and the virtue of a woman is to manage her house well, and to be obedient to her husband. And besides, there are many other virtues,—the virtue of a child and of an old man, of a slave and of a freeman, so that there is no difficulty in finding plenty to say about virtue." "How lucky I am, O Meno," answered Socrates. "I asked for one virtue, and you have given me a complete swarm of them. But you have not yet explained to me the one point of similarity by reason of which all these different actions are called virtues."

Thus driven by the Socratic dialectic, Meno makes a first

attempt to gather in one view the loose associations of the word 'virtue'; but the criticism of Socrates soon makes evident to himself how vague and unmeaning has been his use of a word, which he had assumed himself to understand because he could use it freely. The result is a painful consciousness of ignorance, but at the same time a clear perception of the point in which the ignorance lies, and also, in some degree, of the method by which knowledge has to be sought. Hence it is an ignorance which does not produce despair of truth, but stimulates to new inquiry. Socrates is compared by Meno to the torpedo-fish, because he benumbs and checks that rhetorical flow of speech "about it and about it," which conceals ignorance from itself; but, in another point of view, he is the gadfly who will not let men rest in anything short of the truth.

Another aspect of this dialectic has to be mentioned. In destroying the first imperfect definitions of such words as Virtue, Goodness, and Justice, Socrates at the same time brought into clearness the deficiency of the morality that rests on outward law and tradition, and so emancipated his hearers from that morality. For these first definitions may be described generally as attempts to give a rational expression to the traditional moral sentiment, and their failure must give a death-blow to that sentiment. In order to procure an open field for the morality of science, Socrates was obliged to hasten the natural decay of the imperfect morality of simple faith and obedience. This was the dangerous side of the negative of Socrates. To overthrow the semblance of knowledge without the reality was necessarily to overthrow belief in the "tradition of the elders," and this was the more hazardous because what he had to set in place of it was, not a science of morals, but only the notion of such a science and the demand for it.

Such was the method of Socrates, as it is exhibited to us in the first class of Platonic Dialogues. In these Plato is not dealing with the errors of any particular class of theorists, but with the *idola fori* that affect all men alike. His object is to show the abyss of ignorance lying beneath the fluent commonplace that forms the philosophy of the market-place and the assembly. Hence the characters introduced in these Dialogues are generally not sophists, rhetoricians, or men of special culture, but *οἱ τυγχόντες*, old generals, like Nicias and Laches, or promising young men and boys, like Alcibiades and Charmides. It is only as the elements of positive theory begin to disclose themselves, as Plato begins to leave the purely negative attitude that characterized Socrates, only when he seeks not merely to arouse and stimulate the desire for knowledge, but also in some measure to satisfy it, that he introduces more important person-

ages to represent the tendencies he is opposing. The names of Protagoras and Gorgias indicate that Plato is no longer assailing the loose fabric of popular opinion, but dealing with the more pronounced and self-conscious views of rhetoricians and theorists. We have, as it were, got through the looser strata of opinion, and come upon the more definite oppositions of true and false method. The negative and the positive are sharpened into keener antagonism as each becomes clearer to itself, and the image of the philosopher is brought into full relief against the image of the sophist.

Mr. Grote's well-known defence of the sophists, which he has repeated and enforced at great length in these volumes, leads us to ask, What was the meaning of Plato's life-long struggle against them? If we follow the whole course of the Dialogues, we find that there are two figures which Plato is never weary of defining, comparing, and contrasting with each other—the philosopher and the sophist. The point of view from which the pictures are drawn is often changed, but the relation between them always remains the same. The one is the representative of the true, the other of the false method of thinking. Yet Plato is apparently never satisfied that he has found the ultimate secret of either; and what he gives as the fundamental contrast in one Dialogue, is itself traced back to a deeper root in another. Finally to define and contrast them is to him the central and almost insoluble problem of philosophy. "It is difficult," he says (*Soph.* 254 A), "clearly to discern the philosopher, and equally difficult, though in another way, clearly to discern the sophist; for the sophist hides himself in his element, the darkness of non-existence, where our gaze can scarce penetrate for the gloom, while the philosopher, ever giving up his mind to the idea of being, dwells in light unsearchable on which the common eye cannot endure to look."

If we "look upon this picture and upon that," we cannot but see that they are both partly ideal. No individual ever combined all the features of the sophist; at most, it is a picture of certain intellectual tendencies which have a logical coherence or relation to each other, rather than an account of the thoughts of any one mind. For the sophist is, as Plato says, a Proteus, sometimes appearing as a rhetorician, like Gorgias, sometimes as a universal genius, like Hippias, sometimes dealing in logical puzzles, like Euthydemus, or again reappearing in his own shape with direct negative theories, which involve the denial of the existence of any truth but opinion, or any justice but the rights of the stronger, like Protagoras and Thrasymachus. If there is any unity throughout all these phases, it is the unity, not of individual character, but of an ideal system of error,

which would need many individuals in order to realize itself. This does not, of course, prove that it is not in a sense a true picture, for there is a family likeness in the errors of a time, as well as in its discoveries of truth. The kingdom of Beelzebub is not divided against itself; and it is quite possible that a great thinker should be able to generalize the false thinking of an age, and trace it to one root.

But, allowing this, when we pass from the ideal sophistry to the class of teachers called sophists, we must not overlook the difference between the supposed tendencies of doctrines and the character of the men who hold them. This is a distinction Plato himself allows for; his tone varies indefinitely with the individual he brings on the stage. Toward Protagoras and Gorgias he is respectful, while Euthydemus and Hippias are treated with utter contempt. In the Dialogue called *Gorgias*, Plato reasons out what he conceives to be the logical consequence of the principles of that sophist, yet he does not put these results in the mouth of Gorgias himself, and even makes him protest against them. He only tries to show that they flow necessarily from his admissions, and introduces a bolder disciple to express and defend them. The sophists were all, in Plato's view, involved in the condemnation of a false method of thinking, and a bad system of education. But they did not all work with equal consciousness and acceptance of the results they produced.

The sophists were the higher teachers of Greece in the time of Plato. They were a very diverse body of men, united by a few general characteristics. The first was, that they were philosophical teachers, who had ceased to be in earnest with philosophy. They had gathered from the study of the various schools of thinkers a certain command over thought and language which they attempted to convey to their pupils. One or two of their number reasoned out the negative results that were involved in the principles of earlier thinkers. But, generally speaking, they seem to have turned aside from speculation, except in so far as philosophy furnished to them a storehouse of forms of thought which could be made useful in education. They taught their pupils not to think and to search for truth, but to speak and to persuade; not philosophy, but rhetoric. Further, they were the most cosmopolite of teachers. They travelled freely about Greece, and were emancipated as much from the temper of any one state as from the teachings of any one school of philosophy. They were to philosophers what the "rabble of seamen" were to the orderly Greek citizen, and exhibited that "many-coloured" temper of mind, so much dreaded by Greek legislators, which had been slightly tinged by many influences, and deeply stamped

by none. The many contradictory rules of life which they had seen in their travels, made it absurd in their eyes to hold to the law of any one state as absolute truth, yet they did not seek, like Socrates, for a scientific principle to replace these partial rules. Connected with this is the fact that they took pay for their instructions, on which so much weight is laid by Plato and Aristotle. We cannot easily sympathize with this sentiment. We do not see why it should be a crime for a man to take money for intellectual labour, any more than for other labour. Yet there are some analogies, such as the fixity of professional fees, which may enable us to understand it. The fact is, that no labour of a high kind was considered payable in Greece or Rome. The general, the statesman, did not take pay, and still less, in the opinion of Plato and Aristotle, should the philosopher take it. Philosophy, says the latter, is not commensurable with any earthly commodity in which it can be paid for: at the utmost, the refined payment of honour may be admitted. We may express the feeling in modern language, by saying that the sophists degraded a profession into a trade, at a time when the distinction was not merely nominal. This also was a prejudice of Greek life from which the sophists had emancipated themselves.

If, then, we gather into one view Plato's various charges against the sophists, it would stand somewhat thus:—In the first place, their culture is merely rhetorical; professing to teach truth, they do not raise us above the confusions of popular opinion, but merely conceal it with words. They do not enable their pupils to discriminate ends, or discover the real end of life, but merely arm them with weapons to attain what they will. They produce in the minds of the young a scepticism, which is both morally and intellectually the very reverse of the doubt produced by the Socratic dialectic, for while Socrates humbled by the sense of ignorance, and stimulated with the idea of science, *they* excite and overbalance by a sense of power, and, enabling the pupil to prove all things, they lead him to believe in none: for a teaching that aims solely at giving command of expression, and never at investigating truth, *must* emancipate individual caprice from all sense of limit, must wake that "insolence, which is the mother of tyranny." It is possible that the sophist may not himself teach doctrines subversive of morality, but others will draw these conclusions for him. Finally, some of them have directly maintained principles which involve a denial of all science, all truth, all thought; and others use a method of arguing and confuting which can only be justified on such principles. Thus their educational method is bad; it leads to results that overturn all social mora-

lity, and when we trace it back to its first principles, these are found to be utterly sceptical.

These remarks are illustrated by the Dialogues called by the names of *Protagoras* and *Gorgias*. They are both intended to illustrate the rhetorical side of sophistry, and to contrast it and its tendencies with a truly scientific view of ethics. Yet there is a marked difference between the two Dialogues. The *Protagoras*, both in its subject and method, connects itself very closely with the earlier Socratic Dialogues, and gathers to a head all the principles of morals which we definitely know to have been attained by Socrates. We might call it Plato's farewell to pure Socratic principles, for in the *Gorgias*, which stands nearest to it in form and matter, we have already elements which we know to be purely Platonic. But the contrast of rhetoric and science is common to both Dialogues.

"Do you think," says Plato (*Rep.* vi. 492 A), "that a few private sophists could do much harm to the young, if they were not helped by that great sophist, the public, that in all its theatres and assemblies is continually roaring down the voice of truth?" It is the view here indicated which the *Protagoras* is designed fully to illustrate. In this Dialogue Plato makes the sophist adopt and defend the position that the philosophic teacher should be only a kind of refined echo of the popular voice. In a striking myth, which has been well explained by Mr. Grote, Protagoras pictures the "genesis of morality" among men, partly from a divinely implanted instinct, partly from the influence of custom and the tradition of the elders. A loose general sense of right, which every one has more or less, but which never gathers the diversity of virtues under one head, or refers them to one end, is the form under which ethical knowledge exists, and must exist, among men. Every one knows and can teach morality more or less, and the sophist is superior to other men only from his greater powers of expressing and developing the common sentiment. To this unscientific view of morals, Plato opposes that rigidly *scientific view*, which was characteristic of Socrates. To assert that there is a science of morals is to assert that there is a highest end of human action, by reference to which all the elements of life may be arranged. Hence virtue with Socrates is one, as it arises from the knowledge of this one end; and where this knowledge is absent, all appearance of virtue is a delusion. When men are temperate without this knowledge, they are temperate by a kind of intemperance: when they are just, they are just by a kind of injustice. "Whatever cometh not of faith is sin." But what then is this highest end of action? In all our acts we propose to ourselves as an aim some satisfaction, something that pleases us. The end must therefore

be the *greatest amount of pleasure*, and as all alike, good and bad, aim at this, vice can only consist in ignorance, in mistaking what the greatest amount of pleasure is ; and virtue is simply knowledge. All facts that contradict this can be explained away, if we look not only at the immediate, but at the distant consequences of our actions. The only cause of vice and error is mistaking the real relative value of pleasures, and the real cure for it is a *science or art of calculation* which shall estimate this relative value truly.

We are apt to be struck with the contrast between the doctrine of this Dialogue, that the end of human action is pleasure, and the teaching of the *Gorgias* and the *Republic*. We must, however, remember that Plato does not, even in the *Republic*, suppose a real, but only an ideal division between justice and the pleasure of justice. Every man *must* find satisfaction in that which he proposes to himself as an aim. And so, in one sense, pleasure is necessarily the end of action. But, on the other hand, pleasure *in itself* is utterly indefinite ; it accompanies our highest as well as our lowest activities. How then can *individual* pleasure (and the question is here only of individual pleasure) form the principle of a science of morals ? There is no appeal against the judgment of the man who says, "Eating and drinking is my highest pleasure." And even if one should attain an "art of calculation," such as that demanded by Socrates in the *Protagoras*, still the elements that must enter into that calculation are utterly vague, and determined only by individual taste and preference. By this path we cannot attain the universality of science, which Socrates desires. We are still in the labyrinth of opinion, where nothing is, but everything seems. We have not yet escaped the shadow of sophistry.

To exhibit these thoughts we conceive to be the motive of the *Gorgias*, in which we have the contrast of rhetoric and science viewed from a new side. The sophist teaches the art of persuasion, but this art is merely a means to one's ends, whatever these may be ; it does not teach us what ends we *should* desire to attain. Nay, it may be the greatest of curses to possess such an art, inasmuch as, if unaccompanied by knowledge, it may lead us to sacrifice the real object of our wish for those counterfeits of it that deceive our senses. The true end of man's desire is quite different from the object of his appetites, but both alike are attended with pleasure. Pleasures are, therefore, not only *quantitatively* but *qualitatively* different. Pleasures may be bad or good according to the source from which they flow, and we must look beyond the pleasure itself to this source, in order to determine *what* pleasures are really desirable. In

other words, the science of the good cannot be a mere comparison of pleasures, as was maintained in the *Protagoras*, but the idea of the good must be determined independently, and pleasures pronounced good or bad according as they agree with it or not. The pleasures of an individual tell us what he is, not what he ought to be. We must first discover the idea of man's nature ere we can determine his proper satisfactions. The universal must determine the individual, and not *vice versa*. A pure rational science, developing the idea of the good, must be the basis of morals; this idea will give the order and measure of human life, and will determine the proper limit within which each tendency should be indulged. The only way to introduce unity and harmony into the soul of the individual, as well as into the state, to exclude all sedition and rebellion, all conflict between one desire and another, between one citizen and another, is to fashion both after this "pattern in the mount." No high morality, individual or social, can exist except in and through knowledge of the idea of good; and the hand of the statesman must be guided by the philosopher, who understands the nature of ideas, and above all this highest idea, upon which all the others depend. The problem of morals thus, in Plato's thought, leads back to the metaphysical problem of the nature of universals, and in order to be a moral philosopher he is obliged to be something more.

The point on which the whole philosophy of Plato turns is thus the "theory of ideas." With him begins that great controversy of Nominalists and Realists, whose echoes were prolonged through all the middle ages, and taken up in a new form in the philosophy of modern Germany. Are universals the first substances or essences of things, or must we conceive them as qualities inhering in some individual subject? This was the question on which, to the schoolmen, every other question of philosophy seemed to depend, and upon which the best thoughts of men were spent for centuries. In modern times, since Kant, we have seen that it leads back to another question. To ask whether the individual or the universal is the primary reality, is to ask what in our thoughts is subjective and what is objective, or, more exactly, what element in knowledge is contributed by the activity of thought, and what by the passivity of sensation; in other words, it is to ask how far we create the world which we perceive. To Plato this contrast was not distinctly present, yet if we trace the course of his reasoning from its starting-point in the generalization of Socrates, we may see how near he approaches to modern points of view.

Socrates found the intellectual world in a state of chaos, because men had never yet turned their minds from the indivi-

duals to the universal. Their judgments were all particular. They said confidently, "This man is good, and that is bad," or "This stone is heavy, and that is light." "But how," said Socrates, "can we tell what is good and what is bad, what is heavy and what is light, unless we are able to define goodness and badness, heaviness and lightness?" We must fix the meaning of the universal before we apply it. We must define before we judge.

But Plato took a step further. He said, "Even if we have fixed and defined the universal in our own minds, we cannot apply it with certainty to the individual of the phenomenal world." The individual cannot be defined, for he has no fixed quality. What in relation to one thing is light, in another relation appears heavy. What is good may also in another point of view be bad. Further, not only is this true of things, but of our thoughts. The same thing appears to one man sweet, to another sour. Even to the same man the same thing appears sweet to-day and sour to-morrow. We cannot, as Heraclitus says, step into the same water twice. We are changed, and the water is changed, what remains? Protagoras drew from these premises the conclusion that man is the measure of all things, and that what seems to each man is to him true. Appearance is the only truth, and error is impossible; or, in other words, truth is impossible.

The answer to this difficulty seemed to be indicated by Socrates. While the individual object and the individual subject is in perpetual flux, the universal idea remains,—the universal idea which is the object of thought, as well as that in us which is kindred to it. That this individual man is both good and bad, this water both heavy and light, does not prove that the ideas of goodness and badness, heaviness and lightness, are not fixed and everlasting existences. Thus Plato is led to make a broad distinction between the phenomenal and the real world, between the world apprehended by thought and the world apprehended by sensation. The world of thought is eternal, unchangeable, self-consistent; the world of sensation is transitory, inconsistent, self-contradictory.

But, it might be asked, what after all are these ideas but generalizations and abstractions got from individual things? And how can an abstraction be more than that from which it is abstracted? In the language of modern philosophy, are not ideas mere impressions that have become permanent by repetition, and if so, how can an idea be more than the impressions that gave it birth? This question Plato tries to answer, as Kant did after him, by an *analysis of sensation*. He tries to show us that what we call sensation contains more than it

seems, and that the senses in themselves merely give us a chaos of individual impressions which thought reduces to order. Sense, he contends, does not apprehend anything without thought. It is but the instrument through which single impressions are brought to us, but even to compare these, and to distinguish them from each other, involves the use of certain ideal forms, such as being and not-being, likeness and unlikeness, sameness and difference, unity and multiplicity, which are purely mental. These are not attained by sensation, but in the action of thought on sensation; by *reflection*. This doctrine is substantially identical, though not so clearly expressed, with the doctrine of Kant, that sensations are in themselves a blind and meaningless chaos, which is to us as if it were not, and that it is only as the mind by its own activity impresses its forms on this chaos, and gathers into a unity its isolated and unconnected moments, that even sensible perception is possible. At the same time, it must be confessed that Plato does not often express this doctrine of the genesis of knowledge in a clear scientific way, but more often through a myth. "Our souls," he says, "have seen the pure ideas in a previous state of existence when they dwelt with the divine. The shock of birth into this lower world of sense has made us forget them, yet not so completely but that they may be recalled to our minds again. The outward phenomenal world is not utterly divorced from ideas, but has in it faint similarities to them, which may awake the slumbering memories of our souls. Especially in what is beautiful this presence of the idea shines through its sensible disguise, and the desire which the beautiful awakes in us is the longing of the soul for its former home. Love is unconscious philosophy. Still, such influences are indirect and uncertain in their operation. Their best office is to prepare the soul for the influence of dialectical cross-examination, the Socratic art, which directly searches and tries the soul of man and calls forth its latent powers. This alone can make us conscious of the treasure which we have in our own minds, and alone can supply the key to that treasure. So does Plato picture to himself the relation of man's mind to truth. We must be careful not to confuse the mythic form with the thought which he seeks to convey by it, though at the same time we must acknowledge that the use of this form is a proof that he had not brought the thing to scientific clearness before his own mind.

We have now the theory of ideas as it first presented itself to Plato's mind. Out of the chaos and flux of Heraclitus Plato escapes into a world of fixed unchangeable essences, into which no division or unrest ever intrudes. This sensible world of eye

and ear, where all is change and relativity, is but half real in Plato's eyes; it is, in his own language, a mixture of being and not-being, of ideas and another element which we can scarcely name,—an unintelligible unthinkable element of which we can only say that it is *not* ideal. This is the source of all imperfection, of all division and evil in the world; it is a brute necessity which intelligence can never completely overcome. Here we have the beginning of that dualism which shows itself at a later time in the Neoplatonic philosophy. We see it again when in the *Republic* he speaks of God as being the author of good only, and not of evil. For evil is thus elevated into an absolute existence, which from no point of view can be resolved into good. We see it again in the asceticism of the *Phædo*; for asceticism rests on a belief that there is a part of man's nature essentially evil, and which therefore we do not educate, but crush. Accordingly, the life of the philosopher is represented as a long effort of abstraction, by which he strives to separate himself as far as may be from the sensible world, and that baser part of himself which is kindred to it: and his death is viewed but as the last severing of the bonds that prevent the soul from soaring to its native region of ideas. This is one side of Plato's mind. The charm of asceticism and abstraction, of the negation that seems to set us free from the limits of life, that eager aspiration of the soul that leads it to regard as a burden even the wings by which alone it can soar, that infinite longing of the spirit to escape from its own shadow, which is the essence of mysticism, was known to Plato. But this was, as we have said, only one side of his mind. On the other side was his artistic nature, that bound him to the concrete, and above all his Greek love for limit, for definite thought and knowledge. He could not rest, like an Eastern mystic, in the contemplation of pure being. His speculation must include variety as well as unity, must be to him not only a refuge from the world, but an explanation of it.

In attempting to escape the scepticism in which the Ionic philosophy ended, Plato approached very close to the doctrines of the Eleatics. Shunning the chaos and flux of Heraclitus, he nearly lost himself in the absolute of Parmenides. It is true that he never, like Parmenides, said "all is one." His Socratic education kept him from denying the diversity of ideas. So far from this, indeed, he held that there was an idea for every abstraction that can be made,—ideas of men, animals, artificial products, relations, and even negations. His ideal world, as Aristotle objects, was but the phenomenal world with all motion, change, and life withdrawn. It was the real world petrified. But, in all this, he had only exchanged an absolute

"One" for the greater difficulty of an absolute "Many." He had produced an *ideal* atomism, in which each idea was unchangeably one, incapable of relation to the others or to the phenomenal world. Moreover, if these ideas were out of all relation, how was it possible to think or speak of them? For thinking implies judging, and to judge is to combine two ideas, to bring them into relation to each other. In inventing the ideal theory as an escape from the scepticism of Protagoras, he had only avoided a doctrine that made judgment or predication unmeaning, to fall into a doctrine that made it impossible.

Plato could not be satisfied with this lifeless result, which he clearly saw before him. Indeed, the above objections to the ideal theory are expressed almost in his own words (*Parm.* 130-5, *Soph.* 251 B, etc.) Accordingly he enters upon an elaborate criticism of the Eleatic doctrine, and also of his own theory, so far as it coincides with that doctrine. He even speaks of the "friends of ideas," that is, of those who hold this very theory of unchangeable unrelated ideal atoms, as if they were another school of thinkers with whom he could not identify himself. We cannot therefore agree with Mr. Grote, who believes that Plato saw the objections to the ideal theory, but made no attempt to answer them. Answer them, indeed, he could not; but we see in the *Philebus*, *Parmenides*, and *Sophistes*, traces of an attempt to modify the ideal theory so as to avoid them. The first of these traces lies in the demand for a new and higher kind of dialectic, which he puts into the mouth of Socrates in the *Parmenides*.

"It is easy enough," he says, "to take the objects of the sensible world, and show in them difference and contradiction, to show that that which is one, is also, in another point of view, many; as, for instance, that I, Socrates, am one man, and yet have a left side and a right side; and so, in another point of view, I am many. Where is the wonder if that which is one, because it participates in the idea of oneness, should also be many, because it participates in the idea of multiplicity? But if a man should prove to me that the idea of oneness is (or involves) the idea of multiplicity, and that the idea of likeness involves the idea of unlikeness, this I would wonder at above all things."—*Parm.* 129.

And shortly after (135 E) Parmenides is made to praise Socrates, because he was not content with a dialectic that seeks to unfold the contradictions of phenomenal existence, but had demanded a dialectic that should deal with the contradictions arising from the nature of pure ideas, when viewed in themselves, and followed out to their logical development. Now, the historical Socrates *was* satisfied with a dialectic that showed

the contradictions of phenomenal existence. The demand for a higher dialectic belongs to Plato alone.

How then does Plato use this new method of inquiry, and what results does he get from it? This inquiry we must answer very summarily and imperfectly; for to do more would take us into some very intricate metaphysical questions. In the long and difficult discussion that concludes the *Parmenides*, an effort is made to investigate certain pure ideas in themselves; and the result attained is, that ideas are not absolute atoms without relation to each other, but, on the contrary, are essentially relative. In other words, no idea can be conceived except in and through its relations to other ideas, especially to its contrary. To take an example, a "one" which is not also "many," a "being" which does not involve "not-being" is simply inconceivable. On Eleatic principles no thought or speech is possible; for if an idea be made absolute, taken out of relation, it ceases to have any meaning whatever. This result he confirms in the *Philebus*, where he says that to define one idea by itself is impossible; for this would suppose it to have a nature independent of relation, whereas the nature of a thing is only the sum of its relations. The *Sophistes* takes us one step further. If the nature of a thing is only the sum of its relations to what it is not, or, in other words, only its distinction from other things, then every affirmation contains a negation, every "is" implies an "is not." In the language of Spinoza, *determinatio est negatio*. And from this it follows that "not-being" (in the sense of difference) is as essential an element of reality as "being."

In this doctrine of the "relativity of thought," Plato had left far behind him that hard and petrified theory of ideas, which is usually associated with his name. That theory was not really a fixed limit to Plato's speculation, but merely one of the points through which it passed. The one doctrine to which Plato always remained faithful is the central doctrine of idealism, that being and knowing, thought and existence, are one; but to preserve this central truth he has to change almost every other point in his system. According to his first theory, ideas are unchangeable monads, raised above the flux of things, each absolute and complete in itself: they alone truly *are*, and *being* is therefore not a separate idea, but a necessary predicate of all ideas; while "not-being," or negation, is only an unintelligible substratum, which we must assume in order to explain the phenomenal world. But in the *Sophistes* we have the notion of a system of thought, in which each idea is determined only by its difference and relations to other ideas. "Not-being" is no longer viewed as an incomprehensible matter, that resists

the power of ideas, but it, as well as "being," is an idea, which is defined by its relations to other ideas.

✕ On this new form of the ideal theory, two remarks have to be made.

The first is, that if Plato had followed out the line of thought here opened up, he would have been led far beyond that dualistic mode of thought, which is common to him with all the Greek philosophers from Anaxagoras downwards. He would no longer have fixed a wide gulf of separation between ideas and phenomena, between thought and sensation, between philosophy and art. He would, above all, have abandoned that notion of a brute irrational matter, which hinders the idea from fully realizing itself. Instead of that Manichæism which more or less tinges all his works, and is clearly expressed in the tenth book of the *Laws*, where he ascribes the dominion of the world to two principles, one good and one bad : instead of this we should have had an optimism like that expressed by Hegel in the formula, "All that is rational is real, and all that is real is rational." It is true that such discussions as those of Plato about "being" and "not-being" are apt to seem to us unpractical subtleties, because we are accustomed to look at things in the concrete, and not to trace them back to their ultimate metaphysical forms, as the ancients were wont to do. But when Plato discusses the relations of "being" and "not-being," he has before him, in a more abstract form, the same matter as is involved in the modern question of the "origin of evil." For, as we have said, "not-being" is to Plato that element in the phenomenal world which hinders the realization of the ideas ; it is, in a word, evil ; and when it is shown that "not-being" is itself an idea, the phenomenal world ceases to be irrational, and evil to be an absolute existence. We think it may be shown that Plato, in all his works, is wavering between these two theories, between the dualism of a good and bad, positive and negative principle, and a rational optimism such as we find in Hegel. The numerous contradictions which Mr. Grote finds in the Platonic writings are almost all reducible to this one fundamental difficulty. Plato is dualistic when he assigns to the sophist a separate realm of delusion apart from that region of light in which the philosopher dwells ; and when he abandons the phenomenal world to opinion as distinguished from science, which deals only with ideas. He is dualistic, when he divides the soul of man into a bad and a good half, and treats the desires as mere hindrances to the action of pure reason, and when he calls on the philosopher to crush his sensuous nature, or separate himself more and more from its influence, till death come to give him the final deliverance. He is dualistic, finally,

when he talks of art and poetry as mere imitations of the appearances of things, shadows of things which are themselves shadows of the true, and therefore at a third remove from truth, and makes himself a partisan in the "old quarrel" of the philosophers against the poets. But this, as has been said before, is only one side of Plato's mind, and the weaker side. He rises far above this passionless thought and monkish morality, which sets spirit and matter in interminable duel against each other. In his great theory of education in the *Republic*, he does not seek to crush the lower nature in order to make room for the higher, but makes the due development of the lower the necessary stepping-stone to that of the higher. He leads his citizens through music and gymnastic to philosophy, and appeals to the spirit first through the senses in order that he may prepare it for the direct action of dialectic. And in this connexion he no longer views art, like a Puritan, as something that merely heightens the delusion of the phenomenal world, but rather as the first step out of that delusion. Poets are not the philosopher's enemies, but they present, "as through a glass darkly," the same image which the philosopher brings into the clear light of day. In a kind of sacred madness they utter a message which they do not understand, and cannot interpret. Finally, the love and passion which outward beauty excites, is not a mere hindrance to that philosophic abstraction which alone brings us in contact with reality, but is itself unconscious philosophy; it is the waking of that impulse, which, beginning with the love of one beautiful form, leads us to the love of all beautiful forms; then to the love of the beautiful souls, of which the sensible beauty is the garment and symbol; and which never rests till it finds that primeval and divine Beauty, that idea of good or of God, from which all flows and to which all returns.

✓And this leads us to a second remark on the ideal dialectic of Plato. The idea to which all tends in the Platonic philosophy is the "idea of good." To define "the good" was the great problem of Socrates also; but to Socrates the good meant was only the highest end of the life and action of man *as an individual*, and the minor Socratic schools were only following out the design of their master when they sketched out the character of a "Wise Man" whose life should form an ideal for universal imitation. This wise man, of whom we hear so much in later times from the Stoics and their Roman pupils, is perhaps the most dreary and insipid figure in all the history of philosophy. Morality consists in obligations that arise from the relations of men to each other, and if we attempt to describe an ideal character independent of these relations, it must be a mere

bundle of negations, or an inhuman image of self-dependence, such as was exhibited by some of the Cynics, who thought to raise themselves above human weakness by cutting themselves off from all that makes life worth having. We can understand how a Roman under the Empire might find comfort and strength in a theory that enabled him to retire into his own soul, as into an impregnable fortress that no tyranny could invade, no outward calamity could shake. But not the less is it true that the individual, taken by himself, is an abstraction that exhibits not the true nature of man. "The solitary is a god or a beast." It is only in and through society that the higher nature of man is developed and distinguished from the accidents of his individuality: only in and through social life that he is raised above self to the consciousness of that higher self, to which Socrates really pointed, when he defined virtue as self-knowledge. The *γνώθι σεαυτόν* did not descend from heaven to call men to the knowledge of their feeble "dividual" selves, but to the knowledge of that better self which is only developed by the sacrifice of their separate being to it. In this Aristotle agrees with Plato. He asserts that man is a "social animal," and that the individual *in himself* is not a man in the proper sense of the word, any more than a hand fulfils the notion of a hand when it is severed from the body. Hence with Aristotle, as well as Plato, ethics is again merged in politics, from which Socrates and the lesser Socratics had partially severed it. And if we include in politics, as Aristotle and Plato did, all the social being of man, they were undoubtedly right. Their error was not, as is sometimes said, in this, that they treated ethics and politics as one science, but rather in the narrow view they had of the latter. They were right when they maintained that man's self-dependence must not be conceived so as to exclude his relation to friends and country. But they erred when they fixed the limits of man's dependence at the walls of the Greek city, and so sought to chain man's spiritual development to that which was already a form of the past. The narrow restrictions of the Greek city were not capable of satisfying man any longer; his interests had already, in Plato's days, passed beyond them, and only some wider and more comprehensive unity could excite that intense feeling of devotion which the city had formerly called forth. This is shown by the way in which the tie of party superseded the tie of citizenship in the Peloponnesian War. It is shown at a later date by the rapidity and ease with which Philip of Macedon overcame the Greek cities. The old civic patriotism was dead, and even the eloquence of Demosthenes could only recall a feeble and transitory imitation of life. Men were ready for the idea of

national, if not of universal unity. Indeed, the philosophy of Plato contains in it a principle whose only adequate expression would be a society founded, as modern society partially is founded, on the spiritual equality and unity of all men. Such a society, Plato, both by national and philosophical prejudices, was prevented from conceiving. In his eyes only the Greeks were capable of political union, and of the Greeks only the few were capable of the highest education. Hence all he can do in his *Republic* is to rebuild the old Greek state in a new shape, and by various minor improvements to make it, so far as may be, the embodiment of his new philosophical principle,—the principle of subjective morality, which was destined to destroy it. The *Republic* is perhaps the greatest attempt that human genius has ever made to pour new wine into old bottles. It may be called a dream or prophecy of the future, clothed in the form of the past. The ideas of an aristocracy constituted by wisdom and virtue, not by birth and wealth; of a community in which there is no "mine" and "thine," but "all things common;" of a spiritual nature which is deeper than the distinction of sex, are combined with the unnatural limits and restrictions of the Greek state, its oligarchic contempt for labour, and its immolation of the lower classes. The artistic unity of the whole can but partially conceal from us the jarring of antagonistic tendencies, which here, with a kind of intellectual violence, are held together. Even Plato himself seems to become conscious that he is painting an ideal that cannot be realized. "The Rational" with him "is not the Real, nor the Real the Rational." The idea of the state is merely an *Ideal*, to which we may approximate, but which we can never reach. "Perhaps in heaven a pattern is laid up for him that wishes to see it, and order his life in accordance therewith," but not on earth. And so the *Republic* passes at the end out of the reign of politics into that of religion, and ends with an aspiration after a more perfect justice than can be attained on earth:

* The ultimate result of Plato's speculation is therefore a kind of failure before the hard conditions of the problem he had to solve. Philosophy passes into religion, because it cannot answer its own questions. In this point of view we may say that Plato too ends with the Socratic confession, that the philosopher is wiser than others only because he knows his own ignorance. Yet this confession in the lips of Plato, has in it an endless depth of meaning that was not in the simple negative of Socrates. Both end with the unanswered question, "What is the good?" But this, as has been said, meant with Socrates only the complete satisfaction of the individual soul. Plato, by simply pressing the question home, found that it opened

endlessly into other questions as to nature and society. He found that humanity is man "writ large," and that the individual cannot be comprehended except in and through society. He found, or seemed to find, a relation between the soul of man and the universe, between the microcosmos and the macrocosmos, and so connected ethics with physics. He found, above all, that the principle, "virtue is knowledge or thought," grew, as he considered it, into the principle that "all is thought," and that ethics and politics must ultimately rest upon an idea of the good, which was the centre of unity to the whole universe, the cause of being to all things that are, of knowing to all that know. The image of a sort of "metaphysic of the universe" floated before him, but he was unable to do more than draw the first uncertain outline of it, and from this we can only imperfectly gather how he proposed to fill up the sketch. Yet the hints he lets fall point, we think, to something not very unlike the Hegelian logic. Either there Plato's dream is realized, or nowhere.

Let us gather into one view the notices which Plato lets fall as to this higher dialectic, whose aim is to unfold the idea of good. Though first in the order of thought, this highest science comes last in order of time. The philosophical learner in the *Republic* is made first to pass through a course of all the sciences known in Plato's time—arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, and music, proceeding from the more abstract to the more concrete or complex. When he has exhausted all the teaching of the special sciences, he is to pause and take a general view of them all, for it is the capacity for taking general views that most certainly indicates a philosophic mind (ὁ γὰρ συννοητικὸς διαλεκτικός). The man who possesses this synthetic power is alone fit to grapple with the difficulties of the master-science, that which is the corner-stone of all other science—dialectic. In this general survey he observes that all the sciences have certain pre-suppositions, which they do not investigate or explain. Geometry assumes the notion of figure, arithmetic the notion of number. But the science of principles must not be hypothetical; it must make no assumptions itself; and it must explain the assumptions of the other sciences. It must begin, go on, and end with pure ideas. And the special sciences become science in the highest sense, only when their primary postulates have been thus explained by it. Dialectic is, therefore, not merely *à priori*. It only takes up the matter of the other sciences, and gives it a rational order and arrangement. In other words, what in the special sciences appear as isolated and disconnected truths, will, in this highest science, form part of a great system of thought. The ideal

world of this system, if Plato had been able to fill up the sketch which he has outlined, would not have been something merely imaginary, but an exact reflection of the phenomenal world; with the important difference, however, that that which in the latter is merely fragmentary and disconnected, or connected only by the outward bonds of succession in time or juxtaposition in space, should in the former have been arranged by the relations of pure ideas to each other. The ideal system would have been nothing but the real world in its ideal order. But with Plato, as we have said, this ideal system was little more than a dream. We find, indeed, the beginnings of an investigation of ideal relations in the sophist, where the ideas of "being and not-being, sameness and difference," are examined. But, as Hegel has well said, there is a long way between such simple abstractions as "being" and "difference," and the complex matter of physics, ethics, and politics. Mr. Grote justly remarks that the gulf between metaphysic and ethics is too wide to be bridged over, as it is in the *Philebus*, where we pass immediately from the abstract opposition of finite and infinite to the concrete opposition of pleasure and knowledge. The truth is, that a metaphysic of the sciences, such as Plato desires, if it be possible at all, is possible only after the special sciences are far on the way to completion. To apply the most abstract principles at once to the concrete, as Plato does in the *Timæus*, and in some degree even in the *Republic*, is to construct an imaginary universe. Accordingly, when Plato has to speak on politics, still more when he has to speak on physics, he lowers his tone very considerably. If Mr. Grote finds the *Republic* dogmatic and self-confident in its spirit, we cannot agree with him. He should at least have noticed the remark which Plato repeats as to its method. Plato is unwillingly dogmatic, so far as he is so, because his own ideal of science is to him unattainable. Twice in the *Republic* he regrets that the method he adopts is unsatisfactory. The science of dialectic has not yet sufficiently determined the idea of good, the political or moral ideal, and consequently he says we must be content with something short of rigid deduction. We must proceed, to some extent, by a kind of *μᾶρξία*, by the aid of that poetic constructive faculty, which is the pioneer of philosophy. And in the *Timæus*, his sketch of physical philosophy, his tone is even lower. He claims for it merely the rank of a theory, which is so far probable, as it agrees with certain ideal principles. The so-called dogmatism of Plato does not, therefore, amount to an abandonment of his demand for strict scientific method; it only shows that, in view of certain difficulties as yet insoluble, he determined provisionally to be

content with something short of it, and not absolutely to refuse to construct till they should be solved. But this conscious and declared postponement of difficulties is something quite different from dogmatism.

The method of Plato in the *Republic* is neither inductive nor deductive, in the strict sense of these words. It is so far inductive as he takes in it, for his starting-point, the general outline of a Greek state, and the ordinary political notions of his country. The Greek believed that freedom only resided in cities, and that men could not combine into larger societies than the city without becoming slaves. The political unit must be a town, no more and no less. Within this unity of the city, however, he made a broad distinction between the full citizens, that is, those who governed the city and fought for it, and those unprivileged persons, generally slaves, who constituted the working classes. All Greek states were, in this point of view, equally aristocratic. The freedom and elevation of the few at the expense of the many was equally the aim of Athens and of Sparta. All the lower necessities of life were provided for by a class of men, sacrificed to them, and shut out from all participation in the higher interests, while the citizens, thus elevated, as it were, on the shoulders of the rest, gave themselves up to the only occupations considered to be worthy of freemen, war and politics, and, in later times, philosophy and art. This was the Greek notion of a state, a notion which Plato fully accepts and indorses. But though he takes the general organism and division of a Greek state as he found it, he re-models this organism from a new point of view, and gives it a new end and aim. This aim is education.

The state, in Plato's eyes, as in Aristotle's, is a great educational institution. Statesmanship is the art of training souls. All other aims of political activity, such as riches, peace, or outward freedom, are not good in themselves. They are good or bad according as they are used; and to say that a statesman has made a state great because he has enriched it with tribute, or armed it with walls, harbours, or arsenals, is to mistake the cook who flatters our palate, for the doctor who seeks to restore and preserve our health. Hence Sparta is praised for devoting herself to the true work of a state, the training of the citizen, even while the character of her training is censured. In studying Plato and Aristotle, this point has ever to be remembered, that the main work of the state with them is to educate and to civilize; and hence we must leave behind us the associations of a time when this office has been almost entirely taken from it. The influence of the Church and of a cosmopolitan culture, on the one hand, and individual liberty and enterprise, on the

other, have broken the exclusive domination of the state over man's life, and a wide separation has been made between the agencies by which his material interests and those by which his spiritual interests are secured. But the city was to the Greek, State, Church, and Society put together. It was the sole instrumentality by which any *general* aim could be secured; and, if education was to be made the highest end of life, it was the city alone that could undertake it. Out of this view flow all the results which seem to us most *bizarre* and strange in their political speculation; as, for instance, Plato's assertion that in the ideal state philosophers must be kings and kings philosophers. Who else *should* be kings in a university?

Plato recognises, however, that this highest end of the state was not the motive which led to its formation. Men are drawn together by the impulse of self-preservation—by the need of each other. But while they seek this lower end, they stumble upon a higher result. In the words of Goethe, they are like Saul, the son of Kish, who went out to seek his father's asses, and found a kingdom. Sparta aimed at conquering her neighbours, but in order to do so, she had to submit to a training that had the higher result of making her the model of self-command to all Greece. So in the *Republic*, Plato traces how desire for luxury leads to war, and war again leads to the education of a higher class of statesmen and soldiers. A divine chance, not man's intent, gives origin, in the first intent, to all higher culture, and with it to philosophy. The question for Plato, however, is, whether this result on which man has stumbled, may not be consciously adopted and perpetuated as its aim, by a state in which philosophy holds the helm.

Man begins in error and delusion, lost amid the chaos of sensations, taking shadows for realities and realities for shadows. By the power of sensible beauty, through nature and through art, the sense of the invisible awakes in him. By a kind of prophetic instinct he pursues the good, which he does not know (*μᾶλλον οὐκ οἶδεν*). Finally, through some divine chance, his eyes are opened to the light of philosophy. But this stumbling, uncertain process of self-education, might it not be made certain? Might not man's passage to the higher life be guided by the clear vision of those who have already come to know the truth? And so, not by a mere flash of poetic inspiration, which obscurely detects the higher in the lower, but is ever in danger of losing the spirit in the form; not by right opinion, which custom has fixed, but which may be unfixed again when circumstance has broken the yoke of custom, but by a carefully graduated education, might not man be led securely to the highest culture of which his nature is capable?

It is the aim of the *Republic* to present the image of such a process of culture, as it might be imparted in a state where the philosopher was king.

If Plato had no other claim to remembrance, he has this enduring one, that he first understood and expressed the full meaning of the word *Education*. He first looked on life as one great sphere of culture, and saw how all its parts might receive unity and significance from this idea: all its parts, beginning with the simplest mythological and poetic forms by which the mind is first opened to the truth, and ending with the widest view of the philosopher, who, in Plato's conception, sees the world from its central idea, and comprehends it as one whole.

Such a culture is possible only to the few. It is a luxury which presupposes that the necessities are already provided. It is a doorway into the higher life, which is shut to the poor. Hence, as we saw, Plato accepts the aristocratic view of the state. The slaves and lower classes must be sacrificed, in order that the higher may have time for education. Plato makes an advance on the ordinary Greek view, only in so far as he demands that nature and capacity, not birth or wealth, should determine *who* are to be the higher classes; that it should be an aristocracy of intellect and character, not of accidental advantages; and then, leaving the working class to their inevitable fate, with the remark that the virtue of a peasant or artisan does not matter much to the state, he goes on to consider the education of the real citizens, who alone are capable of education.

In this education there are two great stages, which we may call loosely the stages of artistic and philosophic, or, more exactly, unconscious and conscious training. In the former the pupil "sees through a glass darkly;" he is taught through the medium of myths and artistic representations suited to his apprehension. In the latter the veil is taken away, and he deals with pure ideal truth, with the sciences, and, above all, the master science—dialectic. Art and religion are thus used as "schoolmasters" to bring men to philosophy, and the beautiful is treated as a veiled image of the good. Plato says that there are two kinds of discourses, the false and the true, and that, in education, the false must come first, or, in other words, art and poetry must come before philosophic reason. The governors, who are the superintendents of education, must tell their citizens a "noble lie," till they become fit to hear the whole truth. In relation to this "noble lie," Plato has received but scant justice. Commentators run away with the word "lie," and its associations, and forget that, in Plato's sense, poetry is a lie. Truth with him is *only* and solely what we call "abstract truth," and

what we call "truth of facts" is, in his view, not truth at all, but rather the greatest of all lies. Phenomena have reality only so far as the idea permeates and shines through them, so far as they are ideal. And art is so far superior to nature as it presents us with a set of phenomena, through which the idea shines more clearly. Art is not truth, but it is not so deceptive and lying as ordinary reality. It is a lie still, but a "noble" lie. And, as we cannot teach abstract truth to the young, or to the multitude, we must teach them by poetic fables the highest truth of which they are capable. Plato sees the necessity of mythology as a step in the education of man. What he demands, when he speaks of the necessity of noble lies, is really this: that the deceptive element, which must be present when spiritual truth is represented under sensible forms, should be reduced to the smallest possible amount. He would have a reformed and purified mythology, where the poetic impulse should not be left to its own wayward course, but should be checked and guided by the insight of the philosopher, who stands above it, and knows what it ought to express. The lie must only be in the sensible form, not in the matter. The matter must be the same with that of philosophy itself.

The great difficulty and crisis of education comes, however, when this sensible form and its delusion is removed, when the artistic or mythological stage of education gives place to the philosophic. We do not wonder that Plato, living when he did, should find the transition from faith to reason so difficult and dangerous. He is anxious, above all, that the faith of childhood should not be disturbed too soon, that mental emancipation should not take place till the character has been confirmed in the love of goodness, and is able to bear the shock of doubt without losing faith in the existence of truth. The dangers of the period of questioning and doubting are nowhere more clearly pictured than in the seventh book of the *Republic*. Indeed, it may be said that the *Republic* itself is but one great attempt to solve the problem, how these dangers are to be successfully met, how the mind may be saved from doubt till it be fit to cope with it, and led through it to the higher light of philosophy. The absolute necessity of negative dialectic, and of the doubt it causes, as a means to the highest education, Plato maintains as firmly as he does in the earlier Dialogues, but he has become more sensible of the dangers that accompany it. He has also come to see that philosophy is not the only form, nor the first form, in which truth and morality can be conveyed to the human mind, and that it cannot be made a substitute for the earlier teachings of poetry and mythology. The two stages of education are each necessary in its time. But, granting this,

how can man's tuition be arranged so that doubt shall come just when the mind is ripe for it? The problem is perhaps not susceptible of a *universal*, nor, even in the case of an individual, of a perfect solution. You cannot learn to swim without entering the water, nor can you teach a mind to search for truth without exposing it to the dangers of doubt. Plato's solution is impracticable, for it asks the governors to do for their subjects what no government could do. To combine within the same city the extremes of passive obedience and acquiescence in received doctrine, on the one hand, and of the most active and questioning spirit of science on the other, and yet to arrange that the scepticism and negative criticism of the philosophers should never disturb the faith of those who are still in the age of faith, would demand nothing short of omniscience. It can be done, if at all, not by the external arrangements of a constitution, but by the guiding sense of individuals of what is due to each other. But there Plato has not solved the problem, he has conceived it aright, and there is perhaps nothing in his writings more permanently interesting than his remarks on this great problem of intellectual growth.

There is still, however, another side on which the culture of man may be viewed. While, intellectually, education is the transition from mere sensible perception to ideal knowledge, morally, it is the transition from selfishness to self-sacrifice. It is the growth of the social, as opposed to the individual self-asserting tendencies in man. And to this moral side of education, Plato gives perhaps even greater prominence. The *Republic* is professedly an attempt to solve the question, "*What is justice?*" In the first book it is proved, by a Socratic cross-examination, that the ordinary or popular conceptions of justice are wavering and uncertain; that they represent merely certain indistinct feelings that have grown up, no one knows how, and are utterly unable to give a distinct account of themselves, or to be reduced to any self-consistent theory. The morality of custom and tradition cannot be deduced from any principle. Is there, then, no such thing as justice or social morality whatever? and, if so, whence comes it that men unite to form societies and states, and what is the bond that holds these together? The first answer that presents itself is, that the only bond is force,—the will of the stronger. Each one seeks to make his own will prevail over that of others, and the stronger wins. This is the theory which Thrasymachus supports. But, argues Plato, through the mouth of Socrates, if this absolute and isolated selfishness were the only principle of men's action, no society could ever arise or maintain itself. There must be a certain "honour" or justice even among a band of thieves, if they are

to hold together. Society exists only as the individual will learns to sacrifice itself, as the individual gives up his savage isolation and independence, and submits to be the instrument of the common life. *Unlimited* selfishness, in which every man's hand was against his neighbour, would not secure even its own end—the good of self. This last thought leads to a new theory, which is proposed by Glaucon in the second book of the *Republic*. Granted that unlimited selfishness would be self-destructive, may not society be founded on a sort of limited or social selfishness? Cannot we explain justice as an outward compact of all the individuals of a state, whereby each withdraws his aggressive claims, on condition of the others doing the like? Cannot we suppose a society, founded on selfishness still, but on selfishness with its anarchic tendencies bitted and bridled by reason? In such a society each one would still seek his own good, not the good of the whole of which he was a member, but the fear of an anarchy, in which every one would lose, might act in place of self-sacrifice in preserving the unity of the whole. On this view, a society of men differs from a den of wild beasts only in this, that they have been able to learn from experience that it is more the interest of each to be protected from all the others, than to indulge his natural inclination to rend them, and have therefore set up law and justice, armed with force, as a sort of keeper, to see that each is content with his own share. In fact, we have here the theory more fully developed by Hobbes. Selfishness, *plus* foresight, are supposed to act in the same way as self-sacrifice *might* act among a higher race of beings.

In direct contrast with both these forms of the "selfish" theory, Plato sets before us *his* ideal republic. Society begins partly in selfish impulse, in the need each man has of the others. But this impulse in itself could not hold society together. Plato, like Hobbes, considers individual will and impulse as a source of pure anarchy. The difference lies in *this*, that what Hobbes considers to be true of men universally, Plato considers to be true only of the "natural" man, the uneducated savage. Hobbes can therefore conceive no order, no remedy for anarchy, except despotism; no unity, except that which sets the caprice of one in place of the caprice of many. But Plato believes that by education man may be raised above himself, above individual impulse and caprice. Mr. Grote, in his criticisms on the *Republic*, says that Plato "contradicts his own fundamental principle," when he traces the foundation of society to men's need of each other, and yet demands that afterward virtue should be practised without regard to its consequences to the individual. But this is exactly what Plato intends to do. It is the object of society,

in his eyes, to raise man from the absolute selfishness of the savage to the absolute self-abnegation of the philosopher. In the plan of education which Plato sketches, the outward restraint on the pupil is gradually relaxed as he leaves behind him savage impulse and individual caprice. At first, his every step is checked and strictly regulated by the institutions of the state, but in proportion as he learns to subdue the "natural man" his power becomes greater. On his entrance on the higher class of guardians, he has to renounce all rights of person and property, and to cease to claim an independent domestic life for himself. And he becomes supreme governor only when he is so absorbed in the contemplation of pure ideas, so far beyond all personal interest and ambition, that no earthly prize can tempt him, and even sovereign rule presents itself to his eyes as a painful duty, and not as a privilege. The philosopher has, in Scripture language, "put off the old man, with his affections and lusts." He alone is absolutely free, because his individual will is lost in reason, and so, "having nothing," he may safely "possess all things." So long as a man has a life of his own, so long, in Plato's eyes, he is a source of disturbance and disorder to the commonwealth, so long he must be held in subjection to tutors and governors; but when he has risen above individual care and wish, then he is an universal order in himself, and fit to be trusted with the government of other men. Passion is subdued in himself, and therefore he is like a pure voice of reason, to which the jarring self-wills of others must yield unlimited submission. When Mr. Grote says that the morality of Plato is "self-referent," he does not put himself at Plato's point of view. Plato does not, it is true, speak of sacrificing one's individual will and pleasure to the pleasure or good of others, but rather of sacrificing all individual will to reason, to that higher nature which is incapable of being the object of selfish impulse. And when he says that the happiness of the individual is to be found in this sacrifice, this is only another way of saying that such a higher nature exists. The philosopher of the *Republic* cannot be selfish or self-referent, for he can scarcely be said to have a self.

Yet we do not deny that there is a certain force in the objection, though we would be inclined to express it differently. The ideal contrasts on which the argument of the *Republic* rests are of an entirely abstract character. The guardians and the common people, the professions and the trades, reason and impulse, are set in a bold opposition to each other, which belongs to abstract conceptions and not to reality. The governor is conceived as having *no* particular or selfish interests; the tradesman as having *nothing* but such interests. Yet in Plato's

analysis of the individual soul, he detects the same elements of reason and passion which he had before discerned in the state; and if he is right in this, it would follow that the highest philosopher cannot be without some personal desires, nor the lowest slave without some universal interests. Plato here gives to abstractions that absolute and independent character, which, in the *Sophist*, he had denied to them, and transfers to the sphere of politics that opposition between the ideal and phenomenal world which is characteristic of the first form of the ideal theory. Here, too, Plato is not in complete harmony with himself. Indeed, we may say that his whole philosophy is a struggle to escape from that dualism within which the Greek mind for ages was confined, and an unsuccessful struggle; yet, owing to the greatness of the questions opened up, and the suggestiveness of the answers, even when they fail to be satisfactory, there is perhaps no success in philosophy so instructive as the *failure of Plato*.

In this rapid sketch we have been obliged to omit the discussion of many interesting questions raised by Mr. Grote. We have tried rather to exhibit the course of Plato's thought than to discuss the value of his results. Yet we are conscious how little such a sketch, even if it were much more complete, could tell of Plato to those who have not read him. Platonism is too subtle an essence to be conveyed in such "earthen vessels." There are perhaps philosophers who have given to the world as much original thought as Plato, whose speculations form as important landmarks in the history of philosophy, but none whose works stand in such permanent relations to the human spirit. We might, without very great loss, learn what *they* have thought from the accounts of others. But Platonism no one can fully understand except from the lips of Plato himself. The Dialogues have been called, in a somewhat out-worn phrase, the "Bible of literary men." And this partly expresses what we mean. For as the Bible is not a confession of faith or a treatise on doctrine, but a picture of the religious life, its inward trials and difficulties, and its changing relations with the world, so we may say that Plato teaches us not philosophy, but the philosophic life. To live in the world and influence it, and yet not to be of it, not to be overpowered by its delusion, or to mistake for eternal truth the passion and the cry of the hour, is a difficulty which besets the thinker as well as the saint, Plato as well as St. Paul. And there is often more than a formal parallelism between the dangers of a false use of philosophy given in the *Republic*, and the dangers of an abuse of the principle of faith, as expressed in the Epistle to the Romans. Who, again, exhibits so fully as Plato the difficulty of bridging over

the gulf between theory and practice? How shall the philosopher pursue ideal truth without losing all practical influence, or how shall he bring his thoughts to bear on the actual course of affairs without sacrificing ideal truth? Much of the inconsistency that has been found in him arises really from the completeness of his survey of the intellectual life on all its many sides, a completeness almost unattainable without formal contradiction. His system would be more symmetrical if we had not asceticism and self-culture, mysticism and art, side by side in it, but it would no longer be an adequate picture of all the phenomena of the intellectual life, for "wisdom is justified of her children" alike in Zeno and Epicurus; and if Plato, with all his striving after unity, failed to attain it, he failed because human life was too great then, as it has been found too great now, to be embraced in a complete and self-consistent theory.

ART. IV.—*The Poetical Works of Henry Taylor, D.C.L.* 3 vols. Chapman & Hall. 1864.

THE wealth of the present century in Poetry generally has often been contrasted with its comparative poverty in the Drama. In most Continental countries the serious drama has long fallen to a low ebb; and among ourselves the number of dramatic aspirants has been more remarkable than their success. There has, however, been one conspicuous exception. *Philip van Artevelde* at once achieved for its author a place in English literature. It appeared under the title of *A Dramatic Romance*: the public was not intimidated by the challenge of "Two Parts;" and repeated editions prove that it had in it that which holds its own. If the theme was a large one, the handling was large too; and a style of classical severity, no less than an abundance of such practical thought as is gleaned from the fields of experience, showed that the author had not grudged that conscientious labour which spares labour to the reader. Mr. Taylor has now republished this work, with four other plays, and his minor poems, in a revised and complete edition. Of these, *Isaak Comnenus* and *Edwin the Fair* have been before the world long enough to take their place. We shall break new ground, confining our remarks to his two more recent dramas, and his minor poems. They are destined, unless we are mistaken, to as high a place as his earlier works occupy; but we shall be equally frank in our expressions of approval and disapproval. We shall conclude with some observations on the comparative merits and characters of our earlier and our later drama, and on the relation in which the author of *Philip van Artevelde* stands to both.

The two dramas are entitled *A Sicilian Summer*, and *St. Clement's Eve*.

A Sicilian Summer occupies a peculiar position, both in Mr. Taylor's poetry and in modern literature. Since the earlier part of the seventeenth century we have had but few comedies after the genuine Shakspearean model. Our modern comedies have been comedies of wit and manners: they have dealt with the humours, not the heart of man, and aimed but to combine a skilful plot with a brilliant, superficial sketch of society. Such was the comedy of Sheridan, whose works are perhaps the happiest specimens of the style to which they belong. But the Shakspearean comedy was another order of composition. It differed from his tragedy in the absence of a sad catastrophe; but in spite of the gay scenes with which they are so delightfully varied, such plays as the *Merchant of*

Venice, The Tempest, and *As You Like It*, are as full of serious purpose as Shakspeare's tragedies themselves. It is not with wit and manners, but with character and poetry, that they deal. Those trifles on the surface of society with which they sport so buoyantly do not hinder them from descending into the heart of the humanities. In them joy and sorrow are allowed to alternate their voices, as they do in the long dispute of human life, although the brighter genius has the last word. It is from the imagination and the reason that all genuine poetry springs, the imagination claiming in it that first place, which in philosophical inquiry she concedes to the more masculine power. The higher drama is thus competent to measure itself with the whole of human life. There is a music in human laughter as well as in sighs, of which reason alone can discern the law; and there is a depth in the humorous which the imagination alone can fathom. Ages before a Shakspeare had been raised up to prove the truth of the assertion, the great critic of antiquity had affirmed, that the intellect capable of the highest greatness in tragedy must be competent in comedy no less.

A Sicilian Summer is as bright and musical as the southern clime it illustrates, and it is full of that wisdom which is never wiser than in its sportive moods. It is not, however, every reader who will appreciate it. Strength touches all: but strength refined into grace addresses itself to a select circle. Tragic passion, be it remembered, challenges the personal as well as the imaginative sensibilities; and as such it affects not only a better class, but many likewise who, if they sometimes respond to what is truly great, yet as frequently burst into raptures at the clumsiest appeals. It is far otherwise with those passages of a finer grain—those delicate hair-strokes of felicitous thought and finished expression, which to be apprehended at all must be fully appreciated. By many poetry is liked best for the accidents with which the noblest poetry is most willing to dispense. In its inmost essence it reveals itself but to those who prefer the distant flute-tone to the rattle of wire and wood, and enjoy most the odour that floats upon the breeze.

The scene of *A Sicilian Summer* is chiefly at Palermo, where Silisco, Marquis of Malespina, in the prodigality of youthful spirits and vast wealth, fills his old palace with a perpetual revel. His generosity and his magnificence make him the delight of the young; but the old prognosticate his speedy ruin,—a catastrophe not the less probable because the young nobleman, after the fashion of the time, is merchant too. He charts a ship to Rhodes, mortgaging the remaining portions of his estates to three Jews. Spadone, the captain of the ship,

conspires to betray at once his employer and his crew. He is to sink his vessel on his return, and escaping in a boat with his fellow-conspirators, to secrete amid the catacombs near the sea-shore, the jewels and ingots of gold which he has brought from Rhodes. In the meantime Rosalba, daughter of the king's chamberlain, Count Ubaldo, comes from Procida to Palermo, accompanied by her chosen friend Fiordeliza. The revels at Silisco's palace are soon given exclusively on her account, Fiordeliza being wooed at the same time by Ruggiero, the friend of Silisco, though the severest censor of his waste. Count Ubaldo has, however, contracted Rosalba to Ugo, Count of Arezzo, the wealthiest of the Sicilian nobles, desiring to preserve her from spendthrifts and fortune-hunters, and seeing nothing amiss in a bridegroom of between sixty and seventy years. At the king's entreaty Ubaldo relents so far as to say that he will not insist on his daughter's engagement if Count Ugo can be induced to forego it, and if Silisco is able, on the return of his ship, to redeem his lands of Malespina, impledged to Ugo. Silisco is not less successful in his suit, and Rosalba promises to be his, if, through a change in her father's purpose, she should find herself free. She leaves her lover, at his own prayer, till All Saints' Day, to work upon her father's will.

As an illustration of Silisco's character, we shall make an extract from the second scene of the play, describing the revels of the prodigal:—

"Silisco. Off with these viands and this wine, Conrado;
Feasting is not festivity: it cloy
The finer spirits. Music is the feast
That lightly fills the soul. My pretty friend,
Touch me that lute of thine, and pour thy voice
Upon the troubled waters of this world.

Aretina. What ditty would you please to hear, my Lord?

Silisco. Choose thou, Ruggiero. See now, if that knave . . .
Conrado, ho! A hundred times I've bid thee
To give what wine is over to the poor
About the doors.

Conrado. Sir, this is Malvoisie
And Muscadel, a ducat by the flask.

Silisco. Give it them not the less; they'll never know;
And better it went to enrich a beggar's blood
Than surfeit ours;—Choose thou, Ruggiero!

Ruggiero. I!
I have not heard her songs.

Silisco. Thou sang'st me once
A song that had a note of either muse,
Not sad, nor gay, but rather both than neither.
What call you it?

Aretina. I think, my Lord, 'twas this.

Silisco. Yes, yes, 'twas so it ran; sing that, I pray thee.

Aretina sings—

I'm a bird that's free
Of the land and sea,
I wander whither I will
But oft on the wing,
I falter and sing,
Oh fluttering heart, be still,
Be still,
Oh fluttering heart, be still.

I'm wild as the wind,
But soft and kind,
And wander whither I may,
The eye-bright sighs,
And says with its eyes,
Thou wandering wind, oh stay,
Oh stay,
Thou wandering wind, oh stay.

Manager. Now, had she clapp'd her hand upon her heart
In the first verse, which says, 'Oh fluttering heart' . . .

1st Player. And at 'Oh stay' had beckoned thus, or thus . . .

2d Player. And with a speaking look . . .

Manager. But no—she could not;—

It was not in her.

Silisco. You'll not take the gold?

Wear this then for my sake; it once adorn'd
The bosom of a Queen of Samarcand,
And shall not shame to sit upon this throne.

Aretina. My heart, my Lord, would prize a gift of yours,
Were it a pebble from the brook.

Silisco. What ho!

Are not the players in attendance? Ah!

A word or two with you, my worthy friends.

1st Girl. Why, Aretina, 'tis the diamond
Was sold last winter for a thousand crowns.

2d Girl. A princely man!

3d Girl. In some things; but in others

He's liker to a patriarch than a prince.

1st Girl. I think that he takes us for patriarchs,
He's so respectful. . ."—Vol. iii. p. 5-7.

The reader will have discovered that the prodigal is neither a sensualist nor a mere trifler. His nature has strength and movement in it, and it is only the edge of the wave that breaks into froth and loses itself. Yet his heedlessness tends to worse than the loss of his lands, as is intimated by the reply of Fra

Martino to a friend who has found it impossible to refuse him aid in his difficulties :—

“ Give thou to no man, if thou wish him well,
What he may not in honour's interest take ;
Else shalt thou but befriend his faults, allied
Against his better with his baser self.”

We shall next introduce our readers to the heroine of the play, and to Fiordeliza. They are coming from Procida, and Silisco waits on the sea-shore, with Ruggiero, to receive them. The friends converse of their expected guests :—

“ *Ruggiero.* In the soft fulness of a rounded grace,
Noble of stature, with an inward life
Of secret joy sedate, Rosalba stands,
As seeing and not knowing she is seen,
Like a majestic child, without a want.
She speaks not often, but her presence speaks,
And is itself an eloquence, which withdrawn,
It seems as though some strain of music ceased
That fill'd till then the palpitating air
With sweet pulsations ; when she speaks indeed,
'Tis like some one voice eminent in the choir,
Heard from the midst of many harmonies
With thrilling singleness, yet clear accord.
So heard, so seen, she moves upon the earth,
Unknowing that the joy she ministers
Is aught but Nature's sunshine.

Silisco. Call you this
The picture of a woman or a Saint ?
When Cimabue next shall figure forth
The hierarchies of heaven, we'll give him this
To copy from. But said you, then, the other
Was fairer still than this ?

Ruggiero. I may have said it ;
I should have said, she's fairer in my eyes.
Yet must my eyes be something worse than blind,
And see the thing that is not, if the hand
Of Nature was not lavish of delights
When she was fashion'd. But it were not well
To blazon her too much ; for mounted thus
In your esteem, she might not hold her place,
But fall the farther for the fancied rise.
For she has faults, Silisco, she has faults ;
And when you see them you may think them worse
Than I, who know, or think I know, their scope.
She gives her words the mastery, and flush'd
With quickenings of a wild and wayward wit,
Flits like a firefly in a tangled wood,
Restless, capricious, careless, hard to catch,
Though beautiful to look at.”—Vol. iii. p. 13.

The young Countess lands, and Silisco's fate is changed. It is thus he ruminates :—

“ Hope and Joy,
My younger sisters, you have never yet
Been parted from my side beyond the breadth
Of a slim sunbeam, and you never shall ;
Already it is loosen'd, it is gone,—
The cloud, the mist ; across the vale of life
The rainbow rears its soft triumphal arch,
And every roving path and brake and bower
Is bathed in colour'd light. Come what come may,
I know this world is richer than I thought
By something left to it from paradise ;
I know this world is brighter than I thought,
Having a window into heaven. Henceforth
Life hath for me a purpose and a drift.”—Vol. iii. p. 17.

To return to our analysis of the story : The venture of the merchant-prince promises success. In good time his ship reappears in the offing. All day long it is watched from the harbour tower by one of the Jews. Then its treacherous captain, Spadone, executes his plot. About sunset, the good ship *Maddalena* suddenly sinks. Writs are immediately sent out by the Jews against Silisco, who flies for refuge to the catacombs on the seaside. Spadone has already lodged his booty there. His two accomplices watch for him in a boat outside ; but on the appearance of Ruggiero, who is walking on the shore, they take to their oars. Spadone commits his booty to his mistress Aretina, and leaves her, with directions to send him word as soon as he can safely return. In an agony of terror at the crime of which she has just heard, Aretina meets Silisco, and is on the point of telling him all she has learned, when Spadone, who has lurked near them, stabs her. He endeavours to kill Silisco also ; but after a short combat, falls covered with wounds. Silisco, not knowing with whom he has been engaged, drags him out of the cave, leaves him at the door of Gerbetto, the king's physician, who lives on the beach, and again secretes himself. Ruggiero learns soon after from the lips of a half-drowned sailor, sole survivor of the *Maddalena's* crew, the villainy by which the rest have been destroyed. His eye has already been attracted by the signs of guilty terror with which the mate and boatswain fled at his approach ; he leaps into a boat, and with the help of the rescued sailor gives them chase.

Rosalba finds herself thus deserted by her lover, and loses in his ruin all hope of a changed intention on the part of her father. She still resists the marriage with Count Ugo, till assured by

Gerbetto, on the word of the dying Spadone, that Silisco had been faithless to her, and had induced Aretina to be false also. She then consents to wed Count Ugo. Silisco lies hid on the lands of Malespina, which have now passed into Ugo's hands. He is there joined by Ruggiero, who, after giving chase for a night and a day to the fugitives, saw them go down at sea, as he supposed, with Silisco's lost treasures, and had then himself languished in fever for months on the coast of Calabria. Ruggiero resolves to make an effort to prevent the marriage; but it has already taken place before his tired horse can bear him to Palermo. The evening, however, of the marriage-day is kept with masque and pageant. Ruggiero attends the festival, and removing his mask, arraigns the bride for her falsehood. Her reply brings out the statement made by the dying Spadone respecting Aretina, which Ruggiero at once confutes, revealing the crime of Spadone, of which Silisco's ruin had been the consequence. In the midst of the grief of the bride, and her father's anger, the aged bridegroom displays a magnanimity for which none had given him credit. He declares that he can never recognise as valid an engagement contracted under such circumstances, and that the calamity which has befallen them is the punishment of his own sin. On the death of his first wife, he had vowed to go on a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre. Upon that pilgrimage he goes forth at once, and alone.

Rosalba, quitting the court, takes refuge in the castle of Malespina. There she lives in a seclusion, partaken only by her friend Fiordeliza. The maiden solitude of the friends is a charming idyll of rural life, rich in fancy, quaint in humour, and set forth chiefly in that finer and more delicate prose, the cadence of which is hardly less rhythmical than that of verse. At last, word is sent to her by her father that he who in name only has been her husband has died at Jerusalem, and that she must return to Palermo, there to do homage for the lands that have now become her own. She obeys; but before her has returned a pilgrim, Buonaiuto, from the Holy Land. The pilgrim is Silisco, who, on hearing that Count Ugo had set out upon a journey, the hardships of which could scarcely be surmounted by the young and strong, had accompanied him in disguise, and saved his life in numberless dangers. Silisco has returned in time to see Aretina, who tells him just before her death that it was from jealousy, as well as fear, that Spadone had stabbed her, and that the treasures carried off from the wreck had not, as he supposed, been lost at sea, but were buried in the catacombs. The last scene unravels all the threads of a plot very skilfully woven. It is in the royal palace of Palermo. The king sits on his throne, surrounded by his court, when

Rosalba advances at her father's command to receive investiture of Count Ugo's lands. Is it certain, the chief justiciary demands, that the Count has made no will? Gerbetto, who at the king's command had attended Count Ugo, and was with him at his death, presents the will of the deceased Count. It provides that his possessions shall devolve on Rosalba if she remains single; but that if she marries they shall pass to the pilgrim Buonaiuto. That pilgrim is Silisco. His suit is not long resisted by Rosalba. Ruggiero, who had been cast off by Fiordeliza, and vindictively pursued by the king, in consequence of unfounded jealousies, stands forth at the same moment, and with Gerbetto's aid refutes the charges that had been brought against him, receiving from the king pardon and restitution, and from Fiordeliza a gift that he values yet more.

There are many dramatic writers whose powers are rendered nugatory by the want of one great gift—a light hand. The gift may seem a slight one, but its absence soon proves its importance. As a specimen of it we will quote the following:—

Fiordeliza. Let me alone, I say; I will not dance.

Rosalba. Not if Ruggiero ask you?

Fiordeliza. He indeed!

If the Colossus came from Rhodes and ask'd me,
Perhaps I might.

Rosalba. Come, Fiordeliza, come;
I think, if truth were spoken, 'tis not much
You have against that knight.

Fiordeliza. Not much you think;
Well, be it much or little, 'tis enough;
He has his faults.

Rosalba. Recount me them; what are they?

Fiordeliza. I'll pick you out a few; my wallet: first,
He's grave; his coming puts a jest to flight
As winter doth the swallow.

Rosalba. Something else,
For this may be a merit; jests are oft
Or birds of prey or birds of kind unclean.

Fiordeliza. He's rude; he's stirring ever with his staff
A growling great she-bear that he calls Truth.

Rosalba. The rudeness is no virtue; but for love
Of that she-bear, a worser vice might pass.
Again?

Fiordeliza. He's slow,—slow as a tortoise,—once
He was run over by a funeral.

Rosalba. He may have failings; but if these be all,
I would that others were as innocent.

Fiordeliza. Oh, others! Say, then, who?

Rosalba. Nay, others—all;
I wish that all mankind were innocent.

Fiordeliza. Thou art a dear well-wisher of mankind,
And, in a special charity, wishest well
To that good knight Silisco. What! dost blush?

Rosalba. No; though you fain would make me.

Fiordeliza. No! What's this,
That with an invisible brush doth paint thee red?
Well, I too can be charitable, and wish
Silisco were less wicked.

Rosalba. Is he wicked?

Fiordeliza. Is waste not wickedness? and know'st thou not
The lands of Malespina day by day
Diminish in his hands?

Rosalba. True, waste is sin.
My mother (and no carking cares had she,
Nor loved the world too much nor the world's goods),
In many a vigil of her last sick-bed
Bid me beware of spendthrifts, as of men
That seeming in their youth not worse than light,
Would end not so, but with the season change;
For time, she said, *which makes the serious soft,*
Turns lightness into hardness."— Vol. iii. p. 22.

This theme is resumed in a later part of the play, when Silisco, to escape his creditors, flies from the court and takes refuge on the lands of Malespina. It will serve as an illustration of that deep moral seriousness which underlies the gaiety of this play:—

"*Ruggiero.* Why hither? It can bring you little joy
To look upon the lands that you have lost.

Silisco. To look upon the *days* that I have lost,
Ruggiero, brings me less; and here I thought
To get behind them; for my childhood here
Lies round me. But it may not be. By Heavens!
That very childhood bitterly upbraids
The manhood vain that did but travesty,
With empty and unseasonable mirth,
Its joys and lightness. From each brake and bower
Where thoughtless sports had lawful time and place,
The manly child rebukes the childish man;
And more reproof and bitterer do I read
In many a peasant's face, whose leaden looks
My host the farmer construes to my shame.
Injustice, rural tyranny, more dark
Than that of courts, have laid their brutal hands
On those that claim'd my tendance; want and vice
And injury and outrage fill'd my lands,
Whilst I, who saw it not, my substance threw
To feed the fraudulent and tempt the weak.
Ruggiero, with what glittering words soe'er

We smear the selfishness of waste, and count
 Our careless tossings bounties, this is sure,
 Man sinks not by a more unmanly vice
 Than is that vice of prodigality—
 Man finds not more dishonour than in debt."—Vol. iii. p. 42.

In those self-reproaches we find the development of that better life which dawned on Silisco when he first met Rosalba. The change thus worked in him is a very different one from that imputed to beauty by dramatists whose moralizing vein is often at least as dangerous as their immoralities ; dramatists who reform a rake by a virtuous woman's smile, and confirm the rickety virtue thus produced by the grace of matrimony :—

" Since that eve
 When, as you landed in the dimpled bay
 From Procida, I help'd you from the boat,
 And touch'd your hand, and as the shallop rock'd,
 Embolden'd by your fears I . . . , pardon me,
 I should not make you to remember more,—
 But since that moment when the frolicsome waves
 Toss'd you towards me,—blessings on their sport !
 I have not felt one kindling of a thought,
 One working of a wish but you were in it ;
 The rising sun, that striking through the lattice
 Awaken'd me, awaken'd you within me ;
 The darkness closing shut us up together :
 I saw you in the mountains, fields, and woods ;
 Flowers breathed your breath, winds chanted with your voice,
 And Nature's beauty clothed itself in yours.
 Then think not that my life, though idly led,
 Is tainted or impure or bound to sense,
 Or if incapable of itself to soar,
 Unworthy to be lifted from the dust
 By love of what is lofty."—Vol. iii. p. 25.

Corruption is not cleansed by the mere beauty of purity, for it has filmed the eye that sees purity. Silisco's refinement of nature is indicated by his forbearance :—

" Pardon me,
 I should not make you to remember more."

He becomes at the end but that which potentially he was from the beginning. Rosalba had not failed to detect the inner strength that lurked beneath the outward lightness :

" Three long days had past
 (Long though delightful, for they teem'd with thoughts
 As Maydays teem with flowers) since I had first

Beheld him, standing in the sunset lights,
Beside a wreck half-buried in the sand
Upon the western shore. I see him now
A radiant creature with the sunset glow
Upon his face, that mingled with a glow
Yet sunnier from within. When next we met
'Twas here, as you have said; and then his mien
Was lighter, with an outward brightness clad,
For all the Court was present; yet I saw
The other ardour through."—Vol. iii. p. 77.

The following passage embodies Mr. Taylor's philosophy of art. His poetry, and especially this play, may be considered as a practical exemplification of it.

"*Silisco*. We 'll have the scene where Brutus from the bench
Condemns his son to death. 'Twas you, Ruggiero,
Made me to love that scene.

Manager. I think, my Lord,
We pleased you in it.

Ruggiero. Oh, you did, you did;
Yet still with reservations: and might I speak
My untaught mind to you that know your art,
I should beseech you not to stare and gasp
And quiver, that the infection of the sense
May make our flesh to creep; for as the hand
By tickling of our skin may make us laugh
More than the wit of Plautus, so these tricks
May make us shudder. But true art is this,
To set aside your sorrowful pantomime,
Pass by the senses, leave the flesh at rest,
And working by the witcheries of words
Felt in the fulness of their import, call
Men's spirits from the deep; that pain may thus
Be glorified, and passion flashing out
Like noiseless lightning in a summer's night,
Show Nature in her bounds from peak to chasm,
Awful, but not terrific.

Manager. True, my Lord:
My very words; 'tis what I always told them.
Now, Folco, speak thy speech. . . .

Ruggiero. 'Tis a speech
That by a language of familiar lowness
Enhances what of more heroic vein
Is next to follow. But one fault it hath:
It fits too close to life's realities,
In truth to Nature missing truth to Art;
For Art commends not counterparts and copies,
But from our life a nobler life would shape,

Bodies celestial from terrestrial raise,
 And teach us, not jejune what we are,
 But what we may be when the Parian block
 Yields to the hand of Phidias."—Vol. iii. p. 7.

The criticism of Silisco on the histrionic art is applicable not less to the art poetic, and its suggestions were never more needed than in our day. We live in a "fast age," but if "he that runs may read," it is to be feared that he will prefer what is written in the largest and coarsest characters, to what requires a more steadfast attention. Loud words, big words, odd words, will recommend themselves more than the unobtrusive witcheries of common "*words felt in the fulness of their import.*" But what the eye takes in as quickly as the advertisements that adorn a railway station, it forgets no less rapidly. The poetry that lasts is that which embodies thoughts, but so embodies them that they sink at once upon the slumbering feeling and wake it into life. But the thoughts which have this talismanic power must be something more than striking, or even original thoughts. They must be *true* thoughts. Thoughts of a lower class may be had in any numbers, thick as the "motes that people the sun-beam," and darken what they so people, but they are barren thoughts.

The extracts we have given are not sufficient to illustrate the singular variety of this play, but we can find room for only one more. It should be premised that Lisana is the daughter of Gerbetto, the king's physician. The king has formed an attachment to her, and pursues it with all the unscrupulousness that belongs to absolute power. Lisana, however, has been committed to the care of Ruggiero by Gerbetto when he follows Count Ugo on his pilgrimage. Defying the king's displeasure, Ruggiero has saved Lisana by withdrawing her from court when its snares are closing around her. He places her in the convent of San Paolo, of which his aunt is abbess, and in the stillness of that retreat her better mind returns to her, and the passion that tormented her takes flight.

"Ere waned one moon
 Of her novitiate, it had pass'd away
 Like the soft tumult of a summer storm."

She now bids adieu to her deliverer before taking the veil:—

Lisana. O friend beloved,
 Who propp'd this weak heart in its weakest hour,
 Rejoice with me, and evermore rejoice!
 Your work is done, your recompense achieved,
 A thankful soul is saved.

Ruggiero.

Lisana, yes;

I will rejoice ; I do ; though mortal eyes
Must still have lookings backwards. Yet 'tis best :
The holiest verily are the sweetest thoughts,
And sweetest thoughts were ever of your heart
The native growth.

Lisana. No more of that, my Lord ;
It savours of the blandishments of earth.
Look onward only—up the eminent path
To which you led me—which my feet have trodden
With gladness, issuing daily to the light,
Till meeting now the radiance face to face,
Earth melts, Heaven opens, Angels stretch their hands
To take me in amongst them, glory breaks
Upon me, and I feel through all my soul
That there is joy, joy over me in Heaven.

Ruggiero. Then joy too shall be over you on earth.
My eyes shall never more behold your face
Till, looking through the grave and gate of death,
I see it glorified and like to His
Who raised it ; but I will not waste a sigh
On what, if seeing, I should see to fade.

Lisana. Farewell ! my Master calls me.

Ruggiero.

Fare you well.

I pace a lower terrace ; but some flowers
From yours fling down to me, at least in prayer.

Vol. iii. p. 80.

We now proceed to Mr. Taylor's latest tragedy, *St. Clement's Eve*. This play takes up the tale of European society where it was left off in *Philip van Artevelde*, but illustrates it as it existed in France, not Flanders. Charles the Sixth, the boy-king, by whom so bright a light was thrown over the second part of *Van Artevelde*, is presented to us again, but this time in eclipse. He was subject to recurring fits of madness, during which the kingdom was torn to pieces by the rivalries of the Duke of Burgundy, the king's cousin, and the Duke of Orleans, his brother. It was perhaps about the worst and most anarchical period of the middle ages. The king was loved by his people, and deserved their love, for in the intervals of his malady he devoted himself to their interests with a tender and profound solicitude. He is described in this play with a mournful pathos.

The Duke of Burgundy is a man of blood, fierce, with a shrewd intellect (the instrument of ungovernable passions), a domineering pride, and a will that knows no law. The Duke of Orleans has not escaped the contamination of a dissolute court, more disposed to respect religion in its outward forms than to obey its commands, but he has about him much that is good, and more that is specious. He is frank, generous, loyal, and

devotedly attached to his brother, whom he resembles in his personal beauty and in love for his country. His kindly and courteous manners make him a favourite of the people, while his learning and accomplishments recommend him to the clergy. He represents the chivalry of his age; but it was a chivalry dying out. The spirit of self-sacrifice, the virtuous zeal, and the reverence for purity had left it, and consequently the child-like faith of the middle ages was daily becoming more enervated with those childish superstitions from which neither orthodoxy nor heterodoxy secures the unspiritual and sensual. Chivalry retained its bright accost and winning grace, but the graver heart had departed from it, and the savage fierceness of the feudality it had covered was working out again through the thin disguise.

St. Clement's Eve is, in power and ability, among the best of Mr. Taylor's dramas, but in some respects it is less satisfactory than it is remarkable. Both in its success and its shortcomings it signally illustrates the philosophy of the drama. It is as masculine a work as *Philip van Artevelde*. It is also far more condensed, and the action is more rapid. But the subject throws a gloom over the play darker than that which tragedy requires. We leave it with a feeling of sadness, the result not merely, or chiefly, of a fatal catastrophe, but of the absence of noble characters sufficient to balance the ignoble and the wicked. We have no right to quarrel with a dramatist either for selecting a corrupt period of history for illustration, or for faithfully representing it, yet he certainly loses not a little by such a selection. Whatever the pride of art may affirm, the abiding charm of a poem will ever bear a proportion to the moral beauty it enshrines,—not merely the beauty which the poet has created, but that which he has found ready-made in his theme. A favourite book is generally one fortunate in its subject, as well as one that makes the most of that subject. The poet works against the tide unless the theme and the characters he describes work with him, and tend to a result which, though painful, still is such as the higher imagination can muse on with satisfaction and peace. There must be a due proportion of sunshine to the shadow, and even the saddest events must be something more than sad; they must illustrate poetical justice; they must set forth the ways of God to man; they must leave behind them the sense that the world we inhabit, though it has its sorrows, has yet its method and order, that it is a region into which angels of chastisement are indeed sent as well as angels of love and joy, but that it is not a jungle beset by wild beasts, or a labyrinth—the haunt of mocking spirits.

A perfect tragic theme is one that presents us with greatness in all forms. There must be great sorrows, but there should also be great characters; there should be a scope for great energies: the event should be the result of great, even though of erring, passions, not of petty infirmities and base machinations. Many a striking theme does not include such materials, abundant as it may be in stirring action and picturesque positions, just as many a fair landscape is deficient in that which a picture requires. Let the subject include the characteristics we have named, and very numerous defects, with which the critic may cavil, will detract but little from the reader's pleasure. He will recur to the work when the first effect of surprise, and the admiration produced by the sense of difficulties overcome, have worn off. A poet will be wise to choose a theme that does much for him. It is the one for which he can do most, as, in the long-run, it is the best land which best repays the husbandman's toil.

The subject of *St. Clement's Eve* combines the barbarism of prolonged civil war with the corruptions of a court, and exhibits a social condition in which simplicity has ceased to exist, while refinement has not yet come. It supplies but one wholly noble character, that of the hermit, Robert de Menuot. Montargis and Burgundy are men without conscience or honour, or even that regard for reputation which often passes for honour. The two monks, or supposed monks, are equally prompt at the burning of a witch or the composition of a philtre. Such characters, in their due place, may doubtless be portrayed both justly and usefully. But the interests of the drama require, and as it seems to us, historic truth no less, that specimens of a nobler order of character should be also introduced in a compensating measure. The best periods have their villains, and the worst have often their saints and heroes: nature commonly produces such intermingling, and art requires it. The chronicles of the time described, full as they are of violence and wrong, delight us also with many a trait of generosity, magnanimity, loyalty, fidelity, and self-abnegation, which need no aid from the romance of chivalry to give them interest. Virtue becomes perfected by the very trials and temptations to which it is subjected, and though at particular periods injustice and wrong may occupy an unusual prominence upon the surface of society, yet true virtue must co-exist with these, both in high places and in low, or society could not long continue to exist. It has but small place in this play. Even characters so rarely presented to us that their vices contribute nothing to the carrying out of the plot, are sketched in colours of arbitrary gloom. The Archbishop of Paris is made a servile old pedant. This is

gratuitous. The metropolitan sees were in those ages commonly occupied either by men of ability and force of character, or by the representatives of some great family,—by one, in short, whose faults were not likely to be those of a school-master turned courtier. We find here something of that confusion between the middle ages and the *ancien régime* which M. de Montalembert alludes to as so common. Such bishops would have been less easily found in the middle ages than in the seventeenth century, when in most parts of Europe an oriental despotism had risen up upon the ruins of feudalism. In still more repulsive colours is the Abbess of the Celestines represented, and little as we see of her, we are left with the painful impression that she has worse faults than those which seek a palliation in passion.

“ That liberty she grants herself, good soul,
She not denies to others,”

is a comment made upon her by a friend; and we find her stimulating the vanity and increasing the danger of a pupil intrusted to her charge, who has attracted the admiration of the Duke of Orleans. This might surely have been avoided without representing the abbess either as a saintly Hildegarde, or even as a nun “wise and witty,” and with more aptitude for the day's work than fitness for a place in romance. Of the younger female characters, Flos, though energetic and sparkling, is not intended to interest our deeper sympathies.

We have spoken strongly of what we deem the fault of the theme in this play. It is more difficult to speak, without the appearance of exaggeration, of its merits. Its manliness might startle a literary age as effeminate as ours. Not a few of its readers will exclaim—

“ What doth the eagle in the coop,
The bison in the stall ? ”

In its vigour, both of thought and of language, it possesses a merit which to some will be lost in its strangeness—a strangeness like that which we find in the organic remains of a remote age. That vigour belongs, not only to the serious scenes, but to the lighter also, which are of a very different character from those of *A Sicilian Summer*, and preserve something of fierceness even in mirth. Its songs have the buoyancy, terseness, and dramatic impulse which belong to those of Mr. Taylor's earlier plays. In none of his works, perhaps, is his style so consummate. It is at once classical and idiomatic, and it has the polish, with the weight of steel. Above all, it is invariably clear, letting

the thoughts shine through it, like objects seen through transparent air. This last characteristic is becoming rare in our day, owing, in some measure, to the very degree to which some particular merits of style have been carried. At present, in not a little of our popular poetry, language has been so strained in search of expressiveness, and has thus become such a richly-coloured medium, that it sometimes seems to be a beautiful substitute for thought rather than a revealer of thought, thus resembling those water-colour drawings in which the aerial effects swallow up mountain and plain, and in which the picture might be described as mist with trees in it. In this play, condensation has, we think, been carried too far. The introduction of a few interstitial scenes would be useful, not only as thus allowing the enrichment of poetry and philosophic thought, but yet more in suspending the course of an action so rapid as to hurry us out of breath. That action is occupied chiefly by the jealousies of the royal cousins; and we have not room to trace it in details. They had also their occasional reconciliations, one of which is thus humorously described:—

“To-day they rode together on one horse,
Each in the other's livery. To-morrow
They are to sleep together in one bed.
The People stare and deem the day is nigh
When lamb and lion shall lie down together.

De Chevreuse. Rode on one horse!

D'Aicelin. Yea, Orleans before,

And Burgundy behind.

Gris-nez. 'Twas so they rode:

Two witches on one broomstick rode beside them;

But riding past an image of Our Lady

The hindmost snorted and the broomstick brake.

De Cassinel. Would I were sure my gout would be as brief
As their good fellowship.

De Vierzon.

To see grim John

Do his endeavour at a gracious smile,

Was worth a ducat; with his trenchant teeth

Clinch'd like a rat-trap.

De Cassinel.

Ever and anon

They open'd to let forth a troop of words

Scented and gilt, a company of masques

Stiff with brocade, and each a pot in hand

Fill'd with wasp's honey."

The most characteristic illustration which we can give of *St. Clement's Eve* is the following denunciation of both the Royal Dukes, pronounced by Robert the Hermit before the Council. We regard it also as the finest piece of poetry in the play, and as such extract it uncurtailed:—

"*Robert.* King and my gracious Sovereign, unto whom
 I bend the knee as one ordain'd of God,
 A message hath been given me, and I am bid
 To tell thee in what sort. St. Jerome's Day,
 My vows perform'd, I sail'd from Palestine,
 With favouring winds at first; but the tenth night
 A storm arose and darkness was around
 And fear and trembling and the face of death.
 Six hours I knelt in prayer, and with the seventh
 A light was flash'd upon the raging sea,
 And in the raging sea a space appear'd
 Flat as a lake, where lay outstretch'd and white
 A woman's body; thereupon were perch'd
 Two birds, a falcon and a kite, whose heads
 Bare each a crown, and each had bloody beaks,
 And blood was on the claws of each, which clasp'd,
 This the right breast and that the left, and each
 Fought with the other, nor for that they ceased
 To tear the body. Then there came a cry
 Piercing the storm—'Woe, woe for France, woe, woe!
 Thy mother France, how excellently fair
 And in how foul a clutch!' Then silence; then,
 'Robert of Menuot, thou shalt surely live,
 For God hath work to give thee; be of good cheer;
 Nail thou two planks in figure of a cross,
 And lash thee to that cross and leap, and lo!
 Thou shalt be cast upon the coast of France;
 Then take thy way to Paris; on the road,
 See, hear, and when thou com'st to Paris, speak.'
 'To whom?' quoth I. Was answer made, 'The King.'
 I question'd, 'What?' 'That thou shalt see, declare,
 And what God puts it in thy heart to speak
 That at the peril of thy soul deliver.'
 Then leap'd I in the sea lash'd to a cross,
 And drifting half a day I came to shore
 At Sigean, on the coast of Languedoc,
 And parting thence barefooted journey'd hither
 For forty days save one, and on the road
 I saw and heard, and I am here to speak.

The King. Good hermit, by God's mercy we are spared
 To hear thee, and not only with our ears
 But with our mind.

Burgundy. If there be no offence,
 But take thou heed to that.

Robert. What God commands,
 How smacks it of offence? But dire offence
 There were if fear of Man should choke God's word.
 I heard and saw, and I am here to speak.
 Nigh forty days I sped from town to town,

Hamlet to hamlet, and from grange to grange,
And wheresoe'er I set my foot, behold !
The foot of war had been before, and there
Did nothing grow, and in the fruitless fields
Whence ruffian hands had snatch'd the beasts of draught
Women and children to the plough were yoked ;
The very sheep had learnt the ways of war,
And soon as from the citadel rang out
The larum peal, flock'd to the city gates ;
And tilth was none by day, for none durst forth,
But wronging the night season which God gave
To minister sweet forgetfulness and rest,
Was labour and a spur. I journey'd on,
And near a burning village in a wood
Were huddled 'neath a drift of blood-stain'd snow
The houseless villagers : I journey'd on,
And as I pass'd a convent, at the gate
Were famish'd peasants, hustling each the other,
Half-fed by famish'd nuns : I journey'd on,
And 'twixt a hamlet and a church the road
Was black with biers, for famine-fever raged :
I journey'd on—a trumpet's brazen clang
Died in the distance ; at my side I heard
A child's weak wail that on its mother's breast
Droop'd its thin face and died ; then peal'd to heaven
The mother's funeral cry, ' My child is dead
For lack of food ; he hunger'd unto death ;
A soldier ate his food, and what was left
He trampled in the mire ; my child is dead !
Hear me, O God ! a soldier kill'd my child !
See to that soldier's quittance—blood for blood !
Visit him, God, with thy divine revenge !'
The woman ceased ; but voices in the air,
Yea and in me a thousand voices cried,
' Visit him, God, with thy divine revenge !'
Then they too ceased, and sterner still the Voice
Slow and sepulchral that the word took up—
' Him, God, but not him only, nor him most ;
Look Thou to them that breed the men of blood,
That breed and feed the murderers of the realm.
Look Thou to them that, hither and thither tost
Betwixt their quarrels and their pleasures, laugh
At torments that they taste not ; bid them learn
That there be torments terribler than these
Whereof it is Thy will that they shall taste,
So they repent not, in the belly of Hell.'
So spake the Voice, then thunder shook the wood,
And lightning smote and splinter'd two tall trees
That tower'd above the rest, the one a pine,

An ash the other. Then I knew the doom
 Of those accursed men who sport with war
 And tear the body of their mother, France.
 Trembling though guiltless did I hear that doom,
 Trembling though guiltless I; for them I quaked
 Of whom it spake; O Princes, tremble ye,
 For ye are they! Oh, hearken to that Voice!
 Oh cruel, cruel, cruel Princes, hear!
 For ye are they that tear your mother's flesh;
 Oh, flee the wrath to come! Repent and live!
 Else know your doom, which God declares through me,
 Perdition and the pit hereafter; here
 Short life and shameful death."—Vol. iii. p. 125-8.

We cannot better illustrate the two chief female characters of the play than by the following passage. Iolande has been giving friendly counsel to Flos, whose wayward temper and love of worldly pleasures excite her alarm:—

"*Iolande.* Last night I had a dreadful dream. I thought
 That borne at sunrise on a fleece of cloud,
 I floated high in air, and looking down,
 Beheld an ocean-bay girt by green hills,
 And in a million wavelets tipp'd with gold
 Leapt the soft pulses of the sunlit sea.
 And lightly from the shore a bounding bark,
 Festive with streamers fluttering in the wind,
 Sail'd seaward, and the palpitating waves
 Fondly like spaniels flung themselves upon her,
 Recoiling and returning in their joy.
 And on her deck sea-spirits I descried
 Gliding and lapsing in an undulant dance,
 From whom a choral gratulating strain
 Exhaled its witcheries on the wanton air.
 Still sail'd she seaward, and ere long the bay
 Was left behind; but then a shadow fell
 Upon the outer sea—a shadowy shape—
 The shadow bore the likeness of the form
 Of the Arch-fiend. I shudder'd for the bark,
 And stretch'd my hands to heaven, and strove to pray,
 But could not for much fear. The shadow grew
 Till sea and sky were black; the bark plunged on
 And clove the blackness; then the fleece of cloud
 That bore me, melted, and I fell and fell,
 And falling I awoke.

Flos. Yes, Iolande,
 You're ever dreaming dreams, and when they're bad
 They're always about me. I too can dream,
 But otherwise than you. The god of dreams
 Who sleeps with me is blithe and débonnaire,

Else should he not be partner of my bed.
 I dreamt I was a cat, and much caress'd,
 And fed with dainty viands ; there was cream,
 And fish, and flesh, and porridge, but no mice ;
 And I was fat and sleek, but in my heart
 There rose a long and melancholy mew
 Which meant, ' I must have mice ; ' and therewithal
 I found myself transported to the hall
 Of an old castle, with the rapturous sound
 Of gnawing of old wainscot in my ears ;
 With that I couch'd and sprang and sprang and couch'd,
 My soul rejoicing.

Iolande. May God grant, dear Flos,
 Your mice shall not prove bloodhounds."—Vol. iii. p. 135.

Too soon it turns out that there was room for the warning. Flos is betrayed and deserted by her lover Montargis. Wooed by another, she tells him that, before he wins her favour, he must avenge her wrong :—

" Give me thy hand again. It is too white.
 I dedicate this hand to truth and love,
 And hatred and revenge. White as mine own !
 Dye it and bring it back to me to-morrow,
 And I will clasp it to my heart. Farewell ! "

Father Renault moralizes well :—

" How swift
 The transformation whereby carnal love
 Is changed to carnal hate ! I have heard it said,
 There is no haunt the viper more affects
 Than the forsaken bird's nest."

We know not how far we can recognise in *Iolande*, the heroine of the play, an exception to the general darkness that characterizes it. At first she has a delightful freshness, and a purity capable of " disinfecting " the bad air in which she lives. She is tender in heart and soaring in aspirations, one of those who, if reproached as visionaries, might reply, with the author of *Guesses at Truth*, " Yes, a visionary, because he sees." But fate and fortune conspire to take from her the respect of others and her own. She has been saved by Orleans from Montargis, who attempted to carry her off, and she loves her preserver before she knows he has a wife. On the discovery she breaks the tie ; but her heart is neither restored to liberty (as in so noble a nature it must soon have been), nor left in peace with its sorrow and its humiliation. Orleans implores her—" O pious fraud of amorous charity"—if she renounces him, at least to befriend his sick brother. At his entreaty she under-

takes to exorcise the king's malady by means of certain miraculous waters enclosed in a reliquary, the healing virtue of which depends upon the spotless purity in heart and life of her by whose hand they are sprinkled upon the sufferer's brow. She makes the attempt, and fails. The ordinary reader will account for her failure, not by her unworthiness, but by the circumstance that she was but a dupe, practised on by impostors. This is not her view of the subject, nor the hermit's; and if accepted as just, though it exculpates the victim, it leaves her death wholly unredeemed by poetic justice. In Shakspeare, imposture is treated with the contempt so sorry a thing deserves; it is exhibited, detected, and flung aside. The catastrophe of a tragedy is never made to depend on it. In this play the noble efforts of the hermit for the restoration of France are frustrated, and the most interesting characters swept into ruin by instrumentalities too petty for such a catastrophe.

We have another fault to find with this part of the plot. It forces our sympathies into a painful region of poetic casuistry. The struggle between human love and heavenly love, where each so easily puts on the semblance of the other, is perplexing to the imagination. We know not how far we are to condemn, and how far we may pity. There is a pity which is "akin to love," and another pity which is "akin to contempt;" and in the misty region of insincere and equivocal action and passion, the two run into each other. The poetry that describes or adumbrates such conflicts of spirit and flesh, belongs to what, in writers very different from Mr. Taylor, sometimes claims the name of "psychological poetry." There are struggles in human nature which even the author of *Hamlet* would have shrunk from exhibiting in tragedy. There are regions in the human heart, open to the Divine Eye alone, into which reverence and humanity forbid poetry to enter. The hopes and aims of Iolande are noble; her heart was liegefully given to heavenly things, and was worthy of a human love also that should have elevated, not degraded her. There is something, we think, beneath the generosity of art (equally great when it dares and when it forbears), in the exhibition of a contest like that to which she is subjected—one entered upon so unwittingly, waged so bravely, and yet ending so ignominiously, as well as disastrously. Our estimate of her, and therefore of the real nature of her struggle, rests upon that which is itself ambiguous, if we throw ourselves back into the sympathies of the time described. Are we to regard the miraculous relic simply as an imposture? If so, a second spite of fortune has placed a noble and innocent being in a position painfully equivocal. But by the only elevated characters in the play, the healing agency is to the last

moment supposed to be supernatural. In that case, its failure would be the condemnation of one who, with deficient purity, had dared to profane it.

In many parts of Mr. Taylor's poetry we find a singularly keen appreciation of the kindred art of painting. The following description will at once enable the reader to determine the school to which the picture described belongs. We are much mistaken if it be not the Venetian.

"*Painter.* There is a power in beauty which subdues
All accidents of Nature to itself.
Aurora comes in clouds, and yet the cloud
Dims not, but decks her beauty. Furthermore
Whate'er shall single out a personal self
Takes with a subtler magic. So of shape;
Perfect proportion, like unclouded light,
Is but a faultless model; small defect
Conjoint with excellence, more moves and wins,
Making the heavenly human. . . .

I spared no pains.
Look closer; mark the hyacinthine blue
Of mazy veins irriguous, swelling here,
There branching and so softening out of sight.
Nor is it ill conceited. You may mark
The timbrel drooping from her hand denotes
The dance foregone; a fire is in her eye
Which tells of triumph, and voluptuous grace
Of motion is exchanged for rapturous rest."—Vol. iii. p. 170.

This picture has very serious consequences. Montargis, pretending zeal for a friend,

"Whose soul
Lies in the hollow of her Grace's hand
Soft fluttering like a captured butterfly,"

persuades the painter to lend it to him. It is the portrait of the Duke of Burgundy's wife, from whom he has long been estranged. Resolved to procure the assassination of Orleans, who had rescued Iolande from him, Montargis secretly conveys this portrait into a chamber of the Duke of Orleans's palace, reported to be hung round by the portraits of all those ladies who had successively surrendered their virtue to a prince as dissolute as he was captivating; and having carefully prepared the train, he introduces the Duke of Burgundy into the apartment, among the boasts of which is this witness to his dishonour. This is the critical scene, upon which the plot of *St. Clement's Eve* turns; and there are few passages in the English drama in which a vehement outburst of passion is more intensified by

every art of skilful delay and artificial stimulus. To appreciate the full force of this scene, one must previously be acquainted with the ferocious, though by no means callous, character of Burgundy. He is thus described early in the piece—

“ Other clay,
Dug from some miry slough or sulphurous bog,
With many a vein of mineral poison mix'd,
Went to the making of Duke Jean-Sans-Peur.
This knew the crafty Amorabaquin.
When captives by the hundred were hewn down,
'Twas not rich ransom only spared the Duke.
'Twas that a dying Dervise prophesied
More Christian blood should by his mean be shed
Than ere by Bajazet with all his hosts.
Therefore it was to France he sent him back
With gifts, and what were they? 'twas bowstrings made
Of human entrails.”—Vol. iii. p. 111.

This is the man who, after years of contest with his cousin of Orleans, has been forced into a temporary reconciliation with him. As daring in his wild fits of half-savage frolic as in ambition, he has entered the palace, nay, the inmost and secret chamber, of one whom he knew to have been his successful rival in power, but whom he has never suspected of rivalry in love. The first sight of the “galaxy of glowing dames” delights him :—

“ Ha ! were it not a frolic that should shake
Grim Saturn's self with laughter, could we bring
The husbands hither, each to look round and spy
The blazon of his dire disgrace.”

Then comes a series of pictures, accompanied by corresponding descriptions of character, presented in a few masterly touches, and strangely contrasting, by the tranquillity that belongs to such delineations, with the storm that follows :—

“ *Burgundy.* And then the next !

Montargis.

Which ? This ?

Burgundy. She with the timbrel dangling from her hand.

Montargis. I know not this ; this was not here before.

The one beyond it . . .

Burgundy.

Not so fast ; this face

I surely must have seen, though not, it may be,

For some time past ; it hath a princely grace

And lavish liberty of eye and limb,

With something of a soft seductiveness

Which very strangely to my mind recalls

The idle days of youth ; that face I know,

Yet know not whose it is.

Montargis. Nor I, my Lord ;
Albeit the carriage of the neck and head
Is such as I have somewhere seen.

Burgundy. But where ?
Familiar seems it though in foreign garb,
And whether it be Memory recalls
Or Fancy feigning Memory . . . Death of my soul !
It is my wife.

Montargis. Oh no, my Lord, no, no,
It cannot be her Highness.

Burgundy. Cannot—cannot—
Why, no, it cannot. For my wife is chaste,
And never did a breath of slander dim
Her pure and spotless fame ; no, no, it cannot ;
By all the Angels that keep watch above
It cannot be my wife . . . and yet it is.
I tell thee, Bastard of Montargis, this,
This picture is the picture of my wife.

Montargis. And I, my Lord, make answer it is not.
I would as soon believe that Castaly
Had issued into Styx. Besides, look here,
There is a mole upon the neck of this
Which is not on your wife's.

Burgundy. That mole is hers ;
That mole convicts her.

Montargis. What ? a mole ? Well, yes,
Now that I think of it, some sort of smirch,
A blot, a blur, I know not what . . .

Burgundy. That mole.
Oh see, Montargis, look at her, she smiles,
But not on me, but never more on me !
Oh, would to God that she had died the day
That first I saw that smile and trusted her ;
Though knowing the whole world of women false,
Still trusted her, and knowing that of the false
The fairest are the falsest, trusted still,
Still trusted her—Oh my besotted soul !
Trusted her only—Oh my wife, my wife !
Believing that of all the Devil's brood
That twist and spin and spawn upon this earth,
She was the single Saint—the one unfallen
Of this accursed Creation—oh my wife !
Oh the Iscariot kiss of those false lips !
With him too—to be false with him—my bane,
My blight from boyhood.

Montargis. Verily therein
Was foul-play worse befoul'd ; no arts but his,
And theirs who taught him, with their rings and rods,
Powders and potions, would have breach'd the wall
Of that fair citadel.

Burgundy. I'll have his blood . . .
 Ere the sun sets.
Montargis. A later hour were better ;
 We want not daylight for a deed like this.
Burgundy. I sleep not till he's dead. Come thou with me
 And take thy warrant.
Montargis. Sir, at your command.
Burgundy. Look here, Montargis ; [*Drawing his sword.*
 Should a breath be breathed
 That whispers of my shame, the end is this.
 [*Stabs the portrait in the heart.*"]

Vol. iii. p. 179-181.

A succession of stirring scenes follows. The populace of Paris, infuriated by the return of the king's madness, demands the death of the maiden who had undertaken his cure. The Duke of Burgundy, sitting in council, pledges his word that she shall die. To save her Orleans hastens to the council, attended only by his page. As he makes his way in the dusk, through the snow-covered streets, Montargis, who, after receiving Burgundy's warrant, has lain in wait within the gate of a house, springs upon his prey, and slays him. All Paris is in commotion, and the crowds soon swarm around the council-chamber where the Duke of Burgundy is sitting with the king's uncles, the Dukes of Bourbon and Berri, and the Titular King of Sicily. The chamberlain, entering, announces the murder. The Provost of Paris, who follows him, demands permission to search for the assassin in all places alike, the royal residences, in spite of their ordinary privilege, not being excepted. The other royal dukes consent. Burgundy alone refuses, and on being challenged by the rest, suddenly avows his guilt, leaves the council, and with his attendants escapes from Paris. In the meantime the body of Orleans has been carried to the convent of the Celestines, where Iolande watches beside it. Montargis, who enters with a warrant for her apprehension and death, is himself stabbed by De Vezelay. Immediately afterwards a tumult is heard without. The infuriated crowd, rolling on like a raging sea, have reached and beleaguered the convent. The hermit entreats Iolande to fly by the wicket. She answers—

" It is I
 Must speak and vindicate the fame of him
 Whose lips are silent ;"

and advances to the window, when an arrow from below strikes her, and she falls. Once more the hermit speaks—

" Arise, if horror have not stark'd your limbs,
And bear we to the Chapel reverently
These poor remains. In her a fire is quench'd
That burn'd too bright, with either ardour fed,
Divine and human. In the grave with him
I bury hope; for France from this time forth
Is but a battle-field, where crime with crime,
Vengeance with vengeance grapples; till one sword
Shall smite the neck whence grow the hundred heads,
And one dread mace, weighted with force and fraud,
Shall stun this nation to a dismal peace."—Vol. iii. p. 198.

In *St. Clement's Eve*, as well as *Philip van Artevelde*, Mr. Taylor has dealt with a corrupt period of the middle ages, but in none of his works has he given us a favourable picture of them. He is drawn to them by their manliness and their quaintness, and these qualities he sketches with a graphic touch, but their deeper and more noble characteristics he seldom delineates. How is this to be accounted for? In part, perhaps, on the principle of reaction. The contempt with which the middle ages were so long treated had, before he began to write, been succeeded by an enthusiasm equally unreasonable. In neither instance had a calm philosophy pronounced its verdict. The middle ages had been revived in the form of melodrama, and become the fashion. Second-class poets and romancers had made them their spoil; every scene-painter had tried his brush on them; but it was only their more exaggerated and outward traits that had been painted, and admiration had been lavished alike on the worthless and on worth. The justness of Mr. Taylor's genius seems to have been offended by this paltering with truth for the sake of effect, and his sense of humanity to have resented the wrongs of serfs whose oppressors have too often been forgiven because they wore a picturesque costume. The defects of those ages, far from being concealed or palliated, will ever be most lamented by those who most appreciate their great compensating merits. One of their most celebrated vindicators has made this frank confession:—"By the side of the opened heavens, hell always appeared; and beside those prodigies of sanctity which are so rare elsewhere, were to be found ruffians scarcely inferior to those Roman emperors whom Bossuet calls 'monsters of the human race.'"¹ In the feudal system, the barbaric, it is true, was "scotched, not killed," by the chivalry which expressed the Christian character of the time. But the good existed as well as the bad, and each attained a heroic growth. The general hardihood of the time gave a dreadful hardihood to crime also, and probably in no small

¹ Montalembert, *The Monks of the West*.

degree occasioned the terrible severity with which crimes were punished ; for mild punishments would have exercised but a small deterring effect upon men whose sport was war, and who seldom counted upon dying in their beds. It was not an age of respectability, and little pains were taken to conceal offences,—often, it may be, more trouble was taken to conceal virtues. Men did not then value themselves on consistency. Immense crimes were often followed by intense repentance ; high aspirations were strangely blended with fierce animal instincts ; refined and coarse feelings were tenants of the same breast ; the whole human character was large as well as strong, and its passions swung through a wide arc, and touched the most opposite extremes. The same men were self-sacrificing and cruel, and nature was often trampled under foot by those who yet bore no doubtful allegiance to a supernatural ideal, to whom, in their serious moods, earthly life was a shadow of life eternal, and who regarded all that was not sacred as the licensed field of a rough boy-play. The strange contrasts between the different elements that made up what are called the “ middle ages,” and the very different character of the periods included under that comprehensive term, render an impartial estimate of them a difficult thing. Mr. Taylor has not, we think, yet presented us with such an estimate, vividly as he has touched many of their special traits ; and we trust he will yet discharge the remaining portion of his debt to a period of society so important on historic grounds, and which has furnished him with such rich poetic materials.

In estimating Mr. Taylor's position among the English poets, both of recent and earlier days, and in comparing the modern dramatists with those of the time of Elizabeth, we must bear in mind that the dramatists of the earlier period are themselves to be divided into two classes. Shakspeare by himself constitutes one of these, while the whole of his contemporaries and immediate successors constitute the other. The rest, with all their differences of species, are still generically one, while Shakspeare is a genus in himself. Each of Shakspeare's greater plays is, in the highest sense of the word, a poem as well as a play. It possesses an *interior* unity (little as Shakspeare thought of what are technically called the unities), a unity proceeding from the one great idea that created the whole, the predominant sentiment that inspired it, and the exquisite subordination of the details to the general effect.¹ This unity, piercing at once

¹ The reader who refers to Coleridge's *Lectures on the English Drama*, and to those by Schlegel, will find the most philosophic comparative estimate of Shakspeare and his contemporaries.

and comprehensive, belongs alone to great creative genius, and Shakspeare's contemporaries were without it. Ben Jonson, with all his learning and classical predilections, lacked it as much as Marlow or Webster. Shakspeare worked "from within;" the process was one of growth, and the unity latent in the parent germ manifested itself in every leaf and spray of the developed plant. This is the secret of that marvellous judgment which equalled his imagination itself. Starting with a genuine idea, he shrank instinctively from whatever obscured it, whether by disproportion or by incongruity. The other dramatists worked "from without," and mechanically. They found their materials in life and books, and with great ability, but without a true inspiration, they combined them. In multitudes of cases the result is a painful discord; in few is it a complete harmony.

The reader who turns to their Plays in a complete edition, after reading the splendid fragments detached from them in Lamb's *Specimens*, will often think the finished work more fragmentary than the fragments. Again and again, the finest scenes in our early drama lose half their value from the inappropriateness of their position. Take, for instance, Ford's best play, *The Broken Heart*: nothing can exceed in suppressed passion the concluding scene, in which the Princess, receiving secretly and successively the tidings of the death of her father, of her friend, and of her lover with a Spartan's fortitude, replies indifferently, keeping up the court pageant almost to the moment of her death. Shakspeare would have cast the whole play so as to have foreshadowed the dreadful catastrophe; and in approaching it we should have felt as men do when their boat is swept towards the rapids. In Ford's work we see little of the Princess, and care little for her; nor is there anything in her character to suggest the marvellous conclusion which thus stands up like a precipice without a mountain-range to back it. This want of judgment in our early dramatists is often a moral even more than an intellectual deficiency. It proceeds from too great a love of the startling, and too slight a sense of the becoming, the fitting, and the orderly.

Another difference between Shakspeare and his contemporaries is the amount of extravagance and rant in the latter. Strength was the great quality our early dramatists valued. When it came to them in the form of real passion, they knew how to exhibit it in perfection, intermixing the most delicate with the most vigorous touches. In the absence of real passion they were often content with its coarse imitation. Giovanni, in a too celebrated play, makes his appearance at the revel with the heart of Annabella, whom he has just slain, on the point of

his dagger! Yet this outrage against all genuine passion, as well as against decency, almost immediately follows a scene of the truest pathos.

The same exaggerated love, either of strength itself, or of bombast mimicking strength, prevented Shakspeare's contemporaries from even aiming at his profound conception of character. Their own characters were formed on a different principle, and one for their coarser purposes more effective. To a great extent they are but abstractions, vividly described as are the circumstances among which they are placed. In *The Broken Heart*, Bassanes is not a jealous man so much as jealousy itself embodied, while Shirley's Traitor is not an example of fearless perfidy, but its impersonation. In the comedies the characters are often not even representations of qualities; they are but the embodiment of some personal whim or transient folly of society. Thus, in Ben Jonson's *Epicæne*, the chief character, Morose, might be defined as "a nervous gentleman's dislike to noise in the street." How different is this from Shakspeare! Before his mighty mind there ever stood the great idea of humanity; and each of his characters is worked out of that one manifold type. In shaping it, as much is withdrawn from the universal as is necessary to mould the particular, but the universal remains. This is the cause of the infinite light and shadow of Shakspeare's characters; in them the passions are influences working in conjunction with all else that belongs to the moral being, not tempests blowing on them from without. Characters thus delineated are so softened and rounded off by imperceptible gradations, that they can only be effective in the hand of a genius who combines with the force of nature her variety, grace, and subtlety. Those only can appreciate the strength shown by Shakspeare, who appreciate also the profundity, the completeness, the many-sidedness, and the refinement, which he never condescended to sacrifice in order to gain the appearance of strength.

The most important point of diversity remains to be noticed—the moral sense. The true greatness of Shakspeare is by nothing so proved as by his superiority to his contemporaries in this respect. Shakspeare does not bring out his moral in didactic vein; but the great moral that always belongs to nature herself belongs to him who best knew how to exhibit her. In him there are no moral confusions, no substitution of rhetorical sentiment for just feeling, no palliation of vice, no simulations of virtue. The dramatic form of composition by necessity gives a great prominence to the passions, and must also keep in the background that region of the supernatural and the infinite in the immediate presence of which the passions are cowed. But

from that remote and awful background no doubtful flashes are sent to bear witness that this life, with all its tumults, is circled by a vaster one. There are occasionally moral blemishes in Shakspeare's plots, and there is not seldom a license of language to be seriously regretted ; but this last is far less than in the other writers of his time, nor do we know how much of it is owing to the interpolations of those players whom he commands to deliver " no more than is set down for them."

It is far otherwise with almost all Shakspeare's contemporaries. When, some half-century ago, our earlier dramatic writers emerged once more from obscurity, the public thought that all their offences ought to be condoned to make up for the neglect under which they had long lain. But the interests of literature itself require that in such cases justice should be done. The sins of our dramatists in the reign of Elizabeth and James the First were not exceptional, nor were they but superficial blemishes. The plays of Charles the Second's time were so far worse, that they possessed no compensating merits ; but their positive offences could hardly prove more fatal both to the interests of poetry and of society. In multitudes of our early plays the whole plot turns upon vice in its grossest forms, or a second and foul plot is joined to a sound one, like a dead body bound to a living one. Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess* is rich in poetry from which Milton borrowed in his *Comus* ; yet it is disgraced by whole scenes of ribaldry ; and in the *Maid's Tragedy* the grief of the forsaken Aspatia is similarly dishonoured. Massinger offends less than most of the other dramatists, yet in his *Fatal Dowry* vice almost rejects the plea of temptation ; and even his *Virgin Martyr* is deformed by the excrescence of scenes which were reverently omitted in a recent and separate edition of that play.

Such offences have commonly, when not condoned by the false charity of indifference, been regarded only from the moral point of view. The boundless injury inflicted by them on literature has hardly been adverted to. The Greeks were so well aware of the relations between virtue and the liberal arts, that even when the morals of Paganism were at the lowest, a high moral standard was maintained in serious literature. The indirect losses sustained by our early dramatists, in consequence of their defects in this matter, were even worse than the direct ones. They found in coarseness and license so easy a means of amusing the audience, that they were rarely forced to elicit their own deeper powers. Strength to excite, and ribaldry to amuse, sufficed, and they too often spared themselves the trouble of addressing the finer affections, the reason, or the moral sense of their audience. Their works conse-

quently, in spite of some splendid exceptions, lacked those passages of quiet beauty, of pathos, of philosophy, of imaginative grace, and of moral power, which are our principal inducements to return to a book when the interest of story is exhausted. The same fault blunted the best faculties of the early dramatists, and allowed many others to lie fallow. The moral sense thus obscured, man was known to them in his animal relations chiefly. To them the passions were but appetites intellectualized and directed to exclusive objects. They knew little of the connexion of the passions with the affections and the moral sense; in other words, all in them that is ennobling, and all that subjects itself to law they ignored. Hence those causeless changes from evil to good, or from passion to passion, which evince so superficial a knowledge of human nature. Hence that lack of gradation, and those movements, fierce and lawless as the movements of beasts. They knew man socially, but did not also know him in his personality, and therefore their knowledge was empirical. The inner scope of man's faculties had escaped them. In man, for example, the faculty of Observation does not act separately, but in subordination to that interior wisdom which alone teaches him how to observe;—they, on the other hand, frequently delineate it as though the observing eye were that of a dog, not that of a man. The faculty of Reflection, similarly, as they delineate it, works apart from that *mens melior* which alone sustains it with the true food of reason, and inspires its nobler aims. In the absence of spiritual insight, society as delineated by them was often a thing gregarious rather than human. Imagination emptied her urns to bathe and irradiate the wastes of the senses: the understanding directed those actions the root of which was in the appetites; but the inmost spirit of the spectator starved amid abundance, for the same hand which pampered the body had “sent leanness into the soul.” That these early dramatists were men of great intellects and great energies cannot be denied. They possessed all gifts, had they but known how to use them aright; and their genius could have failed in no attempt, had it cared to subject itself to the true and the good. But the imagination which works for the senses loses its spiritual heritage, and sells its birthright for a mess of pottage.

Their offences were those of their age, for they did not rise superior to it. Our age has offences of a different kind, and our literature reflects them. Their offences would not be tolerated in our day; but, while acknowledging the moral improvement evinced by modern literature, we have yet almost always to lament an inferiority, on the part of our recent poets, as regards intellectual keenness and energy. That inferiority of itself has

disqualified them for the higher drama. Ben Jonson said of a young competitor, "My son Cartwright writes all like a man." Among our modern dramatic aspirants some have written like women, and some like philosophers, but few like men. Mr. Taylor is an exception. His genius is characterized by robust strength, and the drama is plainly its native region. We know of nothing in our earlier dramatists more manly and vigorous than many passages in his writings, such as, to refer to the plays not included in our criticism, the last scene in *Edwin the Fair*, or that in which the dying Van den Bosch addresses the downcast Burghers after his defeat. His characters are real characters. In ideality they seem to us sometimes deficient, but never in reality; and they are not merely superficially *described*,—a thing too common among the attempts of modern dramatists,—but evoked and exhibited with the hand of power. It is this reality which makes one character wholly different from another, even when they have most in common. How unlike, for instance, is the statesmanlike wisdom of Clarenbald from that of Wulfstan, which is metaphysical, or that of Father John, which is moral! How different is the grave and resolute courage of Artevelde from that of Van den Bosch, which is animal, or that of Gilbert Matthew, which is sullen pride, or that of Orleans, which is chivalrous, or that of the Hermit, which is spiritual zeal!

To return to some of our earlier remarks: the speciality of Mr. Taylor's genius appears to us to consist in its uniting the masculine strength of our early drama with the richer variety, the thoughtfulness, and the purer sentiment of our later poetry. Others among our modern poets have carried farther, some one, some another merit of that poetry. His characteristic consists in his being a connecting link between the two periods. It would be curious to compare the different modes in which the poets of different periods have gone through their poetic education. In our own time it has been the fashion to say that Nature is the only true instructress, and that the mountains and forests are the colleges in which her sons must graduate. Our earlier dramatists generally began with the universities, and then precipitated themselves upon the society of the metropolis, as exhibited at the theatres, where they often combined a great deal of undigested learning with not a little of debauchery. In such a career there was more to develop the intelligence than to discipline that part of our being in which the intellect and the moral sense blend; that part of it from which the most permanent poetry proceeds. We can imagine that, at least for some departments of poetry, the training of professional, public, or official life, may be as auspicious as either of the other modes. It occupies the mind with persons at once and with things, and

thus disciplines at the same time the faculties of observation and reflection. For dramatic poetry, which at heart is ever a serious thing, we suspect it to be, in its place, the best school; and it has the advantage also of being a safe, in proportion as it is an arduous one. Imagination cannot be created even by mountains and forests; and where it exists, its products will be great and healthy in proportion to the vigour of the whole moral being to which it is wedded; for high poetry is the offspring, not of the imagination only, but of the whole moral being.

The relation in which Mr. Taylor stands to our other modern poets must be very imperfectly understood without an acquaintance with his minor poems, in which his resemblance to them is chiefly to be found. With the exception of the exquisite lyrics scattered through their plays, the minor poems of our early dramatists are less known than they deserve to be. As might have been expected, they are for the most part narrative. In Mr. Taylor's, the meditative vein predominates. He has given us fewer than we could wish for; but these have a character of selectness, as if they had been drawn from a larger store. The longest is called the *Eve of the Conquest*. The night before the battle of Hastings, Harold sends to a neighbouring convent for his daughter Edith; and, while the army slumbers around them, relates to her the chief incidents in his life, commanding her to record them, and thus vindicate his fame:—

“The Many, for whose dear behoof I lose
The suffrage of the Few, are slow to praise
A fallen friend, or vindicate defeat.
To-day the Idol am I of their loves;
But should I be to-morrow a dead man,
My memory, were it spotless as the robes
That wrapp'd the Angels in the Sepulchre,
Should see corruption.”

The theme is one of warlike labours and of political wiles; but with these a brighter thread is interwoven. The following is the description of the Duke of Normandy's daughter, whose affections had fastened themselves upon Harold while he was sojourning, half as guest, and half as captive, at her father's court:—

“Of these the first
In station and most eminently fair,
Was Adeliza, daughter of the Duke.
A woman-child she was: but womanhood
By gradual afflux on her childhood gain'd,
And like a tide that up a river steals

And reaches to a liliated bank, began
To lift up life beneath her. As a child
She still was simple,—rather shall I say
More simple than a child, as being lost
In deeper admirations and desires.
The roseate richness of her childish bloom
Remain'd, but by inconstancies and change
Referr'd itself to sources passion-swept.
Such had I seen her as I pass'd the gates
Of Rouen, in procession, on the day
I landed, when a shower of roses fell
Upon my head, and looking up I saw
The fingers which had scatter'd them half spread
Forgetful, and the forward-leaning face
Intently fix'd and glowing, but methought
More serious than it ought to be, so young
And midmost in a show."—Vol. iii. p. 212.

Not less graphic is a very different portrait, that of William:—

"His eye was cold and cruel, yet at times
It flash'd with merriment; his bearing bold,
And, save when he had purposes in hand,
Reckless of those around him, insomuch
He scarce would seem to know that they were there.
Yet was he not devoid of courtly arts,
And when he wish'd to win, or if it chanced
Some humour of amenity came o'er him,
He could be bland, attractive, frankly gay,
Insidiously soft; but aye beneath
Was fire which, whether by cold ashes screen'd,
Or lambent flames that lick'd whom at a word
They might devour, was unextinguish'd still."—Vol. iii. p. 214.

The record of Harold's early life concluded, the terrible battle and fatal overthrow are described. The poem ends thus:—

"In Waltham Abbey on St. Agnes' Eve
A stately corpse lay stretch'd upon a bier.
The arms were cross'd upon the breast; the face,
Uncover'd, by the taper's trembling light
Show'd dimly the pale majesty severe
Of him whom Death, and not the Norman Duke,
Had conquer'd; him the noblest and the last
Of Saxon Kings; save one the noblest he;
The last of all. Hard by the bier were seen
Two women, weeping side by side, whose arms
Clasp'd each the other. Edith was the one.
With Edith Adeliza wept and pray'd."—Vol. iii. p. 220.

Eloquence in poetry is a quality as rare as that counterfeit of manly eloquence, rhetoric, once was common among us. If we associate the latter with Pope and his imitators, including much of what Lord Byron wrote in the heroic couplet, to the former must be conceded a place among the merits of Dryden. Among our more recent poets a splendid specimen of poetic eloquence will be found in Southey's "Ode written during the Negotiations for Peace with Buonaparte in 1814." This quality is among the characteristics of Mr. Taylor's poetry. As an illustration of it, the ode entitled *Heroism in the Shade* may be cited. We can but make room for the last stanza :—

"What makes a hero?—Not success, not fame,
 Inebriate merchants and the loud acclaim
 Of gluttoned avarice,—caps toss'd up in the air,
 Or pen of journalist with flourish fair,
 Bells peal'd, stars, ribands, and a titular name,—
 These, though his rightful tribute, he can spare ;
 His rightful tribute, not his end, or aim,
 Or true reward ; for never yet did these
 Refresh the soul or set the heart at ease.
 What makes a hero?—An heroic mind
 Express'd in action, in endurance proved :
 And if there be pre-eminence of right,
 Derived through pain well suffer'd, to the height
 Of rank heroic, 'tis to bear unmoved,
 Not toil, not risk, not rage of sea or wind,
 Not the brute fury of barbarians blind,
 But worse,—ingratitude and poisonous darts
 Launch'd by the country he had served and loved :
 This with a free unclouded spirit pure,
 This in the strength of silence to endure,
 A dignity to noble deeds imparts
 Beyond the gauds and trappings of renown :
 This is the hero's complement and crown ;
 This miss'd, one struggle had been wanting still,
 One glorious triumph of the heroic will,
 One self-approval in his heart of hearts."—Vol. iii. p. 254.

The predominant characteristic, however, of Mr. Taylor's minor poems is a certain meditative pathos. They have something in them of Wordsworth ; but the thoughts are less discursive and less philosophical ; something also of Southey, but the texture is finer and firmer. In the conciseness of their diction lies chiefly the difference between them and such of our modern poetry as they most resemble. In some pieces, as in *Lago Varese*, descriptive poetry is blended with personal interest ; the lovely scene there described seems to be imperson-

ated in the youthful "native of the clime," who forms the centre of the picture, and mitigates its pensiveness, though she cannot remove it. The *Lago Lugano*, written in a stanza wholly original, is likewise a descriptive poem; but it gradually rises into a strain of statesmanlike thought, in which the "moral liberty" of light and humble hearts is contrasted with the "civil liberty" of charters and statutes, and a strong preference expressed for the former:—

"From pride plebeian and from pride high-born,
From pride of knowledge no less vain and weak,
From overstrain'd activities that seek
Ends worthiest of indifference or scorn,
From pride of intellect that exalts its horn
In contumely above the wise and meek,
Exulting in coarse cruelties of the pen,
From pride of drudging souls to Mammon sworn,
Where shall we flee and when?"

Where pride is, the poet affirms that freedom cannot be, except in name:—

"For Independence walks
With staid Humility aye hand in hand,
Whilst Pride in tremor stalks."

Two Ways of Life is a dramatic scene, in which the descriptive and the meditative vein are blended with the personal; and the comparative merits of the life domestic and the life monastic are discussed—with as much impartiality as can be expected from two lovers.

Ernesto is a love poem replete with power and pathos. It has no events, but the two characters it describes are finely discriminated:—

"Thoughtfully by the side Ernesto sate
Of her whom, in his earlier youth, with heart
Then first exulting in a dangerous hope,
Dearer for danger, he had rashly loved.
That was a season when the untravell'd spirit,
Not way-worn nor way-wearyed, nor with soil
Nor stain upon it, lions in its path
Saw none,—or seeing, with triumphant trust
In its resources and its powers, defied,—
Perverse to find provocatives in warnings
And in disturbance taking deep delight.
By sea or land he then saw rise the storm
With a gay courage, and through broken lights,
Tempestuously exalted, for awhile

His heart ran mountains high, or to the roar
 Of shatter'd forests sang superior songs
 With kindling, and what might have seem'd to some,
 Auspicious energy ;—by land and sea
 He was way-foundered—trampled in the dust
 His many-colour'd hopes—his lading rich
 Of precious pictures, bright imaginations,
 In absolute shipwreck to the winds and waves
 Suddenly rendered."

How does the lady of his love look on the wreck ?—

" Of this she saw not all—she saw but little—
 That which she could not choose but see she saw—
 And o'er her sunlit dimples and her smiles
 A shadow fell—a transitory shade—
 And when the phantom of a hand she clasp'd
 At parting, scarce responded to her touch,
 She sigh'd—but hoped the best."—Vol. iii. p. 259.

The ode with which the volume ends is very fine ; but there is another piece which we regard as, on the whole, the most characteristic of Mr. Taylor's minor poems. Few poems are at once so true to nature, and to that art which nature owns. The metre is a rare one—that of Lycidas ; and the long interwoven periods, with their rhymes recurring at wide intervals, like the chime of funeral-bells far off, are in harmony with the elegiac strain :—

" In Remembrance of the Hon. Edward Ernest Villiers.

I.

" A grace though melancholy, manly too,
 Moulded his being : pensive, grave, serene,
 O'er his habitual bearing and his mien
 Unceasing pain, by patience temper'd, threw
 A shade of sweet austerity. But seen
 In happier hours and by the friendly few,
 That curtain of the spirit was withdrawn,
 And fancy light and playful as a fawn,
 And reason imp'd with inquisition keen,
 Knowledge long sought with ardour ever new,
 And wit love-kindled, show'd in colours true
 What genial joys with sufferings can consist,
 Then did all sternness melt as melts a mist
 Touch'd by the brightness of the golden dawn,
 Aërial heights disclosing, valleys green,
 And sunlights thrown the woodland tufts between,
 And flowers and spangles of the dewy lawn.

II.

And even the stranger, though he saw not these,
Saw what would not be willingly pass'd by.
In his deportment, even when cold and shy,
Was seen a clear collectedness and ease,
A simple grace and gentle dignity,
That fail'd not at the first accost to please ;
And as reserve relented by degrees,
So winning was his aspect and address,
His smile so rich in sad felicities,
Accordant to a voice which charm'd no less,
That who but saw him once remember'd long,
And some in whom such images are strong
Have hoarded the impression in their heart
Fancy's fond dreams and Memory's joys among,
Like some loved relic of romantic song,
Or cherish'd masterpiece of ancient art.

III.

His life was private ; safely led, aloof
From the loud world,—which yet he understood
Largely and wisely, as no worldling could.
For he by privilege of his nature proof
Against false glitter, from beneath the roof
Of privacy, as from a cave, survey'd
With steadfast eye its flickering light and shade,
And gently judged for evil and for good.
But whilst he mix'd not for his own behoof
In public strife, his spirit glow'd with zeal,
Not shorn of action, for the public weal,—
For truth and justice as its warp and woof,
For freedom as its signature and seal.
His life thus sacred from the world, discharged
From vain ambition and inordinate care,
In virtue exercised, by reverence rare
Lifted, and by humility enlarged,
Became a temple and a place of prayer.
In latter years he walk'd not singly there ;
For one was with him, ready at all hours
His griefs, his joys, his inmost thoughts to share,
Who buoyantly his burthens help'd to bear,
And deck'd his altars daily with fresh flowers.

IV.

But farther may we pass not ; for the ground
Is holier than the Muse herself may tread ;
Nor would I it should echo to a sound
Less solemn than the service for the dead.

Mine is inferior matter,—my own loss,—
 The loss of dear delights for ever fled,
 Of reason's converse by affection fed,
 Of wisdom, counsel, solace, that across
 Life's dreariest tracts a tender radiance shed.
 Friend of my youth ! though younger yet my guide,
 How much by thy unerring insight clear
 I shaped my way of life for many a year,
 What thoughtful friendship on thy deathbed died !
 Friend of my youth, whilst thou wast by my side
 Autumnal days still breathed a vernal breath ;
 How like a charm thy life to me supplied
 All waste and injury of time and tide,
 How like a disenchantment was thy death !”

ART. V.—PINDAR AND HIS AGE.

ALMOST the only fact of Pindar's personal history which is known on indisputable evidence, is that he was born during the Pythian Festival, for he tells us this himself; further, all the grammarians are agreed that this happened at Cynoscephalæ, a village of Bœotia, where the holy water of Dirce ran sparkling half round Thebes. Beyond this all is uncertain. The traditional stupidity of a succession of writers, who copied, amplified, abridged, distorted the obscure jottings of their predecessors, has provided posterity with a choice of three fathers for the Theban poet, Pagondas, Scopelinus, Daiphantus, and a couple of mothers, Myrto and Cleidice. Then we do not know whether his brother was called Erotion or Eritimus, and as the last seems the less probable of the two, one cannot depend on the statement of the versifier who mentions him, that he was a distinguished huntsman, wrestler, and pugilist. Again, the date of Pindar's birth and the duration of his life are uncertain. The ancients are divided between 522 and 508 B.C. for the former, and eighty years and sixty-six for the latter; the moderns are naturally in favour of the more picturesque age, and this hypothesis is supported by the facts that it agrees best with the dates which it seems most convenient to assign to the various poems; and that *Isth. vi. 40*, where the poet looks forward to a calm old age, would be rather more appropriate to a man of sixty-eight than a man of fifty-four. The notices of Pindar's youth take us into a region of more interesting conjectures, if not of perfect certainty. We should really like to know how much instruction he received from Myrtis and Corinna, the poetesses of Bœotia, before he learnt to defeat them; and whether Myrtis took her defeat as philosophically as her rival, who pronounced that they were both to blame for contending with Pindar, as, after all, they were only women. It would be satisfactory to ascertain whether his vocation was in part determined by the fact that his family belonged to an hereditary guild of pipers; but we have no means of testing the statement of Thomas Magister, who informs us, with an air of superior knowledge, that Pindar's schoolmaster had been mistaken for his father. If the poet really took the place of Agathocles or Apollodorus at Athens, in training the cyclic chorus at the early age of sixteen, that would be an interesting proof that his practical skill in music was greater than is implied in an ancient story, to the effect that a rude fellow once asked him why he made songs when he could not sing, whereupon he answered that ship-builders made rudders though they could not steer.

There is another problem, the solution of which would throw great light, not only upon Pindar's personal history, but on the whole course of Greek civilisation. It is certain that in Pindar's poetry we find traces of Orphic and Pythagorean ideas; did he learn these ideas by an Orphic or Pythagorean initiation, or by some less formal process? When he speaks of a mystical cycle of three lives to be traversed before the final deliverance, of the under world, whose sun rises at the setting of the sun of earth, of the vigil of the soul during the body's sleep, is he treading upon forbidden ground, hinting at what he had learnt under a pledge of secrecy, or is he only expressing the thoughts which had once been the common property of all who had an affinity for them, until certain hierophants had attempted to confine them to a privileged circle of communicants? We know that in the latter part of the last century secret societies were actually founded or reorganized to inculcate the notions about the perfectibility and sovereignty of mankind which were circulating in all the literature of the period. In the same way, the craving for purification, and the current preconceptions about the terms on which it was possible, preceded the organization of new mysteries to minister to new needs, the remodelling of ancient ceremonies to make them harmonize with younger life. An instance of this process may be found in the prosecution of Æschylus for divulging the mysteries, because one or two of his plays touched upon legends which were beginning to be reserved for initiated hearers. His defence was satisfactory and simple; he knew nothing, he said, of the special sanctity of those particular legends, as he had never been initiated; but the self-respect of Athenian jurors required that the defendant's brother should come into court to merit their personal compassion by exhibiting the stump of the hand hewn off as he grasped the ships in which the Persians were to fly from Marathon.

At the age of twenty, Pindar was employed by the Aleuadae of Thessaly, who claimed their descent from Perseus and Heracles, and were suspected of appealing to the memory of the former hero to gild their submission to the Persian king, to celebrate, in company with other poets, one of the victories gained in the same day by Hippocrates, a young clansman who seems to have been a special favourite with the heads of the house.

Gradually his popularity extended itself throughout Greece, and even beyond its limits. He was employed to compose a Pæan even at Ceos, the country of his elder rival, Simonides; we have fragments of *Scolia* or catches composed for Alexander of Macedonia; and probably he had done similar work for Hiero before 477 B.C., when he composed *Pyth. II.*, the first of four triumphal Odes for the Syracusan Court to inform that potentate

of his success at the Theban Iolaia, and to warn him against the artifices of Simonides and Bacchylides, who were endeavouring to undermine their absent rival in a position which must have been already lucrative. To make good his position he visited Sicily in 475 B.C., not without reluctance, if we may believe that he was recommended to make the same use of his opportunities as Simonides, and replied that he liked to be his own master, which he could not be in a despot's house.

He had formerly called his Cean rivals a couple of jackdaws, towards whom everything was fair when they chattered against the divine bird of Zeus; but personal acquaintance seems to have softened his animosity, for in Ol. I., composed when he was sharing Hiero's hospitality with them, he is content to class himself with the men who sport round Hiero's friendly board, in songs which threw a new lustre upon the life of their host; and in his subsequent compositions there is nothing which can be proved to reflect upon them. Be this as it may, he had returned to continental Greece before 468 B.C., when he composed an ode to celebrate the victory of the prophet and warrior Agesias, whose mule-chariot had sustained the reputation of Sicily, which was supposed to excel in mules, while the horse-chariots of Cyrene stood highest. The same year Hiero gained his only Olympic chariot victory, but Pindar was not permitted by the fates, or not invited by his patron, to celebrate this crowning success, for which he had prayed four years before.

Meanwhile other distinctions had not been wanting. Soon after the victories of Salamis and Plataea he had ventured to contrast the glory of Athens and the misery of Thebes. His countrymen fined him for the supposed disloyalty; but the Athenians paid, or more than paid, the fine, and made him their honorary proxenus, an example which was followed by other States. Some of the ancients, not satisfied with this, pleased themselves with supposing that the statue of him at Athens was erected in his lifetime, and that the Lacedæmonians were compelled, by a metrical inscription, to respect his house during an imaginary sack of Thebes.

His loyalty to his country does not seem to have been affected by her severity; the only mournful passages of his poetry are inspired by her calamities. He seems to have regretted the downfall of the Spartan party which had condemned him; he rejoiced in the hope, never destined to be realized, that his reputation might practically refute the proverb already current about Bæotian swine. Pindar married Timoxena, and had a son and two daughters: the former was called Daiphantus, probably after the real name of Pindar's father, in accordance with

a well-known Grecian custom ; the latter were named Eumetis and Protomache. He died in the theatre at Argos, in the arms of Theoxenus, a beautiful boy of Tenedos. There is an epigram to the effect that his wise daughters must have been very unhappy when they brought their father's ashes home. Of course, the poet may have been malicious, and meant to insinuate that the daughters had sense to feel themselves neglected in their father's repeated absences, especially as they seem to have been left unprovided with husbands ; which would agree with another story, that he refused one of them to a thriving neighbour, because he thought him scarcely a likely man to thrive long.

The forty-four complete poems which have come down to us were composed for the most part between 480 and 456 B.C., though one is as early as 502 B.C., and two are as late as 452. He wrote his first Olympic ode when he was thirty-eight, his last when he was seventy ; and though he continued to live and write for ten years, he produced no more triumphal odes ; perhaps he was out of fashion, perhaps he preferred writing hymns. The triumphal odes were written principally for the four great festivals to which every Greek State was expected to send a Theoria ; but Pyth. II. was written for the Theban Iolaia, Nem. IX. for the Sicyonian Pythia, Nem. X. for the Argive Hecatombæa, while Nem. XI. is for the sacrifice offered by Aristagoras on coming into office as Prytanis. It is curious to think that but for these three odes, ignorantly inserted out of their proper place, we might never have realized that strangers were proud to be admitted to local contests which never attained or approached the dignity of national festivals. Sometimes, as in Pyth. XI., Pindar was paid according to a direct bargain ; oftener he wrote on an understanding that the friends who were united with him in the ties of hospitality were to be liberal of presents while he was liberal of praise ; sometimes writing was a labour of love, to be postponed, with a blush and a smile, to engagements which paid better, as he had fallen on degenerate days, when the Muses had let themselves out to hire, and every song had lucre in its looks.

The poems of Pindar were divided into seventeen books, probably by Aristarchus, as follows—(1.) Hymns sung by a chorus standing round the altar ; (2.) Pæans, originally appropriated to Apollo and Artemis as the averters of evil, though one of Pindar's Pæans was addressed to Dodonean Jove ; (3, 4.) Dithyrambs and other Bacchic songs, for a Cyclic chorus ; (5.) Prosodia or Processional Songs, belonging to the same class as the Pæans ; (6.) Enthronismoi, which Boeckh views as a species of Prosodia, songs for the procession which carried the holy

image to set it up on its throne, appealing to Ol. vi. 91. According to Dissen, they were connected with the orgies of the great mother, when the mystic chorus set the neophyte upon a throne, and danced around him. In this case they would be related to the Parthenia; (7.) Songs for Maidens, in honour of Cybele and her constant attendant Pan, concerning which Pindar tells us, in an interesting fragment, that the maidens often sang their praises beside his door; the scholiast is not content without an express explanation that Pindar's daughters were probably of the number. The Daphnephorica (8.) were also sung by maidens when the sacred laurel bough was dedicated at Delphi to Apollo. Then there were the Hyporchemata (9. 10.), choral songs accompanied with mimic action, one collection of which, from their sombre character, were regarded as tragic dramas by some ancient critics. There were the convivial songs (11. 12.), the Encomia, sung in praise of distinguished men by a *κῶμος*, which often followed an Epinician ode; the Scolia or catches, which differed from the Encomia in not being choral, though the Scolia of Pindar are antistrophic. These were also often composed at the same time as the Epinicia; *e.g.*, the first fragment of the Scolia is for the same occasion as Ol. XIII.; the third for the same occasion as Isthm. II. There were the "magnificent Dirges" (13.) contrasted by Dionysius with the "pathetic" Laments of Simonides. Lastly, there were the four books of Epinicia, which divide themselves naturally into four classes, according as they were sung on the scene of victory, like Ol. IV., or in the return of the triumphal procession, like Ol. V., or when the victor celebrated his Epinicia at the return of the festival, like Ol. XI., Pyth. III., or Isth. II., where the poet exhorts Thrasybulus to keep up the memory of his father's fame, although it cannot but be associated with recollections of the fallen despotism; or lastly, for some less definite occasion, like Pyth. II. and Ol. VI., composed for a festival of the Tamidæ at Stymphalus, where Agesias appeared after his success at Olympia before returning to Syracuse, as the poet said, "from home to home." It is natural to think that this class of poems must have approximated rather closely to the Encomia. We have only fragments, more or less characteristic, of the first twelve books (with the possible exception of the Enthronismoi, the second series of Bacchic poems, and the so-called tragic dramas), besides a collection of 187 quotations or allusions, varying in length from four or five lines down to single words, and belonging to classes which cannot be ascertained.

The Epinicia or Periodos are complete, with the exception of some Isthmian odes, which only survive in fragmentary quota-

tions. Perhaps they owe their preservation to their popularity as a part of a series of school classics among the literati of the lower empire; for in the family of MSS. on which the Aldine edition of 1513 was based, we find the *Epinicia* preceded by the *Ajax Electra* and *Œdipus* of Sophocles, and followed by the *Alexandra* of Lycophron, the obscure, and other works of the Alexandrine school, and part of the Homeric poems. The necessity of a selection was imposed by the scanty leisure or industry of those for whom it was made; but the selection, once made, could not but enhance the pre-eminence on which it originally rested. The fragments of his Cean rivals contain as exquisite poetry as anything in Pindar, and we have no means of measuring the extent of his superiority; but the superiority itself was real. Their ideas were not too numerous to be carefully elaborated, while his very fragments bear traces of a press of thought to which they seem to have been strangers; he sang because his mind was full; they filled their minds that they might sing.

When it was once determined to treat Pindar as the sole representative of the Grecian lyre, there was much to be said for the selection of the *Epinicia* from the rest of his poetry, for they were his only works not directly connected with either the worship or the revelry of Paganism, and we may believe that, in addition to this, they formed the most varied and interesting class of his writings.

But if the selection was judicious, it is impossible to praise the arrangement. It would be convenient to the cursory reader, but it has ceased to be possible to read Pindar cursorily. If willing and able to read simply for amusement, and for such floating impressions of Grecian life as we can pick up by the way, it is very convenient to have the odes for each festival in separate books, arranged in each book according to the dignity of the contest commemorated,—first, the odes for the chariot race (with the excusable deviation introduced by Aristophanes);¹ then those for victories with single horses or mule-carriages; lastly, those which commemorate successes in wrestling, racing, and boxing, in the Pentathlum and the Pancratium, implying *ἀπειρή*, but not so plainly implying *δολβος*.

But if we wish to study Grecian history in Pindar, it is intolerable to have the *Æginetan* odes, stretching over twenty years, with their remarkable unity of tone and feeling, dispersed in different collections; we should like to read them in their chronological order from Isthm. VII. to Ol. VIII. and Nem. VIII.;

¹ He placed Ol. I., which commemorates a victory with one horse, before Ol. II., which commemorates a victory with four, because it contains an account of the institution of the games.

we should like to read the odes for Hiero as follows: Pyth. II., Pyth. I., III., Ol. I.

If, again, we read with a purely literary interest, if it be our only object to trace the development of Pindar's genius from its naïve exuberance in youth to its sterile majesty in age, we should desire a stricter chronological arrangement of his poems, beginning with Pyth. x. and ending with Ol. iv., v. Then we should be able to see how long Pindar continued to deal in such artifices as the Pillars of Heracles, the foundation laid for song, the peerless worth of gold and water; how far practice enabled him to adapt himself to the comprehension of "the general," for whom his strains lacked an interpreter, although they had a voice for the wise.

It is certainly a proof of the marvellous force and energy of the Pindaric poetry, that it has kept its ground in spite of its own obscurity, in spite, too, of the merciless handling of Byzantine critics, who scolded their author for the irrelevance of his mythical illustrations, when *they* failed to trace the connexion, and wasted a great deal of ingenuity in defacing his metres in the effort to piece out combinations which they could scan, while utterly defacing if not disregarding the antistrophic system as really observed by him.

After a course of Demetrius Triclinius we wish for the genial ignorance of Horace:—

"Fervet immensusque ruit profundo
Pindarus ore,—
Laurea donandus Apollinari,
Seu per audaces nova Dithyrambos
Verba devolvit, numerisque fertur
Lege solutis."¹

It is startling indeed to hear of the lawlessness of the most elaborate of poets, and a modern reader would be more struck by the volume of the stream than its depth. Pindar's words may come from the heart, but you do not see them coming; they are all ready upon his tongue, ready to be poured out. It would be difficult to find elsewhere so much fire and so little feeling, so much wisdom and so little thought. Still there is a real difference between the copiousness of Pindar and the volubility of Ovid; a Pindaric ode is much harder to scan than an Horatian.

At Rome, Pindar was admired, but he was not imitated. English poets have been less modest and less merciful: without copying the timid example of Horace, they accepted his pre-

¹ Carm. iv. ii.

cepts with improvements of their own. Horace had determined that Pindar's numbers baffled human fingers. Cowley determined to write in numbers which should baffle human ears. A Pindaric ode of the seventeenth century was a composition in which there were very long lines and very short lines, the reader never knowing when or why either was coming, and where the lines taken separately differed from prose rather by intricacy of sense than harmony of sound. It is to be remembered, however, that Cowley and Crashaw were misled to some extent by the vicious scansion¹ scarcely caricatured by Boeckh, which was introduced by the later Greek metrists, who thought it much more probable that every other line should end in the middle of a word, than that different movements should be combined in the same line.

Gray's Pindaric Odes are poetry, which is more than can be said for Cowley's, or even Jeremy Taylor's verse; but his uniform Iambic or Trochaic movements differ as much from the rapid, shifting, manifold music of Pindar, as the affected abruptnesses and deliberate sublimities of the eighteenth century philosopher differ from the audacious *abandon* and occasional enthusiasm of the old Greek, who lived when it was still optional to believe in philosophy.

Of professed translators, it would be cruel to dwell upon the efforts of last century, which succeeded, in the words of Johnson, in reproducing Pindar's smoke without his fire; and we have not space for a detailed examination of the versions of Cary, who is accurate and spirited, but always rough and sometimes lame,—and of Thiersch, whose labours merited the praise of Boeckh, while isolated extracts would obviously give an imperfect, not to say an unjust idea of continuous works. But our limits will allow a short discussion of the graceful fragment of Bishop Heber, who translated Ol. I.-VI., which will repay criticism, for it is very characteristic of its amiable author and of English scholarship and culture. There we learn that the odes of Pindar were not chanted by a hired chorus, according to the absurd fancy of the later Greeks, whose surprising ignorance of their own antiquities is established by many other instances, but recited by the poet himself, seated in the iron chair long preserved at Delphi, and accompanied by one or more musi-

¹ Στάμεν εὐίπ-
που βασιλῆϊ Κυρῶνας
ἔφρα κωμά-
ζοντι σὺν Ἀρκεσίλῳ
Μοῖσα Λατοί-
δαισιν ὀφειλόμενον Πυ-
θῶνι τ' ἀέξῃς οὔρον ὁμῶν.

PYTH. IV. 2, seq.

cians, whom he sometimes apostrophised in the course of his improvisation, as is proved by the case of Æneas, OL VI. We learn less than nothing of the relations of Pelops and Poseidon, for clerical delicacy did not require Heber to omit the episode, but only to *mistranslate* it.

Of his general style of translation, it would not be too much to say that it often recalls Tate and Brady, with one important difference: they dilute with dishwater, and he dilutes with rose-water. For instance, Heber is aware that φιλοξείνους, as the beginning of OL. III., is more than "hospitable;" and he is afraid that "the guest-loving Tyndaridæ" is neither English nor poetry, so he turns it into

"Those brave twins of Leda's shell
The stranger's holy cause defending."

Then, at the end of the same strophe, Pindar boasts that a tune which he has discovered is shining-new, in one word. By the help of a reading too bad for Boeckh even to reject, if not a positive false quantity, this becomes

"Worthy of silent awe, a strange sweet harmony,"

in eight words!

But a longer extract, free from such casual blemishes, will give a better idea of Heber's strength and weakness as a translator of Pindar:—

"Such honour earn'd by toil and care
May best his ancient wrongs repair,
And wealth sustain'd by pride
May laugh at fortune's fickle power,
And blameless in the tempting hour
Of syren ease abide—
Led by that star of heavenly ray,
Which best may light our mortal way
O'er life's unsteady tide."¹

This extract explains itself; it reads just like the moral reflections in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* or *Marmion*; and it is striking that Heber's translation should remind us more of his contemporary than his original. On the whole, he was not unfortunate in the model, whom we know he deliberately adopted. Scott and Pindar coincided as nearly as was possible for a Christian and a Pagan in their view of life and their ideal of excellence; but Scott wrote to be read in English drawing-rooms, and Pindar wrote to be sung and danced in Grecian festivals. Scott lived in a sensible work-a-day world that had definitively ignored the old legendary principles of action; the past was nothing to him

¹ OL. II. 51, *seq.*

but a memory, a regret, a shadow which perpetually eluded his grasp. It is little to say that for Pindar the present still rested firmly upon the past, the past encompassed and overshadowed the present. Almost any of the men with whom he lived might have turned his little world upside down any day in the wildest style of legendary heroism, if he thought it worth his while to try, and Pindar's poetry is full of warnings that it was not worth while. But Heber proceeds with a lofty translation of the loftiest passage in all Pindar's poetry—

“For whoso holds in righteousness the throne,
 He in his heart hath known
 How the foul spirits of the guilty dead
 In chambers dark and dread
 Of nether earth abide, and penal flame,
 Where He, who none may name,
 Lays bare the soul in stern necessity,
 Seated in judgment high,
 The minister of God, whose arm is there,
 In Heaven alike and Hell, almighty everywhere!
 But who the thrice-renewed probation
 Of either world may well endure,
 To keep with righteous destination
 The soul from all transgression pure;
 To such and such alone is given
 To walk the rainbow paths of heaven,
 To that tall city of Almighty time,
 Where ocean's balmy breezes play,
 And, flashing to the western day,
 The gorgeous blossoms of such blessed clime,
 Now in the happy isles are seen
 Sparkling through the groves of green;
 And now all glorious to behold,
 Tinge the wave with floating gold.”

Here again Heber tells us that it is unlawful to name the *tes*, whom Pindar simply abstains from naming, and is careful to explain that he is the minister of God, while Pindar rather represents him as supplying the defects in the administration of Zeus. Pindar's highest idea of the glories of Elysium is that all the plants have golden flowers; Heber does not forget to relieve the gorgeous blossoms upon groves of green, and only ventures to hint that they tinge the wave with floating gold.

There is quite enough truth for an epigram in the saying of Coleridge, that Pindar and Herodotus represent respectively the sacerdotal and the popular view of Paganism, while *Æschylus* is the poet of the philosophic mystics. *Æschylus* is a transcendentalist. It is true that Pindar lived in his religion, and Herodotus wished if possible to live safe outside it, and so far

their respective tendencies may be called clerical and secular ; but sacerdotalism, in our sense, did not exist, for though Paganism had its sacraments, they were not generally necessary to salvation, and the teachers of antiquity hardly held themselves answerable for the souls of their hearers. Æschylus has no claim to a peculiar illumination, he is mysterious, but not mystical ; Pindar, though obscure, is not mysterious, but the fragment upon the Eleusinian mysteries in the Dirges, and the great passage in Ol. II., upon the other life and the judgment to come, border closely on the mystical.

Or we may say that the religion of Pindar, Æschylus, Herodotus, was in itself identical, that its outward providential aspects take a cheerful or a gloomy hue as seen by Pindar or Herodotus, while Æschylus inculcates its spiritual and personal aspects with a fanatical submission which is near akin to revolt. We may go on to explain their several positions, by calling Æschylus an Athenian reactionist, Pindar a Dorian conservative, and Herodotus an Asiatic Greek of the decadence, who was saddened by the memory of two conquests of his country, depressed even by the thought of the many great barbaric monarchies which had flourished and withered in their turn, who had done homage to too many religions to have hope and joy in his own ; while Pindar had nursed his imagination upon the splendours of Sicily and the stiff dignity of Ægina, the prosperity of Corinth, and the patriotism of Athens, and had always lived among the untransplanted, untransplantable memories of Grecian legend.

But reaction and conservatism are inappropriate terms when we speak of a country not conscious of its own history. Herodotus is playful, if not hopeful ; he is saddening, but he is not sad. The interpretation of Pindar, the member of the triad who has been most admired and least understood, does not turn upon modern war-cries like sacerdotalism or conservatism, but upon the question, answered in the affirmative by Disson, How far was he " *artis suæ et conscius et compos ?* " At the outset it may be said that the criterion to which Disson appeals is absurdly severe. Pindar could not have written a line *after* he had stated in his own mind the more or less complicated sentence which the ode was to illustrate ; and if that ceremony had been an indispensable preliminary, instead of an insurmountable hindrance, Pindar would not have been a greater artist, but a less. Poe was not a great artist, and his *Raven* is scarcely a great poem ; but it was written to scale, and its author lived to publish a statement of his plan, while Tennyson could hardly explain the construction of *In Memoriam* or *Maude*.

In reality, Pindar is a more favourable instance than the

Homeric poems of the dictum of F. A. Wolf, so elaborately controverted by his illustrious scholars, that it was long before the Greeks attained the conception of a poetic whole. For, with the exception of a small minority, posterity has been unanimous in its admiration of the artistic symmetry of the *Odyssey*, and even the *Iliad*, and in its indulgence to the supposed irregularities of genius in the *Epinicia* of Pindar. They are undoubtedly far more attractive than the works of Robert Browning; but, if we may trust the poet and his ablest editors, they have proved in general as unintelligible. In reality, Pindar is a consummate artist in a somewhat imperfect style of art. It would be true to say of poetry that it consists in representing one thing so as to recall many, but in early poetry the many tend to obscure the one. Hence the Homeric poetry luxuriates in similes and metaphors; hence the Scaldic poetry formed a complete language for itself, in which blood was always the dew of pain, gold always the fire of the sea, and, worse still, a woman always a wearer of the fire of the sea. Hence, too, Pindar's thoughts are overloaded with a profusion of illustrations which fail to illustrate, with mythical narratives which might seem irrelevant when the glow of sympathy which united the poet and his audience was suspended. It is possible for ingenious critics to prove now that everything in an ode of Pindar implies a series of coherent statements, and contributes to produce one harmonious impression; but the poet and his audience were alike unconscious of the former fact, and consequently the application of the legends he introduces is seldom brought out into clear relief, and the poet is frequently reduced to apologize for digressions which were, after all, less real than apparent, though it is probable that his naïve confessions pleased his audience better than an anticipation of Disson's prolegomena.

To these considerations we must add the fact that all the triumphal odes, except those written to commemorate victories long past, were rather hurriedly composed, for the poem had to be finished and the chorus trained in the limited time between the victor's success and the return of the triumphal procession; while in their procession to the *Altis*, victors were almost always obliged to content themselves with the traditional lines of *Archilochos* thrice repeated:—

ὦ καλλίνικε χαῖρ' ὄναξ Ἡρακλῆς
αὐτός τε κ' Ἰολᾶς αἰχμητὰ δύο,
τῆνελλα καλλίνικε.

In the almost solitary instance¹ when Pindar has provided a special ode for this occasion, he begins by an apostrophe to Zeus, whose providence had brought him to the ground, and proceeds

¹ *Ol.* iv.

to take credit for his own readiness to serve a friend at a moment's notice. Haste and imperfection are not unnatural incidents to the most primitive forms of art, and lyric poetry is certainly the earliest form of poetry amongst all nations, the only poetry of savage nations. It is the poetry of impression, and begins before the object-matter of those impressions has been recounted in elaborate epics. The Vedas are older than the Mahabharata, the Lament for Linus was older than the Iliad; and it continues when epics have dwindled into idylls or expanded into histories, and dramas have subsided into novels or been condensed into monologues or sublimated into philosophies. It may derive these impressions from outward nature, as in the poetry of Keats and Shelley; from personal feeling, like Alcæus singing—

“Dura navis,
Dura fugæ mala, dura belli;”

or from the events of a national struggle, like Tyrtæus or the song of Deborah; or from merely personal distinctions and successes. It may derive them, again, from national pride or philosophical aspiration, as in the changing poetry of Horace; or from broad aspects of what is deepest and most permanent in human life, as in the best of the Elizabethan lyrics or Wordsworth's Ode on Immortality.

Of course this classification is not intended to be either exclusive or exhaustive; of course, too, the personality of the poet must always be admitted to colour the song; but the importance of this last element is more commonly exaggerated than under-estimated. Dramatic poetry must be, and epic poetry may be, far more subjective than lyric poetry need be. Certainly the subjective element does not predominate in Pindar. He does not sing of himself, but of the world; even when he moralizes in his own person his reflections are always meant to be adopted by his patrons, and these digressions are far from numerous, and never long. He always hastens to return to the glory of the victor, whom he has to celebrate either in his person or his family, or in the historical or legendary glories of the country to which he belongs, or of the contest in which he had triumphed. Then the praise has always to be adapted to the special circumstances of the individual victor. Hiero has to be consoled for his sickness, perhaps for his bereavement. Thrasydæus is to be cheered after his sufferings under the late usurpation at Thebes. Telesicrates is to be congratulated on his approaching marriage, or perhaps, we should say, recommended to marry. Psaumis is to be defended against the charge of extravagant affectation for keeping a stud in his

old age. The adaptation descends to the minutest details; the poet gives a metrical direction for the music to strike up, as in Ol. i.; the Muses and Graces are called to throw a blaze of glory on Alcmidas as the torches threw a glow over the evening feast; funeral services were always held at sunset, and the poet does not forget in his Dirge that the sun of the dead is rising. Indeed Pindar's poetry would be almost monotonous without this genial versatility; the shafts of praise, the gale of song, the Muses' car, the Pillars of Heracles, sometimes impassable to the hero and sometimes to the baril, above all, the endless repetition of worth and wealth, wealth and fame, undoubtedly form a valuable repertory, but Pindar rings the changes upon them quite often enough; perhaps it is only charitable to remember that his poems were intended to be sung at different places and at different times, not to be collected and read through. These commonplaces formed his stock in trade, just as the constant epithets and ever-recurring formulas of the epic poets formed their stock in trade; and if Pindar's be more obtrusively displayed, this may have been because he had to excite admiration, and they had only to satisfy curiosity. It would not be absurd to compare his poetry to a Doric temple, whose grand, bold outlines, coarsely copied, seem simple even to poverty, while it is scarcely possible to deface the varied combinations, the ever fresh originality of the *bas-reliefs* with which it is adorned. No illustration can be perfect, and the defect of this is that it does not do Pindar justice. The Panathenaic frieze did not support the Parthenon, but the mythical narratives contribute much to the construction of the Epinicia.

On this subject little can be said here beyond a few selections taken almost at random from the masterly essay of Dissen, who has discussed all the most important odes under four distinct heads, with reference—(a.) to the general propositions which underlie Pindar's poetry; (b.) his employment of legends; (c.) the way in which the legends are treated; (d.) the arrangement of the several parts of each poem. Dissen scarcely approaches the consideration of the spirit of Pindar or the general style and colouring of his poetry, and Boeckh¹ expressly resigns the task to other hands; but they throw a flood of light on Pindar's method of construction, the portion of his art which had hitherto been most completely misunderstood, the portion, we may add, in which an ordinary reader is most completely helpless. For his art in this respect is so elaborate that we cannot be sure that it was always perceived either by the audience or the poet himself. It would be a real beauty that Ol. XIII. 85, where we

¹ He observes in the Preface to his third volume, published 1821, that the introduction of Thiersch in some degree supplied the deficiency.

are told that "gods accomplish by their power, that one winneth lightly what we had trowed could never be, and sworn it," is appropriate not only to Bellerophon, but to Xenophon's hopes of an equestrian victory, though nobody had ever noticed it before Disson, which, if true, would only show that Pindar had thrown himself into the situation more completely than he knew. On the other hand, every reader can feel for himself the originality of Pindar's exordiums, the fiery rapidity of his narratives, the glow of his descriptions, and the loftiness of his exhortations.

On his own subject Disson's essay is somewhat tedious, but this prolixity of the whole arises almost entirely from the completeness of the parts, which makes it easier and fairer to give specimens than to attempt a summary. Pindar's two great topics of praise are *δλβος* and *ἀρετή*, manifested in the glory with which the gods and the singer reward the victor's piety and energy, energy sometimes shown in his manful endurance of the sufferings of the wrestling-match or the paneratum, sometimes in the spirit with which, like Agesias or Herodotus, he drove his own chariot, sometimes in his early achievements in war, as in the odes for Hiero and Chromius. The courage which is always in some form or other attributed to the victor, and supposed to be rewarded by the victory, is rarely unconnected with other virtues; sometimes it is the fruit of piety, the gift of gods, as in the case of Epharmostus, the representative of a long line of Socrian heroes; sometimes it is represented as inextricably blended with prudence, as in the recapitulation of the mythic glories of Corinth, Ol. XIII.; sometimes with a just and peaceable spirit, as in Isth. VII., where the Æginetans, whose courage won the prize at Salamis, are moved to intercede for Thebes, which was in danger of being involved in the fate of its Medising citizens. Sometimes the other virtue is temperance, the opposite of insolence and license, as in Pyth. XI., where, after praising self-control and deprecating the calamitous splendour of Agamemnon and the guilty power of Ægisthus and Clytæmnestra, the poet extols the valour and the blessedness of Castor and Iolaos, trusting that his audience will not forget their innocence. Again, in Pyth. IX. and Nem. V. he commemorates the chastity of Apollo, and Cyrene, and Peleus, rewarded in one case by the magnificent destiny of the city to which the nymph gave her name, in the other by the marriage with Thetis, and the glory of Achilles. It is to be observed that all this class of poems are addressed to the young.

Sometimes we see the fortune of the victor, with its alternate successes and reverses, bound up with the destinies of his country or his race, as in the odes for Thero and Diagoras,

where the poet dwells on the misfortunes which always mar the glories of Rhodes, because Diagoras had chanced to wound an antagonist mortally, and the progress of the Athenian party had endangered the pre-eminence of his house at Rhodes; and consoles Thero for the suffering caused by family quarrels and the impending war with Hiero, by the everlasting felicity which always crowns the adversities of the house of Cadmus in this world and the next. But the legends are by no means introduced with exclusive reference to the victor's country or family, for instance, Thrasydæus was not specially concerned in the misfortunes of the house of Atreus; Hiero had not inherited the guilt of Ixion nor the error of Coronis with its terrible punishment. And though these cases are exceptional, and the legends generally bear some historical relation to the victor, the closest connexion lies in the circumstances known to the audience or described by the poet, which always illustrates the same sentiment, whether the illustration be drawn from the history of the victor or some mythic narrative, from the real or the ideal world. Thus in Pyth. iv. the arrangement between Jason and Pelias exemplifies the dignity and advantage of settling family disputes peaceably, and Pindar hoped that the reconciliation between Arcesilas and Damophilus would exemplify it anew. The fact, not mentioned, but presumably known at Cyrene, that the Aloidæ perished by each other's hands, illustrates the evil of family dissensions, as the quarrel of the Euphemidæ was illustrating it then. Pelias furnished an example of the abuse of kingly power such as Arcesilas might furnish soon; Jason furnished an example of youthful moderation, such as, on the whole, Arcesilas had furnished hitherto, for wherever Arcesilas is directly addressed or mentioned, Pindar is ready with hearty though measured commendation, his advice is given freely but not reproachfully.

The whole legend, the longest in Pindar, is appropriate, for the prophecy of the foundation of Cyrene from Thera is bound up with the voyage of the Argonauts, and with the origin of Pindar's own *gens*, the Ægidæ. The treatment of the legends in Pindar may be compared to the narrative episodes of Homer. The legend of the Argonauts is told at great length, not for its own sake, but to bring out the glorious example of Jason and the illustrious auguries of the future of Cyrene. So Phoenix relates the quarrel of Meleager at great length, to prove to Achilles that human passion is unprofitable, that human promises are untrustworthy. But there are points of dissimilarity too. In the *Iliad* we have beginning, middle, and end, but Pindar avoids this as much as possible; he is anxious to let us see that his primary business is with Arcesilas, not the Argo-

nauts. Phoenix is not afraid that Achilles will think he is telling a story instead of making a speech.

The ode is arranged as follows : First, Pindar sets forth how the chariot victory at Delphi is due to the blessing of the Delphian, which had always rested on the Euphemidæ, and given Arcesilas the prosperity long ago predicted by Medea at Lake Tritonis, where a god in human form delivered a clod of earth to the father of the race ; and her oracle was fulfilled by Battus and his line. Then Pindar is struck with the propriety of explaining the origin and course of the expedition to which he has been led to allude, and here everything is passed over cursorily which does not illustrate the dutiful character of Jason, and the wonderful favours and deliverances which rewarded it. When this has been done he cuts short the rest ; says he cannot travel by the beaten way, he knows a shorter path to the goal ; whereupon we are informed that in Lemnos the Argonauts mingled with the women who slew their lords, and the race of the Euphemidæ began, whom Apollo sent to colonize Cyrene in wisdom. And now Arcesilas is to learn the wisdom of Œdipus. A stately oak is maimed by the loss of its boughs, but they prove its original grandeur, whether they feed a winter fire or prop a stranger's palace. Direct exhortations succeed to heal the wounds of Cyrene, and restore Damophilus, one of the stateliest branches of the parent tree.

The construction of other odes of a less ambitious character is naturally simpler. For instance, in *Ol. I.* the poet begins and ends with the praises of Hiero's glory, which ought to content his amplest desires ; the middle part is taken up with the origin of the Olympic games, which gives occasion to contrast the fall of Tantalus, which is expressly ascribed to his being tempted to pride by prosperity, with the continued prosperity of Pelops, who remained, though we are not told so, within the safe limits of humanity. Again, in *Pyth. VIII.*, the glory of Aristomenes, and the hope of peace for Ægina, is the beginning, middle, and end of the poem ; but he glances aside to do honour to the Æacidæ ; and then, after returning to his immediate subject, he weaves in the history of Amphiaraus and Alcmaeon, as a type of the hereditary virtue of Aristomenes, before he recounts his victories, and commends Ægina to the keeping of the Æacidæ.

But ingenuity, by itself, is not poetry, and Pindar's reputation was won, not by the constructive skill, which was underrated then and scarcely noticed since, but by the impetuous grace which has carried so many generations willing captives in the chariot of the Muses, as it threaded a mighty maze that seemed without a plan. Very few listeners were sufficiently intellec-

tualized to detect the skilful arrangement of the ode just referred to, many were too inattentive to feel its full effect, but all must have been impressed as the chorus struck up :—

Φιλόφρον Ἀσυχία, Δίκας
ὦ μεγιστόπολι θύγατερ,
βουλᾶν τε καὶ πολέμων
ἔχουσα κλαῖδας ὑπερτάτας,
Πυθιονίκον τιμὰν Ἀριστομένει δέκευ.
τὸ γὰρ τὸ μαλθακὸν ἔρξαι τε καὶ παθεῖν ὁμῶς
ἐπίστασαι καιρῷ σὺν ἀτρεκεῖ·
τὸ δ' ὅποταν τίς ἀμείλιχον
καρδίᾳ κόνον ἐνελάσῃ,
τραχεῖα δυσμενέων
ὑπαντιάζαισα κράτει τιθεῖς
ὑβριν ἐν ἄντλῳ.¹

They must have held their breath for awe at the last solemn epode, though they had been laughing at the thought of Aristomenes' four antagonists slinking home by back lanes only seven lines ago :—

ἐπάμεροι τί δέ τις ; τί δ' οὐ τις ; σκιᾶς ὄναρ
ἄνθρωπος. ἀλλ' ὅταν αἶγλα διόσδοτος ἔλθῃ,
λαμπρὸν φέγγος ἔπεστιν ἀνδρῶν καὶ μείλιχος αἰὼν
Αἴγινα, φίλα μᾶτερ, ἐλευθέρῳ στόλῳ
πόλιν τάνδε κόμιζε Δὶ καὶ κρεοντι σὺν Αἰακῷ
Πηλεῖ τε κάγαθῷ Τελαμῶνι σὺν τ' Ἀχιλλεῖ.²

Other odes end with the personal praise of the victor, like Ol. ix. :—

ἄνευ δὲ θεοῦ σεσιγαμένον
οὐ σκαιότερον χρῆμ' ἕκαστον. ἐντὶ γὰρ ἅλλαι
ὁδῶν ὁδοὶ περαιτέραι,
μία δ' οὐχ ἅπαντας ἄμμε θρέψει
μελέτα· σοφαίαι μὲν
αἰπυιναί· τοῦτο δὲ προσφέρων ἄθλον,
ὄρθιον ὥρυσαι θαρσύνω,
τόνδ' ἀνέρα δαίμονι γηγάμεν

¹ O kindly Quietness, daughter of Righteousness, cities are magnified by thee, who hast the master-keys of counsel and of war, receive the honour of Pythian victory for Aristomenes' sake. For thou hast knowledge what time doth chime in truly to give and take alike the gentle deed : whenever any layeth ungentle fury to his heart, thou meetest the might of foes with sternness, overthrowing violence in the deep.

² All creatures of a day : what is man, great or small ? The shadow of a dream. But when glory cometh from on high, light shineth for a man withal, and a time of sweet tranquillity. Ægina, kindly mother, guide this city evermore, with liberty to speed and Zeus to aid ; with princely Æacus and Peleus, and stout Telamon, and with Achilles too.

εὐχειρα, δεξιόγυιον, ὀρώντ' ἀλκάν,
Αἰαντέων ἐν δαίθ' ὅς 'Ιλιάδα νικῶν ἐπεστεφάνωσε βωμόν.¹

Sometimes the praise is for the victor's family, as in Nem. v., and that delicious little *morceau*, Ol. XIV. :—

εἰ δὲ Θεμίστιον ἵκεις, ὥστ' αἰδεῖν, μηκέτι ρίγει δίδοι
φωνάν, ἀνὰ δ' ἰστία τείνον πρὸς ζυγὸν καρχασίου,
πύκταν τέ νιν καὶ παγκρατίου φθέγγαι ἐλείν' Ἐπιδαύρῳ διπλόαν
νικῶντ' ἀρετάν, προθύρουσιν δ' Αἰακοῦ
ἀνθέων ποιᾶντα φέρειν στεφανώματα σὺν ξανθαῖς Χάρισσιν.²

————— μελανοτειχέα νῦν δόμον
Φερσεφόνας ἔλθῃ, Ἀχοῖ, πατρὶ κλυτὰν φέροις' ἀγγελίαν,
Κλείδαμον ὅφρ' ἰδοῖς' υἱὸν εἴπῃς, ὅτι οἱ νέαν
κόλποις παρ' εὐδόξου Πίσας
ἔστεφάνωσε κυδίμων ἀέθλων πτεροῖσι χაίταν.³

Sometimes he ends with prayers for further triumph, as in Pyth. v., sometimes with blended prayers for his patron and himself, as in Ol. I., where he desires that Hiero may ever be the first of Greeks for power, and himself for wisdom; or Ol. VI., where he asks the blessing of Poseidon on Agesias' voyage and his own poetry.

But Pindar's Odes do not always conclude in a manner so satisfactory to modern readers; the termination is often curt, though never abrupt; the poet leaves off sooner than we expected, though not sooner than he intended, with a short, sudden sentence. It is needless to multiply instances, but Olymp. III., Pyth. II., Nem. VII., will show sufficiently what we mean.

The Exordiums, on the other hand, are uniformly beautiful; perhaps they show more than anything else the wonderful freshness and variety of Pindar's genius, for they contain the only part of his materials which was properly his own, while his legends and his ethical reflections, though the use he made of them was original, were the common property of his age. But we recognise his rich inventiveness when he bids us

¹ Any matter finished without God is none the worse for silence. For there are many ways, and one way goeth beyond another; one training will not bring up all of us alike. Wisdom's roads are steep; but for the prize thou bearest be bold, proclaim aloud that this man was born not without God, so stout of hand and stark of limb, with valour in his looks, who also crowned the altar of Oilean Ajax in his feast of victory.

² If thou comest to Themistius to sing of him, shrink no longer, spread all the sails aloft, spare not to tell aloud that he won at Epidaurus a double meed of valour in boxing and the pancratium, bringing garlands of flowery leafage to the threshold of Æacus, and blest by the golden-haired Graces.

³ Now come Echo with the message of renown to the black-walled mansion of Persephone, to tell Cleudamus, when thou seest him, of his son, because at the vale of glorious Pisas he hath crowned him his young locks with plumes of famous mastery.

"hearken, for he is breaking up the fields of the Graces and of Aphrodite with soft rolling eyes on his journey to the everlasting navel of loud rocking earth, where the fortunate Emmenidæ, who dwell by the river of Acragas, ay, and Xenocrates too shall find a treasury of songs for Pythian victory, builded in Apollo's rich golden vale, that neither wintry storm when it comes driving on a blustering army of rattling cloud, nor the winds shall sweep away, as they beat with gathered sand and stones upon the sea's recesses;"¹ when he tells us "he will build, setting golden pillars in the vestibule of his well-walled bower, as though it were a stately hall, for he must shed upon his work's beginning a face to shine afar;"² when he speaks of "the steeds which lay the foundation for song;"³ "of the bowl in which, for the second time, he mixes the Muses' wine for Lampo's sons;"⁴ or vaunts his winged song above the motionless work of the statuary.⁵

All these odes belong to the period of his manhood, falling between 494 and 468 B.C. If we turn from them to 'Ελατήρ *ὑπέρτατε βροντᾶς ἀκαμαντόποδος Ζεῦ*,⁶ written sixteen years later, we seem to trace beneath the practised skill, of which every line in Ol. IV., v. bears witness, proofs of diminished enterprise, perhaps of failing power.

Pindar was regarded by the ancients as a model of the *αὐτοτηρὸν γένος*, rather on account of his rapidity than his self-restraint, for he is brief and often unadorned, not from a resolution to eschew ornament, but from the press of thought. His art is temperate but not severe, audacious but scarcely extravagant. Pindar is not turgid, though such expressions as *ὑβριν ὀρθίαν κνωδάλων*,⁷ when he means that the donkey set up a discordant bray, are rather like it; he was only twenty years old when he wrote this, but there is a great deal in his poetry which would almost be attainable to turgid poets. Phrases like *ἄστον ὀρθόπολιν, ἐγκωμίων ἄστος ὕμνων, ποικιλοφόρμιγγος ἀοιδᾶς, σχοινοτένεια τ' ἀοιδὰ διθυράμβων, ψογερόν Ἀρχίλοχον βαρυλόγοις ἐχθεσιν πιαινόμενον*,⁸ were not hard to coin in a language so flexible as the Greek of the fifth century B.C., and, if we may trust Aristophanes, they became the sole qualification of the dithyrambic poets of his day, and Pindar in his old age seems to have been dependent upon them for the effect of sublimity which he had once known how to produce by more distinctive means. Though there is every reason to think that these phrases degenerated into commonplaces, they are for the most part untranslatable; and this points to an important differ-

¹ Pyth. vi. 1, *sqq.*⁴ Isthm. v. 2.⁷ Pyth. x. 36.² Ol. vi., *sqq.*⁵ Nem. v. 1.⁸ Ol. ii. 7; Pyth. x. 53; Ol.³ Pyth. vii. 3.⁶ Ol. iv. 1.

iv. 2; Frag. 47; Pyth. ii. 55.

ence between ancient and modern poetic art. When a poet of the fifth century B.C. wished to show off, he tried to crystallize something incorporeal, too indefinite often to be called a quality, in an almost material unity of phrase; when a poet of the nineteenth century wishes to show off, he tries to body forth material scenes and substances in immaterial words. The difference is in favour of the ancients, so far as it shows that they recognised more clearly than we the distinction between separate arts, and were more spiritual in their appreciation of poetry.

" Heard melodies are sweet; but those unheard
Are sweeter, therefore ye soft pipes play on,
Not to the sensual ear, but more endear'd
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone." ¹

Keats' soul was soothed by the harmony of the sculptured musicians, but he never even fancied he heard their music, as we hear the roar of the sea in a shell. A mediæval cathedral and the *Dies Iræ* may make the same impression upon our minds, for is not architecture frozen music? But they make that impression through wholly different senses; nay, the impression may be made upon the mind without the senses being especially affected. Keats did not care for the outline of the sculptured pipes; in reading Pindar we scarcely ever think of what the performance was like, how the music, the singing, and the dancing must have appealed to eye and ear, scarcely even try to realize what the poetry would sound like read aloud: we attend to nothing but the thoughts of the poet and his audience.

Hence the praise of Donaldson, that Pindar sets the unseen before our eyes with a vivid precision, to which nothing but Dante can be compared, cannot be accepted without modification. Dante sometimes gives us pictures, but oftener he draws a map with such extreme accuracy that we cannot help drawing the picture for ourselves. Pindar's writing impresses us as painting might have done, because it is direct and vivid, but there is very little word-painting.

δρέπων μὲν κορυφὰς ἀρετῶν ἀπο πασῶν
ἀγλαΐζεται δὲ καὶ
μουσικῶς ἐν αὐτῷ,²

is in one sense a picturesque phrase; to talk of Hiero culling the prime of every virtue, and bright moreover with the bloom of poesy, recalls the picture of the splendour of his outward life, but it does not *depict* the splendour of his inward life.

¹ Ode on a Grecian urn.

² Ol. i. 13-15.

Κάδμου κόραι, Σεμέλα μὲν Ὀλυμπιάδων ἀγνιάτις,
 Ἰνώ τε Λευκοθέα ποντιῶν ὁμοθάλαμε Νηρηίδων,
 ἵτε σὺν Ἡρακλείῳ ἀριστογόνῳ
 μητρὶ παρ Μελίαν, χρυσέων ἐς ἄδυντον τριπόδων
 Δησαυρόν, ὃν περιάλλ' ἐτίμασε Λοξίας.¹

Surely that is picturesque writing, but where are the pictures?

ἦτοι βροτῶν γε κέκριται
 πείρας οὐ τι θανάτου,
 οὐδ' ἀσύχιμον ἀμέραν ὅποτε, παῖδ' αἰλίου,
 ἀτειρεὶ σὺν ἀγαθῷ τελευτάσομεν· ῥοαὶ δ' ἄλλοι' ἄλλαι
 εὐθυμῶν τε μετὰ καὶ πόνων ἐς ἄνδρας ἔβαν.²

That is picturesque writing too—upon a subject where word-painting would be impossible. But after he had returned from Sicily, where perhaps he was influenced to some extent by Simonides, we find actual word-painting in Pindar. The description of the new-born Iamus³ hidden in the rushes, in the thickest of the thorn-bushes, where the light shed by the violets (or rather gillyflowers) fell tawny red and flushed with purple upon his dainty body, might almost have been written in rivalry with the exquisite fragment upon Danaë. In Pyth iv., composed about two years later, in which Pindar seems to have wished to exhibit a supreme specimen of his powers in order to impress Arcesilas with the value of the praise enlisted in his service by his exiled kinsman, we find a more elaborate, if not a more effective specimen of the same style:—

ὁ δ' ἄρα χρόνῳ
 ἵκετ' αἰχμαῖσιν διδύμαισιν ἀνὴρ ἑκπαγλός· ἐσθλὰς δ' ἀμφότερόν νιν ἔχεν,
 ἃ τε Μαγνήτων ἐπιχώριος ἀρμόζουσα θαητοῖσι γυνίαις,
 ἀμφὶ δὲ παρδαλέα στέγετο φρίσσοντας ὄμβρους·
 οὐδὲ κομῶν πλόκαμοι κερθέντες ᾤχοντ' ἀγλαοί,
 ἀλλ' ἅπαν νῶτον καταΐθυσσον. τάχα δ' εὐθὺς ἰὼν σφετέρως
 ἐστάθη γνώμας ἀταρμύκτοιο πειρώμενος
 ἐν ἀγορᾷ πλήθοντος ὄχλου.⁴

¹ Pyth. xi. 1-5.—Come, daughters of Cadmus, come, ye sisters of the goddesses, come, Semela from the streets of Olympus, come, Ino Luciothes from the bower of the Nereids under sea, come to Melia with the mother of Heracles, the worthiest child, unto the shrine that Loxias honoured above all the treasury of golden tripods.

² Ol. ii. 30-34.—Truly no term of death is declared for the children of men, no peaceable day, the daughter of sunshine when we shall depart before good fortune fail, for labour and hearts-ease come to men upon the changeful stream of changeful days.

³ Ol. vi. 54-56.

⁴ Pyth iv. 78-85.—“But he came in time a wonderful man, with a brace of spears, and a garment about him of double fashion—the country garb of the magnates fitting his sightly limbs, and a wrapper of leopard skin for a defence against stinging showers. His hair was not shorn nor his shining

Of course Heber does justice, and more than justice, to Pindar as a word-painter. We have seen how he translates the description of Elysium out of the manner of the Book of Revelation into that of Lalla Rookh. He translates the description of Iamus charmingly into the manner of Walter Scott; but *βεβρεγμένους* is too bold for him, and he does not know that "violets" mean gillyflowers, so he writes—

"Where morn her watery radiance threw,
Now golden bright, now deeply blue,
Upon the violet flower."

But if we wish to see the full difference between the picturesque of Pindar and the modern romantic picturesque, we cannot do better than turn to the prayer of Pelops, Ol. I. 71-74:

"But in the darkness first he stood
Alone beside the hoary flood."

So far so well; though "flood" is nothing but a rhyme to "stood," and now at least a bad one.

"And raised to him the suppliant cry,
The hoarse, earth-shaking deity."

The suppliant cry is more like an Asiatic than a Greek of the heroic age, for Homer's heroes sob but never whine, and the epithet 'hoarse' is altogether inadmissible; the poet heard the voice of the sea-god in the deep clear sound of the mass of falling water, not in the grating angry roar of the undertow as it scours the beach; but perhaps this is hypercriticism. It is, however, startling to hear how Heber goes on—

"Nor called in vain, through cloud and storm,
Half seen, a huge and shadowy form,
The god of waters came,"

when Pindar only says, "So he appeared to him hard at his foot."

This is worse treatment than Homer ever received from Pope, for the spirit of the Homeric poetry is not by any means so exclusively classical as the spirit of Pindar. Pindar wrote for men who had received the highest classical culture; the Homeridæ sung to a people which had not yet formed any distinct idea of culture, and therefore was not classical.

The period of some seventy years between the battle of Marathon and the siege of Potidæa, was the culminating period of Grecian life, when the conceptions of the individual, the

trusses gone, they flashed all down his back. And speedily anon he went to make trial of his steadfast soul standing when the multitude was full in the market-place.

State, and the nation were all developed, and still worked together in unstable equilibrium, before the inevitable disruption, when the unity of the nation was dissolved by the restless activity of the State, and the unity of the State was dissolved by the restlessness of individual will, and still more, of individual thought. It was a time of boundless ambition, for it seemed to be a season of unlimited possibilities. The types of their age are to be found in a Themistocles, plundering the Ægean in the name of Athens; in a Pausanias, eager to be the slave of Xerxes and the lord of Greece; in an Hiero, the master of all Sicily, and panting still for more. For the Greek mind was emancipated from the narrowness of childhood; it perceived that the desires of man are infinite, and its fever fit was severe if not long. It received its quietus in the efforts and disasters of the Peloponnesian war, when the combatants on both sides were animated by fear and hate, not hope, though an Alcibiades might still dream of ruling the Mediterranean from Athens, or an Alexander weep for other worlds to conquer.

But the preaching of Pindar is evidence of the disease at its height; nearly all for whom he writes need to be warned against unbounded desires, to be congratulated on having attained all that is attainable: the Bassidæ of staid Ægina are as insatiable as the despots of Sicily; the aged Psaumis is as likely to yield to ambition as the youthful Aristagoras. Nothing could be a greater contrast to the hopeless peace which always forms the background of the energetic life of the Homeric poems. There Achilles orders the funeral games for his friend with cheerful courtesy, though that friend has warned him that they are soon to meet again in the dreary underworld. Ulysses is thankful to be permitted to recover his kingdom and his wife, however much he suffers and however long he waits; he does not murmur at the solitary pilgrimage, which must purchase Poseidon's leave to spend a calm old age in peace at home. None expects permanently to alter his position; none is afraid of leaving it before death, unless exposed to the encroachments of others without a son to defend his old age. Thersites is an exception in the *Iliad*; but the *λάβρος σπράτος* of Pindar might have been made of Thersites'. The high are ever ready to devour the low, and the low are on the watch to tear the high to pieces. The poems of Pindar are full of exhortations not to provoke envy by insolence, and to disregard the envy which snarls vainly at deserved success. All are impressed with an overweening sense of their actual littleness, their potential greatness. "Godlike," in some form or other, is the commonest term of praise in Homer, but in Pindar it disappears. His heroes are only too godlike in their desires;

but he and they are conscious that their achievements are not divine. Homer's heroes rate the gods as pettish children rate their nurses, but they never dream of possessing their greatness. Pindar's heroes, to judge from his repeated admonitions, were envious as well as respectful. The fear of death continues, for the upper world is too bright to leave, though the under world has ceased to be dreary; for the *εἶδωλον*, which is unsubstantial for Homer, has become immaterial for Pindar; but still men like to have time to carry out their plans, time to enjoy their success; and they do not yet know that no plans are carried out completely, that success is always disappointing, and therefore they do not like to die; but even this milder fear is not unmixed with flashes of a strange longing, death is perfect peace at last, who knows but it may give much else that life denied?

All are familiar with the reward of Cleobis and Biton. Pindar tells a similar story of Agamedes and Trophonius, who built the temple of Delphi, and asked the god for their wages. He promised to pay them on the seventh day, meanwhile they were to make merry. They did as they were bidden, and the seventh day they laid them down to sleep, and died. They say that Pindar sent to Delphi to ask what was best for a man, and the prophetess answered that if he made that song, he knew.

The prime of Pindar's manhood coincided with the earlier, fresher, healthier half of this stormy period, and he lived to within ten years of its close. Before he died, Athens had ceased to be the loyal yokefellow of Sparta, the city of the violet crown, who had laid the foundations of liberty for Greece at Marathon and Salamis; she was now the despot city, the inveterate enemy of Thebes, whose commons she had intoxicated, in spite of Pindar's warning voice, with the sweets of transgression, whose end was utter bitterness. True, her guilty greatness had received a shock which proved irreparable at Coronea, but she had rallied and appeared stronger and more formidable than ever; Samos was enslaved and become the private property of a fragment of the Athenian people. Thuria and Amphipolis had been founded, and the material magnificence of the city had reached its highest point. Her great houses, whose praises he had sung in brief and guarded strains, when the triumphal processions of their children threaded the busy streets and jealous crowds, had degenerated into the leaders or the victims of the many-headed beast; Ægina, the ancient rival of Athens, who had been united with her for a moment by the perils and glories of Salamis, had been rapidly outgrown and ruthlessly vanquished by the policy which saw

nothing in the gallant little island but an eyesore to Peiræus. Yet her fall had not been inglorious. Pindar, who had so often sung the glory of her tutelary *Æacidæ*, and vindicated them against the injustice of lying rhapsodists, who had no local traditions to guide their songs, was able to persuade himself that success had crowned the valour of her navy in the sea-fight which preceded the last fatal siege; and he and all Peloponnese were willing to forget how partial the success had been, how fruitless it must prove.

The line of Battus was quenched in blood at Cyrene in consequence of the same tendencies to family dissension and autocratic selfishness as those which Pindar had rebuked, after the curious constitution of Demonax, based upon the supposition that the house chosen by Apollo had a divine right to reign, though it could not profitably govern, had been overthrown by the impetuous logic of popular and regal passions. The sons of Diagoras were hunted from Rhodes; of all the States whose citizens had asked the praise of Pindar, none had escaped the calamities of faction or war except Opus, which was protected by her insignificance, and Argos, which was safe in her selfishness, while Corinth was secure in her institutions. Over Pindar's own country the storm swept still more heavily. She experienced the lawless despotism of a knot of men who betrayed her to the Persian, and almost involved her in their own ruin after the Persian had been chased backward to the Hellespont. She experienced the suicidal license of an untrained, unchecked democracy, which attained the supremacy which it abused by foreign force, without even such preparation for power as was implied in conquering it.

Sicily had not to endure such humiliations as Thebes. Indeed, she attained to an unexampled degree of splendour, but her destiny exposed her to calamities not less real at the time, and still more lasting in their effects. The institutions of all the Greek colonies were necessarily arbitrary, and conventional respect ill supplied the place of the traditional sacredness of the hereditary codes of Continental Greece. Thus the restraining force was weaker, while the play of national life was freer, and national growth more rapid. In Sicily, where the life of the Greek communities was not dwarfed by great inland monarchies or powerful native tribes, the tendency to restlessness was stronger than elsewhere, and consequently her whole internal history till the Roman conquest is nothing but a series of constitutional failures. Pindar saw the rough soldier Gelo snatch Gela from the children of Hippocrates, whose predecessor's power was founded on the impressive mysticism which had restored a body of exiles to a distracted city, and bequeath his

prize to Hiero, after whose death it made trial of the harsh, eager despotism of Thrasybulus, before it could attain to liberty. He saw Zancle betrayed by Hippocrates to the Samian exiles, who inflicted on their Sicilian friends what they had suffered from their Persian enemies, while the treacherous despot abandoned his treacherous allies to his brother despot, Anaxilaus of Rhegium.

He saw Camarina, which had been ruined by the jealousy of Syracuse, restored by the despot of her rival Gela, deserted again at the order of his successor, when he transferred his capital to Syracuse, and finally restored by Psaumis. In his days Agrigentum and Himera were subdued by the mercenaries of the princely Thero, who did his friends more pleasure than Pindar could ever reckon up; whose father Ænesidamus had disputed the heritage of Hippocrates with Gelo, and accepted defeat with reckless bravery; and Thero's son was expelled from both his cities by Hiero, and executed at Megara for his crimes. He saw, too, Syracuse humbled on the Helorus, and her oligarchical order of proprietors expelled, soon to be restored by Gelo, the true founder of Syracuse, who first discerned its claim to be the capital of Sicily. To vindicate that claim he transplanted thither all the inhabitants of Camarina, half the inhabitants of Gela, and the conquered oligarchs of Eubœa and Megara, while the commons were sold into slavery beyond the limits of the island. According to Herodotus he thought the people a bad neighbour; his ideal was an order of privileged citizens dependent upon his dynasty, with nothing below them but serfs to cultivate the soil. His ideal was realized by the course of events which he helped to prepare, and the realization caused the long anarchy of Sicily; but he was worshipped as a hero after his death, and not altogether unjustly. He had committed few crimes in a situation where most men would have committed many; he had broken the power of the Carthaginians in Sicily for two generations on the Himera; and, by transferring the political centre of the island to the eastern coast, he contributed more than could be seen at the time to delay the Carthaginian conquest till Rome was ready to dispute it. His brother Hiero, who, against his wish, usurped the power after his death, is said to have been yet more illiterate than himself, till attacked by the lingering illness which sometimes stung him into paroxysms of fierce moody suspicion, and sometimes drove him to take refuge in the slighted embraces of the venal and forgiving muse. His ambition led him to conceive the project of a war with Thero, on the prospect of which Pindar condoled with the latter potentate in *Ol. II.*, but the war itself was averted by the media-

tion of the courtly Simonides, who suggested that the brother despots had better unite to punish Thero's rebels in Himera. Hiero's reign was the closing period of splendour for the sons of Dinomenes, the saviours of Sicily. Pindar lived to see the expulsion of Thrasybulus, the last survivor, and the slaughter of their friend, the prophet Agesias. He witnessed the complete failure of Hiero's attempt to found a kingdom for his son Dinomenes at Ætna, with a Spartan constitution for the ten thousand citizens, all of pure Doric blood, as the Ionic citizens of Naxos and Catana had been removed to Leontini to clear the ground for the experiment. There is some reason to think that the project was given up in Hiero's lifetime, as, three years after the foundation, we find Chromius, the governor of the city, perhaps as the associate, more probably as the successor, of Dinomenes, who seems to have been an unambitious man, for though he survived his father, he took no part in the disputes which followed his death. Hiero's new city did not survive his dynasty, as a constitutional monarchy or otherwise, and the violence which prepared its foundation added largely to the confusion which the Gelonian dynasty left behind it; but the experiment is interesting, both in itself, and as a partial anticipation of the more successful efforts of Alexander and his successors to found free Greek cities under a monarchy, which, like Antioch and Alexandria, survived the dynasties of their founders, and sometimes, like Seleucia, attained an independent life.

In spite of all the misfortunes which visited the numerous States to which Pindar was bound by ties of sympathy, his career seems to have been a happy one. In the two conquests of his country by the confederate Greeks after Platæa, and the Athenians after Cænophyta, he scarcely allows himself two lines of sorrow. "Let us cease from bootless misery and publish something sweet, though after pain."¹ "I endured unspeakable anguish, but now Poseidon hath given me sunshine, after storm; I will fit a crown upon my head and sing."² He was a spectator at the Olympic game of life, applauding freely, but staking nothing; the shepherd of the Muses' golden flocks, which he fed, for one to-day and another to-morrow, and so he was interested in all and attached to nothing. His character co-operated with his circumstances to assure his merited independence and repose. Though over-eager for praise, because detraction was irritating to one conscious of his own worth, he was not really dependent on the verdict of others. Though over-ready for pay, he was content at bottom with his Theban orchard, and the favour of the gods. His position as a festival poet was like that of the

¹ *Isthm.* vii. 7, 8.² *Isthm.* vi. 37.

great preachers at the court of Louis XIV.,—he might be as lofty as he would in exhortation, but he had to beware how he hinted at blame. It is a remarkable proof of his courage that he calls Hiero's position at Syracuse by its simple, odious name (*τυραννίς*), for the first and only time in Pyth. II., when volunteering his first triumphal ode for a Sicilian court, and exposed to the greatest risk of altogether losing Hiero's favour. After this we may believe, with Boeckh, that Ixion's history is introduced because Hiero was likely to copy his double sin of incest and parricide. Simonides might preach to the lordly Aleuadæ that a faultless man, four-square and blameless, could not be found on earth; the gods alone were always sinless, because always free; it was enough for mortals to mean well and never to do wrong by choice: but that is not Pindar's teaching to kings. All his comfort for them is, that the past may be forgotten though it cannot be undone. He admits, indeed, the well-worn plea that necessity makes all fair; but he applies it¹ to the girls of many guests, whose hearts often flutter up to the Mother of the Loves in heaven, who had been the slaves of man, and were now the slaves of Aphrodite, dedicated by Xenophon to a life not honourable then and shameful now, in gratitude for the honour which the goddess had given him. To Hiero he speaks in higher, sterner language.² "Lead en satiety deadens eager hope; and it is the heaviest hearing in the city for the secret heart when good things fall to another. Notwithstanding, since envy is better than compassion, strain after honour still. Rule the host with the rudder of righteousness; forge thy speech on the anvil of truth. Many are under thy hand—many sure witnesses for good or evil; but, abiding in thy bounteous nature, if thou delight at all in always hearing pleasant praise, be not soon weary of cost. Be not deceived, friend, by covetous complaisance; nothing, save the fame that sounds when men are gone, declareth the life of the departed, both in speech and song. Croesus' kindly worth doth not decay, but the voice of hate weigheth everywhere on Phalaris, the pitiless spirit that burned men in the brazen bull." What admirable courtesy there is in the words, "abiding in thy bounteous nature!" making the praise the foundation of the advice. So, too, Arcesilas has the courage of youth and the wisdom of age; he is a wise physician, and therefore Pindar is confident that he will heal the wounds of Cyrene by gentleness. Again, how cheering is the fragment³ of the noble dirge composed, most likely, for some man of rank with blood on his hands. How cheering, and yet, too, just, to remit the years of penance underground: "When Persephone shall have accepted at the hands

¹ Frag. 87.

² Pyth. I. *ad fin.*

³ Frag. 98.

of any the penalty for woe of old, after eight years she sendeth up the souls of such back to the light of day again. Of them mankind is replenished with stately kings and valiant men of their hands, and such as are mighty by wisdom, and for all after time (when this second life is over) they are called holy heroes among men."

Pindar's consolations are not always so austere. It is impossible not to feel the soothing tone of *Ol. v.*, so well adapted to comfort Psaumis in an old age, which must have often seemed tame and cheerless. After the fall of the Gelonian dynasty, Sicily must have been like a house the day after a party—dull even to those who disapprove of its yesterday gaiety, like Psaumis, who had small cause to love the dynasty which had desolated Camarina. As his freedom is never morose, his courtesy is never servile. It may be thought, indeed, that his praise of Hiero is exaggerated, for our scanty notices represent him chiefly as fretful, suspicious, and cruel. But there is no evidence that he gloated upon suffering like a Phalaris, or inflicted it with the calculating indifference of a Napoleon; and though sometimes alarmed or irritated into acts from which better men would have shrunk, he was not therefore incapable of sincere and not ineffectual admiration of what Pindar also admired. To have expelled the brutal Thrasydæus from Agrigentum and Himera, and restored those cities to even a tributary freedom; to have driven back the Tyrrhenian armament from Cumæ, and to have delivered Locri from Anaxilaus, may well have seemed acts of heroic virtue to a genial contemporary, especially when we remember that Hiero preserved Rhegium for the children of Anaxilaus. It was natural for Pindar, with his admiration of prosperity, to believe that Hiero was, what he calls him repeatedly, the foremost man of his age, quite the greatest, and almost the best. After all, his promises of Elysium are for Thero, whose worst crime was to have avenged his son harshly at Himera, and who was worshipped with heroic honours at Agrigentum, even after his son's expulsion.

We have said that the period of Pindar's manhood coincided with the culminating period of Grecian life, and Grecian life finds its fullest and most adequate expression in his poetry; it is not only that he addresses a wider audience than the Attic dramatists, and deals with a wider range of subject, but he represents his age as a whole, and brings out its positive as well as its negative side; the faith that created the Parthenon as well as the disputes which echoed in the Agora.

In the dramatists, all tranquil assured belief is gone. *Æschylus*, while he inculcates belief and submission, puts the best arguments on the wrong side, for, like *Pascal*, he despises him-

self for being compelled to submit and believe. Sophocles understands and obeys, and sometimes admires, but he does not reverence or love; a stranger upon earth, he is always just, and sometimes compassionate, but, on the whole, he stands calmly watching the world sweep by without a wish to guide or change its course.

" It's wiser being good than bad,
It's safer being meek than fierce,
It's fitter being sane than mad."¹

There is the beginning and end of his teaching; while Euripides is wholly eaten up by the question, "*Que sais-je ?*" only he is sensitive and sentimental, whereas Montaigne took everything coolly. Pindar would not have represented his age if he had not been bitten by the incipient scepticism; the disease attacked him in a characteristic form; with all his faith in Zeus and Heracles he could not but think it hard that Geryon should be put to death for nothing worse than making a brave fight for his own cattle; and he even ventures to praise the valiant rebel "among friends," though he resigns himself to the conclusion that "custom is king of all."

But the predominant tone of his poetry is joyous, and even hopeful, more so than anything in Pagan literature, for of course the raptures of Plato and the triumphant faith of Epictetus do not belong to Paganism any more than the ecstasies of Shelley or the serene gladness of Goethe belong to Christianity. Paganism, properly so called, seems to approach a filial conception of the relations between heaven and earth for the first and last time in Pindar. He is jealous for the glory of the gods and heroes;² "he cannot bear to call any of the blessed gluttonous; mischief lights speedily upon railers." He can praise the *Æacidae* for ever, but has no words for the crimes of Peleus and Telamon. And the honour of the immortals is the happiness of man; in the magnificent hymn,³ so ingeniously reconstructed in outline by Dissen, after the poet had chosen the marriage of Harmonia out of all the legendary glories of Thebes, in tracing her parentage he told of all the loves of Zeus: how the Destinies' golden horses bare Themis first up the awful ladder of heaven to be the mother of the truthful Hours, whose frontlets are golden and their fruit exceeding bright; and then one came, and then another, until at last Hera came, and was received with such exceeding splendour that all the gods prayed Zeus to create other gods worthy to sing of his great magnificence; and then Apollo and the Muses were born; and Cadmus, after many miseries, heard them singing, and Harmonia was given him to

¹ *Apparent Failures*, Robert Browning.

² *Ol.* i. 51.

³ *Frag.* 5-9.

wife. If the hymn really was like this, one wonders that Corinna had the heart to tell the young poet "it was proper to sow handfuls, not sackfuls."

In his maturity he would praise nothing but *ἄλβος* and *ἀρετή*.¹ *πλοῦτος ἀρεταῖς δεδαυδαλμένος*, the tokens of divine favour, since any imitations of excellence human study and training may achieve are worthless. He is never weary of pouring scorn on *διδασκαὶ ἀρεταί*: for grace and merit are not mutually exclusive conceptions with him; on the contrary, they are inseparable; the only real superiority must come from the gods, for they alone possess it.² "For what is thy confidence in wisdom, whereby man prevaileth a little over man? For there is no way for spirit of flesh to search out the counsels of gods: he was born of a mortal mother;" unreal superiority which some accident or infatuation may overthrow at any moment, is not a fitting subject for either praise or pride. It is natural to ask how, on such terms, any superiority could be a fitting subject for pride, pride not unmixed with contempt, for when Pindar is teaching a boy how to wear his honours, he seldom forgets the shame of his defeated rivals. In the first place we may observe that though pride in the glory given is allowable, *ὑβρις*, according to Pindar, is sure to be severely punished; in the second place, even upon Christian principles, self-admiration and pleasure in the admiration of others might be permitted to one who had attained the summit of human perfection, as Pindar continually assures his friends that they have done. But grace,³ reverend grace, grace, who cherisheth life, who worketh all gentleness for mortals, though great, is not unlimited: she cannot give man everything.

ἐν ἀνδρῶν, ἐν θεῶν γένος· ἐκ μιᾶς δὲ πνέομεν
ματρὸς ἀμφοτέρου· διείργει δὲ πᾶσα κεκριμένα
δύναμις, ὡς τὸ μὲν οὐδέν, ὃ δὲ χάλκεος ἀσφαλὲς αἰὲν ἔδος
μένει οὐρανός· ἀλλὰ τι προσφέρομεν ἔμπαν ἡ μέγαν
νόον ἥτοι φύσιν ἀθανάτοις,
καίπερ ἐφαιμερίαν οὐκ εἰδότες οὐδὲ μετὰ νύκτας ἄμμι πότμος
οἶαν τιν' ἔγραψε δραμεῖν ποτὶ στάθμαν.⁴

These words contain the problem which Pindar's poetry has to

¹ Ol. II. 58.

² Frag. 33.

³ Ol. VI. 76, VII. 11, I. 30.

⁴ Nem. VI. 1 sq.—"One race of men, one race of gods, we both draw our life from one mother, but all diversity of power doth sunder us, for the one is verily nothing, but the brazen heaven abideth evermore a mere foundation. Nevertheless we are not all unlike immortals, either in nature or in lofty spirit, albeit we know not what good destiny has marked for us to run to either by day, or yet by night." In spite of the authority of Boeckh, Dissen, and Donaldson, it is hard, as pointed out by Matthias, to translate the first line, "There is one race of men, another of gods," giving an entirely different sense to *ἐν* and *μῖα*.

solve, of which, like many other philosophies and poetries, it has nothing to offer beyond an approximate and provisional solution. Perhaps even this is too much; perhaps the problem is left unsolved altogether, and Pindar is satisfied to restate it in a way which shall take away the desire for a solution. He has two methods of effecting this, one exoteric and one esoteric. We will take the latter first, because it carries us farthest, and because of the very significant fact that it remained esoteric, that Pindar only dwelt on it in a single triumphant ode, and in the fragments of dirges quoted by Christians and Platonisers.

It is briefly this: weak and miserable as is the life of man, felicity may be attained here and hereafter by virtue and piety (especially by those who have been admitted to a mystical initiation), and what more would one have than the happiness of Elysium and the love of the dwellers in Olympus? but after all, it is true that a man can desire more than all that gods can give, though it is safest and happiest to forget the truth;¹ to turn to the painless, toilless dwellings of such as rejoiced in uprightness, where they sojourn with such as are honourable in heaven; to the still more glorious mansions of Elysium with their golden flowers by land and sea, prepared for such as after their lives of innocence can accomplish the way of Jove unto the tower of Cronos;² to think of the bright suburb of the city of Persephone where the sun rises when it sets for us, where the denizens spend their time in rosy meadows renewing the sports and cheerful worship which were their joy on earth;³ of the blessed deliverance from labour for the spirit which only is from heaven, that slept when the limbs were busy, but revealed judgment coming on for weal or woe in many dreams as they slept;⁴ to remember that the prosperity of the blessed is no hireling to flee away.

But the commoner solution is simpler, and even more satisfactory:—

κρίνεται δ' ἀλλὰ διὰ δαίμονας ἀνδρῶν
 δύο δέ τοι ζωᾶς ἄωτον
 μούνα ποιμαίνοντι τὸν ἄλπνιστον εὐανθεὶ σὺν ὀλβῳ,
 εἴ τις εὖ πάσχωι λόγον ἐσλὸν ἀκούσῃ.
 μὴ μάτευσ Ζεὺς γενέσθαι· πάντ' ἔχεις,
 εἴ σε τούτων μοῖρ' ἐφίκοιτο καλῶν.
 θνατὰ θνατοῖσι πρέπει.⁵

¹ Ol. II. 66-82.

² Frag. 95.

³ Frag. 96.

⁴ Frag. 99.

⁵ Isthm. IV. 12-18.—The judgment of men's valour cometh from the gods. Verily two things only feed life's prime most sweetly on the pastures of prosperity, namely, to receive good things and be well reported of withal. Seek not to become as Zeus; all is thine if a portion of these delights should fall to thee. Mortal lot is meet for mortal men.

The limitation of our happiness is really, from one side, a cheering consideration, for its perfection is attained the sooner; we may rest and be thankful, in the fullest sense of the words, with nothing more to desire or achieve, and very much to enjoy. Complete satisfaction is possible; for the best the old enemy of the good is driven away far from the homes and thoughts of Pindar and Phylacides, or if prosperity be not unchequered it is only the more secure. In both cases peace is to be found, not by looking up, as true religions say, not by looking inwards, as mysticism says, but by looking round and downwards. Glory given by song and purchased by liberality to the singer is the reward of the laborious wrestling-match and the costly horse-race, the remedy of all the calamities of life; and glory may be ours, living and dead; it is the curse of the miser to die inglorious. For the hero (and every *ἡρωικός* is a hero to Pindar and to Greece) has need of the singer as the singer has need of the hero; and we have seen that song may journey with a cheerful message to the black-walled mansion of Persephone.

Pindar is not only the greatest lyric poet of antiquity; he is the great saint of the Pagan world, the man who loved the gods best and received their richest blessings, for Paganism cast out Socrates as Mediævalism cast out Savonarola. In the boyhood of the Theban poet, bees were seen to hive their honey between his lips as he slept. In his manhood, Pan was heard singing a hymn of his on the mountains, and the mother of the gods came to take up her dwelling at his door. In his old age he sent a hymn by the ambassadors of Thebes to Ammon, and bade them ask what was best for a man; before the ambassadors had returned he knew, for Persephone came to him in the visions of the night, to tell him that since he had praised all the immortal gods but her, he should make her amends within ten days in her own kingdom, whence his spirit was sent back to recite the hymn to a Theban woman in her sleep, who wrote it down when she awoke. Long after his death, the prophet daily proclaimed at Delphi, before he shut the temple, "Let Pindar the poet go into the banquet of the god," so antiquity believed, and in such matters belief is everything.

Historical analogies, like material prosperity, may be useful if little valued. A curious, and not uninteresting parallel, might be drawn between Pindar of Cynoscephalæ and Bernard of Clairvaux. Both lived when artistic culture was high and mechanical progress slow, at the close of a period of helpless turbulence and tyrannical anarchy, in the bright dawn of a day that was to witness the organization of society, the slow beginnings of knowledge, the pulverization of faith; both were the trusted counsellors of the great, and both sincerely renounced secular

greatness ; both gave poetical expression to the highest life of their age ; both poured magnificent scorn on those who hastened, like an Aristagoras or an Abelard, "to gather wisdom's unripe fruits ;" but one was a Pagan, the other a Christian.

It is more obvious to compare the greatest lyric poet of Greece with the only great lyric poet of Rome. Of course, it is plausible to represent Horace as a mere skilful imitator, for Roman literature, like modern architecture, imposed on itself the thankless task of filling up a borrowed plan with borrowed details. But in reality, however many motives Horace borrowed from Pindar or Alcæus, his originality is not impaired. Pindar's own topics are not particularly interesting, apart from the use he makes of them, for in lyric poetry the feeling is everything, the topics nothing ; in all lyric poetry worthy of the name, the feeling is determined by the circumstances of the poet. Horace was a refined, voluptuous Roman, Pindar was a manly Greek, Alcæus almost a brutal savage. Syracuse was greater than Hiero, but Augustus was greater than Rome ; he was almost the god of Horace ; Hiero was only the friend of Pindar.

Pindar's poetry is always steady in its cheerful, lofty independence, while Horace oscillates between swelling aspirations and gentle languors or sweet intoxication ; and we look in vain in Pindar for the sentimental halo which gilds Horace's triumphs when Augustus has conquered the Barbarians, or the poet is going to conquer his sins, or disguises his backslidings when seduced by pleasure or dismayed by death. Hence a keynote borrowed from the Greek, as in *Hor. Od. i. xii., xxxvii.*, is often the prelude to a Roman harmony ; and even in more sustained imitations, we should seldom be willing to spare the copy. Though the beginning of *Pyth. vi.* is fresher and grander than the beginning of *Hor. Od. iii. xxx.*, yet Horace makes us feel the stability of the tower of fame even more clearly than Pindar, who spends his strength upon the violence of the storms of time. Horace was almost absolutely right in his statement of his own and his rival's claims :

" Multa Dirceum levat aura cygnum
Tendit, Antont, quoties in altos
Nubium tractus : ego, apis Matinæ
More modoque
Grata carpentis thyma per laborem
Plurimum, circa nemus uvidique
Tiburis ripas operosa parvus
Carmina fingo."¹

It would be absurd to claim for him Pindar's rich intricacy of arrangement, his inexhaustible, resistless energy ; but Horace's

¹ *Od. iv. ii. 25.*

humility and self-knowledge trained him to a loving elaboration, a slowly-distilled sweetness, which are all his own, and sometimes exalted him to a majesty of thought and language, the more impressive because due only to the grandeur of the theme. Reading Pindar is like a journey in the wind and sun; we are eager to go on, but never so happy as to wish to pause and enjoy. Reading Horace is like resting in a mossy dell on a summer's evening, with nightingales to sing us to sleep. The monotony of Horace is charming, but we tire of Pindar's repetitions; for we feel that one was a pensive man, ever brooding over the same thoughts; while the other was a ready artist, producing the same wares as often as required. Pindar is wonderful, but Horace is lovable, or many generations have been wrong in their love.

ART. VI.—ON THE "GOTHIC" RENAISSANCE IN ENGLISH LITERATURE, AND SOME OF ITS EFFECTS ON POPULAR TASTE.

1. *British Essayists of the Eighteenth Century.*
2. *Works of H. WALPOLE, W. SCOTT, CHARLES LAMB, CHARLES DICKENS, etc.*

IN most cultivated countries and ages, there has existed, in more or less prominent relation to other modes of mental development, a certain literature of fancy and humour, which, growing up side by side with the more ideal or scientific productions of the time, aims at no extended flight, but rests on given results, established fashions, and such general views of life and its bearings as are already familiar to the public to which it addresses itself. Such literature may be various in its modes of utterance. It may choose the language of satire or of sentiment. It may aim at reforming the actual state of men's notions and habits, and pointing out anomalies which prescriptive conventionalism has partially disguised; or, on the other hand, it may dwell on those portions of prevailing thought with which the writer is in sympathy, and emit tenderness or humour, in reference, half expressed and half understood, to certain conspicuous tendencies of the day. In either case, it is on the traditional, and often superficial ways of thinking of the educated men and women around, that the basis of allusion rests; and the writer's turn of fancy implies observation of human nature, not so much in its abstract principles, as in its connexion with temporary conditions of society and mental training.

It follows that this literature, though readily enough appreciated, for better or worse, by contemporaries, requires for its due estimate by the inquirer who loves to know the *why* and the *how* of fancy's preferences, some insight into those preliminary stages of mental development which have led, in the order of history, to its formation. True it is, indeed, that fashion in letters, as in other things, would sometimes appear to be a matter of almost accidental caprice; the whim of a monarch, the eccentricity of a student may give birth to it; but in such cases it is seldom either wide or enduring in its reign. Literary taste worthy of the name, is an affair of growth and education; a result of gradually converging influences and of intelligible human sympathies. It must have learned to eliminate, out of the complex aspects of the world and its affairs, certain features to which men's fancy will be ready to attach the sense of beauty and fitness, and from these work out its own results, cause and

effect at the same time. So founded and so trained, it will give a character to the notions and feelings of whole generations of mankind, and influence in no small degree even the moral judgments of the many who do not seek below the surface of the social current for their views of propriety in conduct.

Glancing, then, historically, at the rise and progress of literary taste, we shall be brought to infer, as it seems to us, that in every fresh development science and research first make solid acquisitions; that imagination then seizes on certain characteristic features of the new material as groundwork for romance; and that humour, lastly, weaves her light and airy fabric out of the familiar substance. Or, to vary the metaphor, science heaps up the pyre; imagination fires it with the torch of romance; lastly, humour sports in the lambent glow and brightness of the pervading illumination. Now, in the two first of these processes, some amount of mental exertion is implied in the recipient as well as in the agent. The student labours with the ambition of discovery as well as with the stimulus of curiosity. The poet or romancer creates in his readers that expansion of the imaginative faculty which, when the style and subject possess novelty, gives effort as well as pleasure to the mind. But the humorist's task requires no effort, no exertion for its comprehension. Whatever fanciful patterns he may trace on his canvas, whatever freshness his quaint unexpected treatment may give to his topics, the groundwork must be familiar, and the allusions comprehensible at the merest glance. The taste of his day has been already built up by a regular process of education, and he has only to work with it at his will, avoiding in the license of his conceptions any such innovation as would startle or confuse his readers, if he would not fail in his object. Facility is the essence of his task; facility, that is, as far as concerns the impression made *by* his work; but assuredly it requires some quality very different from the facility of an ordinary scribbler to blend the familiar with the unfamiliar, the fortuitous with the permanent, in such guise as to secure a lasting reputation for his productions when temporary fashions shall have passed away. Even while he dallies with the familiar stock of ideas, the ground may be shaking under his feet; and if he has not allied his humour with something more than mere conventionalism, he may be doomed to sink into the most ignoble of all limbos, the limbo of vapid triflers, before the next generation shall have winged its flight.

For taste is evanescent in literature as in other things; and this is true notwithstanding the vital hold which the great potentates of genius have retained over human sympathies

from generation to generation. "What!" it may be asked, "can taste ever change its verdict in respect of such writers as a Milton or a Shakspeare?" Within certain limits, and to a certain extent, unquestionably it can do so, and has done so. Even the genius of Shakspeare and Milton expressed itself under conditions which were suited only to the stage of civilisation and opinion attained by their own contemporaries. Unbounded as is an Englishman's worship of the one, profound as is his admiration for the other, would any one attempting a work of genius now, choose either the topics or the treatment of these great masters of the art divine? Prejudice apart, can we affirm that either *Hamlet* or *The Paradise Lost*, masterpieces though they are, accord thoroughly with the canons of taste now accepted for all practical purposes by the educated world? We question the fact on different grounds, and to a different extent; for this we feel glory in confessing, that Shakspeare's immortal verse presents far rarer instances of superannuation, so to speak, than that of Milton, or any other poet of past days we can name. It is in his dramatic plots and situations, matters in which he cared not to be original or consistent, that we find him frequently out of harmony with our modern systems of theatric law. His higher flights of poetry, his portraitures of strong emotion, express the workings of the human heart in imagery suited for all time. But Milton, in his more elaborate and learned style, does fairly represent—apart from mere mannerisms of affectation, of which he had none, or obsolete quaintnesses of diction, of which he had not many—differences of artistic touch between his times and our own, which are real and palpable. We select, as an instance of our meaning, a passage of stately measure, and lively and varied illustration, and we only ask the reader to divest his mind of all previous association with the renown of Milton's verse, and with the incomparable portraiture of the "archangel ruined," to which this is a prelude, and say, Would the allusions in the following short passage be at all to the purpose, in kindling the imaginative enthusiasm of a nineteenth century reader? Would they be such as would occur to any save a very fantastic nineteenth century poet as pre-eminently appropriate to his theme? Satan is reviewing his troops of fallen angels in hell:—

" And now his heart
Distends with pride, and hard'ning in his strength
Glories : for never since created man
Met such embodied force, as named with these,
Could merit more than that small infantry
Warr'd on by cranes; though all the giant brood

Of Phlegra with th' heroic race were join'd,
 That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side
 Mix'd with auxiliar gods ; and what resounds
 In fable or romance of Uther's son,
 Begirt with British and Armoric knights ;
 And all who since, baptized or infidel,
 Jousted in Aspramont or Montalban,
 Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisonde,
 Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore,
 When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
 By Fontarabia."

It is not that the allusions here are to obscure or unknown subjects, but simply that they magnify a set of ideas whose vividness is of the past ; and that the progress of thought and restlessness of inquiry have opened up new departments of knowledge and new aspects of old facts, since the days when Milton's mind was stored, which have had the effect of stimulating fancy in a fresh direction.

Taste, then, we repeat, is evanescent in literature as in other things ; and learning may be at work preparing a revolution, while the established code of æsthetics still governs the workings of imagination and of humour. This was the case during the latter half of the eighteenth century in England ; and the purpose of our present paper will be to note the formation of the new taste which then set in, glancing at it first in its rudimentary stages, and then in its later developments ; and to indicate some characteristic points in which the humour and fancy of this our later age differ from those of the century preceding.

The parents of the elder generation living amongst us, were born into a world, the choicest mental recreation of which still consisted mainly of the numerous Essays, which now, in their attire of sober brown calf, fill some of the least frequented corners of a "gentleman's library," and to the practised eye are to be recognised almost instinctively by their dimensions, their colour, and their honoured but not solicited place on the shelves. A complete collection of the best known and most popular of these essays would extend to not less than forty volumes. Historically, they are distributable into three cycles : the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian* of the close of Queen Anne's and beginning of George I.'s reign ; Dr. Johnson's *Rambler* and *Idler*, Hawkesworth's *Adventurer*, Goldsmith's *Citizen of the World*, Moore's *World*, Colman's *Connoisseur*, all in the last decade of George II. ; and the *Mirror* and *Lounger* of Henry Mackenzie, the *Observer*, and many others besides, which made their appearance from 1779 onwards to near the end of the century. In these essays, accordingly, we may expect to find, partly by the

proof positive of constant citation, partly by the proof negative of marked omission, what were the sort of references and allusions in matters of taste which were current among our ancestors,—the standards which they accepted as orthodox; the class of ideas which they rejected as uncouth, or passed over as unobserved or irrelevant. And we cite these periodical writings, and not novels or tales, as the true representatives of the dilettante literature of their day, first, because novels, properly so called, were of later date than many of them; secondly, because novels, in Fielding's and Richardson's time, were simply delineations of character and adventure, not as they now are, over and above this, the vehicles of speculative generalities; and, thirdly, because these essays themselves frequently contained certain germs of the fanciful or philosophical novel characteristic of later times. Thus in the *Spectator* we have the half-burlesque, half-sentimental description of Sir Roger de Coverley and his doings and sayings, in which Addison, by one of those sympathetic strokes which mark true genius, anticipated the picturesque old-world likings which are now so commonly taken for granted. At a later date, the purely sentimental cast of fiction, or, as some would call it, the subjective style of composition, is distinctly outlined in various sketches and narratives contained in the essays of the "Man of Feeling." With Mackenzie and Sterne, indeed, the transition to the modern novel of sentiment may be said to have been fully made, in all particulars save that one of reference to previous conditions of social history, to which we desire now to direct more especial attention.

Now, in all the discursive *belles-lettres* of the eighteenth century, there is more or less, it cannot fail to be perceived, a certain tone derived from the traditions of classical literature, shown in a constant allusion to ancient poets, historians, and philosophers, an implied admission of their authority as supreme in all disputed points, and often a direct imitation of their style and method. It is no doubt a formal kind of adhesion throughout. There is something stilted and unreal about it. It is the loyalty of the trained pupil, not of the enthusiastic votary. It seldom makes very active demands on the imagination, or even on the minor quality of fancy. The truth is, that to understand the Past *as* past, was not the curiosity or the relaxation of that day. Moral and metaphysical inquiries were the real stimulus to thought; and the classic allusions which blended with them, however graceful and apposite, were essentially of a conventional type.¹ Still, as we have said,

¹ There is an eloquent passage in one of Sir Edward Lytton's novels upon the literary character of the eighteenth century. "At that time," he says, "reflection found its natural channel in metaphysical inquiry or political

they constituted the one standard of appropriate illustration and indisputable authority. The poetic art of Virgil, the invention of Homer, the wisdom of Socrates, the criticism of Longinus, the philosophy of Aristotle, united to form a court of popular appeal from whose dicta there was no escaping. The "wisdom of the ancients," and the genius of the ancients, were lauded in proportion to the progress which the polite world considered itself to be making in the true principles of taste beyond the knowledge and practice of the generations preceding. It did not occur to that polite world anxiously to inquire where and in how far the Greeks and Romans were right in their principles, nor how their position in the world's history came to affect their conceptions of human culture. Simply they were the classics; and, being the classics, had as divine a right over the province of taste as Tory politicians once held a Stuart to have over the laws and liberties of England:—and this species of classic conventionalism continued to be the orthodox test of elegant education while the old state of things lasted; that is to say, before the French Revolution and its stupendous results had startled mankind out of all their former propinities. Now be it observed, we differ, indeed, entirely from those who assert that it was that great crisis in European history and society, which, throwing the preceding constitution of the world to an immeasurable distance, first awoke, from contrast, that interest in bygone thoughts and habits of life which is so marked a feeling of our age. That interest had, as we conceive, been in fact growing for a long time before, and would eventually have supplanted the quasi-classical fashions of our great-grandfathers,* even if the change of taste had not been precipitated, as it no doubt was, by the great political convulsion aforesaid. But of this in speculation,—both valuable, perhaps, but neither profound. It was a bold, and a free, and an inquisitive age, but not one in which thought ran over its set and stationary banks, and watered even the common flowers of verse; not one in which Lucretius could have embodied the dreams of Epicurus; Shakspeare lavished the mines of a superhuman wisdom upon his fairy palaces and enchanted isles; or the beautifier of this common earth" (Wordsworth) "have called forth—

‘The motion of the spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought;’

or disappointment and satiety" (Byron) "have hallowed their human griefs by a pathos wrought from whatever is magnificent, and grand, and lovely in the unknown universe; or the speculations of a great but visionary mind" (Shelley) "have raised, upon subtlety and doubt, a vast and irregular pile of verse, full of dim-lighted cells and winding galleries, in which what treasures lie concealed! That was an age in which poetry took one path and contemplation another; those who were addicted to the latter pursued it in its orthodox roads; and many, whom Nature, perhaps, intended for poets, the wizard Custom converted into speculators or critics."—*The Disowned*, chap. xiv.

its place. At present we wish to point out distinctly the fact of the change. Let any one read two or three essays in the *Spectator* or *Rambler*, and then a few of those by Charles Lamb, or let him dip into the works of Dickens or Thackeray, or those of almost any of the lesser humorists of our own generation. Setting aside such peculiarities of allusion as might naturally belong to the different states of society a hundred years earlier or later, what will strike him as the most characteristic difference in the setting of the two pictures, in the atmospheric conditions, so to speak, of the two regions of taste? Surely it is this: that whereas in these our actual times there is an ever wakeful sympathy with the past of history and society, a feeling sometimes reverential, sometimes regretful, sometimes compassionate, always keen and sensitive, an interest not only in the great actions, but in the every-day lives, the homes, the streets, the costume, the occupations, the follies, the most trifling gossip of our ancestors, whether remote or only a few generations separated from us, in the standard writings of the eighteenth century, on the other hand, this interest is entirely mute, as though a whole department of intelligent curiosity had been as yet unopened. The style in which the writers of the "Augustan age" of our literature looked back on the England of the past was that of immeasurable and self-satisfied superiority. Nothing, it seemed to them, was to be learned from those epochs of twilight civilisation; then why waste time in deciphering their paltry riddles? These were the authorities who voted Shakspeare an inspired barbarian,¹ and would only endure his genius in the travesties of Dryden. These were the authorities whose histrionic conceptions were satisfied with Hamlet in the full dress-coat of St. James's, and the Roman stoic giving himself the mortal wound in "long gown, flowered wig, and lacquered chair." For though their models of taste and fancy were formed chiefly on scholastic traditions, yet in the classical notions

¹ Oliver Goldsmith, a generation later, was scarcely more enlightened in his estimate of Shakspeare. "'Dryden and Rowe's manner, sir,' said the poor player to the Vicar of Wakefield, 'are quite out of fashion; our taste has gone back a whole century. Fletcher, Ben Jonson, and all the plays of Shakspeare are the only things that go down.' 'How!' said I (the Vicar is the narrator), 'is it possible the present age can be pleased with that antiquated dialect, that obsolete humour, those overcharged characters, which abound in the works you mention?' 'Sir,' returned my companion, 'the public think nothing about dialect, or humour, or character, for that is none of their business. They only go to be amused, and find themselves happy when they can enjoy a pantomime under the sanction of Jonson's or Shakspeare's name.'" It is evident, however, even from this passage, that whatever the creed of the arbiters of literary taste might be, the unsophisticated populace relished Shakspeare scarcely less than his own contemporaries had done.

which men affected in the days of Anne and the early Georges, there was no spirit of antiquarian criticism, no real intelligent sympathy even with old Greece and Rome: of "Gothic," or old English antiquarianism there was professedly and boastingly nothing. The very word *Gothic* was, with our great-grand-fathers, synonymous with utter and contemptible barbarism:

"La Fable offre à l'esprit mille agrémens divers :
Là, tous les noms heurcux semblent nés pour les vers ;
Ulysse, Agamemnon, Oreste, Idoménée,
Helene, Menelas, Paris, Hector, Enée ;
O ! le plaisant projet d'un Poete ignorant
Qui de tant de Héros va choisir Childebrand !"

So sung the poetical satirist of a foreign kingdom, unconscious that Childebrand's day was yet to come,—that the Gothic renaissance was looming in the future.

In the older generation whom we can ourselves remember, among ladies and gentlemen who did not affect deep study, but only a fair share of refined cultivation, the fruit of training under these influences was still apparent, in a somewhat pedantic conversance with the hackneyed stories of heathen mythology, in the remembrance of readings, more or less extensive, in such books as Melmoth's translations of Cicero and Pliny, Mrs. Carter's *Epictetus*, Plutarch's *Lives*, Homer and Virgil as versified by our English poets. These studies, and such as these, were the credentials of a good education eighty, or even seventy years ago; and by them literary taste, except in some few daring spirits, was guided, controlled, suggested. The cultivation of the softer sex was assuredly very inconsiderable in those days compared with the results it displays now; yet we may venture to assert that the "elegant young female" to whom a paper in the *Spectator* was the prescribed sedative of each successive morning,¹ and whose tastes were trained in strict accordance with the intellectual standard therein displayed, would in some chapters of acquirement have been entitled to put to shame many a pupil of the present day advanced in German and geology, and distinguished in the class-rooms of a ladies' college. Did not Ogilby's *Virgil* and Dryden's *Juvenal* occupy the most honoured places on the bookshelves of that model to her sex described by Addison, the well-read Leonora,² even at a date when women required the popular moralist's special castigation to rouse them out of their ignorance?

It would be curious, though beside our present purpose, to trace how these airs and graces of classical pedantry in our

¹ Miss Berry speaks of herself as in the habit of reading (when a child, in 1775) a Saturday paper in the *Spectator* every Sunday morning, to her grandmother.

² *Spectator*, No. 37.

lighter literature were themselves, in accordance with the process which we set out with indicating,—a result of the laborious classical renaissance of the fifteenth century in Europe; how, after the learned had laid broad and deep foundations, and poets had imitated the classics in their verse, the superstructure of sentiment and fancy rose, displacing those whimsical extravagances of mediæval chronicle and fable, which, when printing first began, were the staple of the press, and which, even in Shakspeare's time, had by no means lost their hold over the popular mind. It would be curious next to trace how a certain blending took place between the older taste and what was then the new, and how the eclectic fancy of the Scudéris and Calprenédes in France formed a school of stilted romance, partly chivalrous, partly classic, which moulded the taste of the age in that country, and to a certain extent in England too, till Boileau and Addison and common sense gave it the death-blow. In England too, we say; for the spirit of French imitation, introduced under the second Charles, continued long to infect English habits, whether in letters or in social intercourse, notwithstanding the episode of the Silent Dutchman and his anti-Gallican propensities.

"We conquered France," said Pope, "but felt our captive's charms;
Her arts and letters triumph'd o'er our arms."

Thus in the *Spectator* we often come upon traces of the warfare which the best writers of the age were still waging against the absurd affectations of a waning fashion. It passed away, and then the gauge of all good composition and elegant imagery became, as we have noticed, a greater or less conformity with the modes of ancient literature; while invention, reduced to topics of quiet social speculation and humour, gave us the prelude to much of the essay-writing and novel-writing of our own time.

It is on the succeeding revolution in Fancy's wheel that we now wish to fix attention. Our aim is to show how, while *classical* taste (to use the language of the schools) still ruled the hour, an undergrowth of *romantic* taste struck root, subtending the accepted fashions, and pushing forth a new vegetation, which was soon to contest the place of the old and effete foliage.

A hint of the coming change may be discerned where least we might expect it, even in the early pages of the *Spectator*. Addison, notwithstanding the prejudices of his age against "Gothicism," was too much a man of genius not to possess sensibility for the vigorous and the picturesque wherever it might be found; and in the rough old ballad of *Cherry Chace* he discerned workings of true poetry, for which he was not afraid

to claim the admiration of his contemporaries, though, in accordance with the loyalty to classical precedents which was the creed of his age, he sought to establish the merits of the ballad in question rather on its imagined coincidences with the style and treatment of Virgil than on its spirited description of Border life and habits; indeed, he owns that without such corroboration his favourable judgment of this out-of-the-way minstrelsy would naturally have laid him open to the charge of singularity. For if *Cherry Chace* had been written in the *Gothic* manner, he says, "which is the delight of all our little wits, whether writers or readers, it would not have hit the taste of so many ages, and have pleased the readers of all ranks and conditions." But what then did Addison mean by the *Gothic* manner? it may here be asked; for he speaks as if a style so called were really in vogue at the date of his own writing—a style clearly not the same with the rough old English ballad style of *Cherry Chace*. The special meaning which Addison attached to the term *Gothic* will be apparent if we compare this passage in the *Spectator* with others in which the same word is used by him. For instance, in one of his criticisms, where he is occupied in distinguishing between "true wit," "false wit," and "mixt wit," he adduces Martial among the ancients, and Cowley among the moderns, as eminent instances of this last, and then proceeds, "I look upon these writers as *Goths* in poetry, who, like those in architecture, not being able to come up to the beautiful simplicity of the old Greeks and Romans, have endeavoured to supply its place with all the extravagances of an irregular fancy." And again, "Our general taste in England is for epigram, turns of wit, and forced conceits, which have no manner of influence, either for the bettering or enlarging the mind of him who reads them, and have been carefully avoided by the greatest writers, both among the ancients and moderns. I have endeavoured, in several of my speculations, to banish this *Gothic* taste, which has taken possession among us."¹

From these indications, it is clear that "Gothic" poetry and "Gothic" art were not in Addison's view what, fifty years later, they were in the view of Horace Walpole. Addison seems to have understood the word as expressive of a certain blending of the uncouth and the whimsical, of which there were many instances in his day and that preceding; and of which the school of poets, called by Johnson the "metaphysical school," were perhaps the most systematic artists. The real aim and meaning of a Gothic revival, in the sense of a due appreciation of the elements of beauty to be found in the self-developed culture of the northern nations had been as yet unexplained by the

¹ No. 409.

philosophy of criticism; and in the interim the progress of real knowledge and taste was hampered, as so often happens, by pretension and imposture, and by the confusion of a vague nomenclature.

Meanwhile, Addison's criticism on *Cherry Chace* may in all probability have been the seed which bore fruit half a century later in the collections of Percy, afterwards Bishop of Dromore, who, in 1765, published his *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*; at all events, Percy cites Addison's remarks as a precedent and an excuse for his own undertaking. The apologetic tone of his preface throughout sounds not a little singular to our ears in the present day. In connexion with the subject before us, it is very significant.

"In a polished age like the present," he says, "I am sensible that many of these reliques of antiquity will require great allowances to be made for them." And then, after citing Dr. Johnson, Warton, and other literary characters, as taking an interest in his work, he adds: "The names of so many men of learning and character, the editor hopes, will serve him as an amulet to guard him from every unfavourable censure for having bestowed any attention on a parcel of old ballads. It was at the request of many of these gentlemen, and of others eminent for their genius and taste, that this little work was undertaken. To prepare it for the press has been the amusement of, now and then, a vacant hour amid the leisure and retirement of rural life, and hath only served as a relaxation from graver studies. . . . The editor hopes he need not be ashamed of having bestowed some of his idle hours on the ancient literature of our own country (!) or in regaining from oblivion some pieces (though but the amusements of our ancestors) which tend to place in a striking light their taste, genius, sentiments, or manners." *Hopes he need not be ashamed* of critical researches than which none are more highly estimated now, alike by poet, philologist, historian, and man of taste, as furnishing indispensable aid towards one of the most cherished objects of our time—the appreciation of the historic Past.

Still, Percy's tone of apology was an advance upon the confusion of Addison's ideas respecting old English ballads. Percy, at least, did not fall into the error of supposing that the merit of *Cherry Chace* depended upon its supposed resemblance to the style and sentiments of Virgil. On the contrary, he clearly indicates the essential diversity of origin and character between mediæval poetry and the poetry of Greece and Rome.

By the time Percy entered the field, indeed, much had been going on in other departments of taste to foster the glimmering interest in these memorials of an age of "barbarism." Shen-

stone and Horace Walpole, in the middle of the century, successfully sought to introduce a reform into the arts of landscape gardening and architecture, of which the chief characteristics were an attention to the natural features of scenery and a revival of the "Gothic" principles of art. In the *World*, a fashionable periodical of 1753-1755, formed on the orthodox model of the *Spectator*, we find a fancy for Gothic architecture mentioned as a recent and prevalent whim, likely to be displaced by a still later whim for Chinese construction and decoration. The writer in the *World* speaks of both with equal contempt; but while the Chinese fancy, an exotic imported after Lord Anson's voyage in 1744, proved itself a mere transitory caprice and passed away, Gothicism, the purer kind—for here, as so often happens, real knowledge was struggling with pretension—held its ground. Horace Walpole was its most efficient advocate and champion. Writing from Worcestershire just at this time, he says:—"Gothicism, and the restoration of that architecture, and not of the bastard breed, spreads extremely in this part of the world." And when in Yorkshire he exclaims with kindling enthusiasm at sight of the ancient remains, "O what quarries for working in Gothic!" His letters are full of this new taste, which for many years was quite the passion of his life. He worked out his own conceptions in what, though it seems to us now but a spurious and flimsy imitation of mediæval art, was doubtless one of the most important initiatory steps in that renaissance movement which has to so great an extent given the law to our modern æsthetics—the famous toy of Strawberry. And not only in architecture and decoration, but in literature also, Horace Walpole may be said, perhaps by his zeal, to have deserved the meed of originality in this revival more than any of his contemporaries, while, by his lively fancy, he almost anticipated the popularizing process of time on the materials before him.

Within the ten years succeeding the publication of Percy's *Reliques*, appeared Dr. Johnson's and Steevens's editions of *Shakspeare*, and Warton's *History of English Poetry*, both most important labours, as turning up the as yet nearly virgin soil of English philological research. Antiquarianism in the various departments of literature and art now began to form a school of ardent disciples. Dr. Johnson, with sententious condescension, uttered his celebrated dictum, "Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. . . . That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona." Shenstone, devoted to song-writing

as well as landscape-gardening, found the hunt after old abbeys and old ballads congenial to his sense of the picturesque both in scenery and verse. Captain Francis Grose, from 1773 to 1776, made the tour of England and Wales, and published its results in four quarto volumes of *Antiquities*, elaborately got up with descriptions and plates. Gough and Pennant prosecuted their topographical investigations. The Society of Antiquaries put forth in 1770 the first volume of their *Archæologia*. All tended in the same direction. Then, after a short interval, followed the era of the German classics, and of inquiry into the antiquities of Teutonic fable; and, contemporaneously with these, the stupendous wars and convulsions of the French Revolution, giving that impetus to the imaginative faculty which is never so effectually supplied as by the vivid experiences and sharp vicissitudes of human fate.

So the train was laid, and preparation made for the glowing romance of Walter Scott. The Northern Enchanter fired with the torch of his genius the pyre heaped up by the labour and research of previous students. He first, to any noteworthy degree, popularized the new education of taste. He brought a poet's soul to bear on ideas of feudality and chivalry, and on the many picturesque aspects of historic and traditional lore; and from his time, not mediæval *research* only, but mediæval *sentiment*, may be said to have fairly become a primary element in our æsthetic culture. Silenced now was the orthodox jargon of the past about the "barbarous productions of a Gothic genius," and the dread of their superseding in the realm of taste that "simplicity which distinguished the Greek and Roman arts as eternally superior to those of every other nation" (*World*, vol. iii. p. 81). Greek and Roman art, indeed, was not deposed from its claims to man's homage, but room was conceded in the realm of beauty for another and not less influential potentate. How does one blast from the clarion of the "romantic" muse proclaim her attributes!—

"If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of gladsome day
Gild but to flout the ruins grey.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruin'd central tower;
When buttress and buttress alternately
Seem framed of ebon and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;

When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
 And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,
 Then go ; but go alone the while,
 Then view St. David's ruin'd pile,
 And home returning, soothly swear
 Was never scene so sad and fair."

The sentiment soon, in fact, came to be far more commonly professed from affectation than ignored from indifference; for who, pretending to any nineteenth century cultivation, would not have been ashamed to own that a mediæval work of art, as such—a poem, a picture, a relic, a building, a chronicle of past days—exercised no more spell over him than the yellow cowslip did over the rude soul of Peter Bell? How many lisping ladies, we may be sure, were wont to echo Scott's genuine enthusiasm when lionizing visitors over the ruins of Melrose Abbey! "There is no telling," he used to say, "what treasures are hid in that glorious old pile. It is a famous place for antiquarian plunder. There are such rich bits of old-time sculpture for the architect, and old-time story for the poet. There is as rare picking in it as in a Stilton cheese; and in the same taste—the mouldier the better."¹

Nevertheless, in 1812, Scott's own language on the new development of taste his days had witnessed bore something of the character of advocacy, as though its results were not yet fully credited with the world at large. We allude to a prefatory essay in one of his republications of old literature.

"The present age," he says, "has been so distinguished for research into poetical antiquities, that the discovery of an unknown bard is, in certain chosen literary circles, held as curious as an augmentation of the number of fixed stars would be esteemed by astronomers. It is true, these 'blessed twinklers of the night' are so far removed from us, that they afford no more light than serves barely to evince their existence to the curious investigator; and in like manner the pleasure derived from the revival of an obscure poet is rather in proportion to the rarity of his volume than to its merit; yet this pleasure is not inconsistent with reason and principle. We know by every day's experience the peculiar interest which the lapse of ages confers upon works of human art. The clumsy strength of the ancient castles, which, when raw from the hand of the builder, inferred only the oppressive power of the barons who reared them, is now broken by partial ruin into proper subjects for the poet or the painter. . . . The monastery, too, which was at first but a fantastic monument of the superstitious devotion of monarchs, or of the purple pride of fattened abbots, has gained, by the silent influence of antiquity, the power of impressing awe and devotion. . . . If such is the effect of time in adding interest

¹ See Washington Irving's *Recollections of Abbotsford*.

to the labours of the architect, if partial destruction is compensated by the additional interest of that which remains, can we deny his exerting a similar influence upon those subjects which are sought after by the bibliographer and poetical antiquary? The obscure poet, who is detected by their keen research, may indeed have possessed but a slender portion of that spirit which has buoyed up the works of distinguished contemporaries during the course of centuries. Yet still his verses shall, in the lapse of time, acquire an interest which they did not possess in the eyes of his own generation. . . . The mere attribute of antiquity is of itself sufficient to interest the fancy, by the lively and powerful train of associations which it awakens."¹

If these observations upon the taste of the day, which take so much for granted that Bishop Percy dared only timidly to suggest, do notwithstanding appear somewhat trite to us fifty years later still, it is because the retrospective sentiment has become so much *more* a matter of course now, than it was even at the date of the publication of *Rokeby*.

We come now to the third stage of the assimilating process which we set out with describing; and as we have indicated Horace Walpole's as on the whole the most representative name in the first, or exploring stage, and that of Walter Scott as the greatest in the second, or inventive stage, so, if we were to point to any productions as specially marking the epoch when the ideas of the "Romantic" type of literature had become sufficiently inwoven with the mental texture of the age to afford material for the familiar allusions in which popular humour, fancy, or satire, are wont to be conveyed, we should have no hesitation in selecting the writings of Charles Lamb.

When Lamb published the earliest of his *Essays of Elia*, about 1820, the popularizing process had, it is evident, already made considerable advance. Imbued, as Lamb's mind was, with a haunting passion for old times and old-world fancies, he would have been an inexplicable whim and oddity to his generation, had not that generation become familiarized to a considerable extent with the ground over which his humour skimmed. Now Lamb can hardly be said to have possessed any strong turn for *mediæval* imagery. He loved antiquity; but it was rather for its everyday life than for its romantic aspects, and principally for the genial traits of humanity he could detect in the deeds and sayings of other times. He was more at home in the metropolis than elsewhere; and more at home with the common doings of men than with their exalted feats of historic renown. His mind was steeped in Elizabethan literature, and in all that was odd and out of the way in that of the succeeding period. His quaint humour fed itself with perpetual references to the human

¹ See Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, vol. iii. p. 30.

life that had co-existed with those old folios on his love of which he was wont so enthusiastically to descant. As he walked the streets of London, the murky edifices on every side were to him full of sentiment and association. And here, if it is not too *Ruskinian* a classification, we are inclined to distinguish between an earlier and a later development of the retrospective taste, under the terms not indeed to be taken with too technical strictness—of the Romance of Stone and the Romance of Brick, and to assign the origin of the latter in great measure to the reveries of the visionary East India House clerk. The South Sea House and its official underlings, the Inner Temple and its old benchers, Christ's Hospital and its juvenile *alumni*—what congenial food did these and suchlike topics furnish to the fancy of Lamb! What a potent flavour of sentiment and romance do the mingled pathos and playfulness of his conceptions infuse into scenes and persons whom no partiality can characterize as in themselves picturesque! Listen to the opening paragraphs of his essay on the South Sea House—"most musical, most melancholy:"—

"Reader, in thy passage from the Bank, where thou hast been receiving thy half-yearly dividend (supposing thou art a lean annuitant like myself), to the Flower Pot, to secure a place for Dalston, or Shacklewell, or some other thy suburban retreat northerly, didst thou never observe a melancholy-looking, handsome brick and stone edifice to the left, where Threadneedle Street abuts upon Bishopsgate? I daresay thou hast often admired its magnificent portals ever gaping wide, and disclosing to view a grave court, with cloisters and pillars, with few or no traces of goers-in or comers-out—a desolation something like Balclutha's.

"This was once a house of trade, a centre of busy interests. The throng of merchants was here—the quick pulse of gain—and here some forms of business are still kept up, though the soul be long since fled. Here are still to be seen stately porticoes, imposing staircases, offices roomy as the state apartments in palaces—deserted, or thinly peopled with a few straggling clerks; the still more sacred interiors of court and committee-rooms, with venerable faces of beadles, doorkeepers, directors seated in form on solemn days (to proclaim a dead dividend), at long worm-eaten tables that have been mahogany, with tarnished gilt-leather coverings, supporting massy silver inkstands, long since dry; the oaken wainscots hung with pictures of deceased governors and sub-governors, of Queen Anne, and the two first monarchs of the Brunswick dynasty; huge charts, which subsequent discoveries have antiquated; dusty maps of Mexico, dim as dreams, and soundings of the Bay of Panama!"

Pertinent too it is to our present subject to remark the manner in which he proceeds to describe the personages whose forms

minge with these dreary memories of decadence. Their interest is made to depend, not on the abstract merits or peculiarities of each individual, but on these in an historic point of view, and purely as connected with their class-development. It is as a South Sea House clerk, and inhabitant of that gloomy tenement, not as a man in the more general sense, like the Eusebiuses and Ignotuses of our elder humorists, that we care to contemplate the insignificant Thomas Tame, with his stoop of condescension and inward sense of heraldic glory, or arithmetical John Tipp and his beloved "fractional farthing," or epigrammatic Henry Man, or vocal, rattling Plumer. The romance in the background of all this "Balclutha" was the South Sea Bubble, blown and dispersed sixty years¹ before the degenerate days of which Lamb speaks, but which had once given life and importance to the desolate precincts.

It is beyond the scope of our present remarks to attempt any wider consideration of the effect which the modern retrospective impulse has produced on our literature,—most marked and varied in the fields of philology and history, where the industry of the pioneer has gone on side by side with the ingenuity of the constructor, the research which digs up the literary bones of past ages with the skill which adjusts and explains them, till literary "revival" has become almost methodized to a science. We confine ourselves here simply to the province of local description and allusion, as a special instance of the sort of sentiment produced by this powerful direction of intellectual sympathy.

We do not claim for Charles Lamb any special inventiveness in selecting this vein of humour to work in. It was, as we have shown, pointed out by the previous education of taste, and other writers may have been as early as he was in divining its capabilities. But what we do assign to him is the master-humorist's grace and fancy in handling this and other aspects of antiquarianism, and the first happy blending of them with the moralizing sportiveness proper to a popular philosopher. As a teacher in the school of moral æsthetics, he founded a class-room of his own, and other lecturers have not been slow to follow his method. That the particular composition of fancy which he initiated, does pervade our literature to a very great extent at the present day, will not be questioned. We do not mean that the one species of sentimental antiquarianism has extinguished the other, but only that the modern passion for

¹ The first of Lamb's *Essays of Elia* was published about 1820. In that concerning the South Sea House, he says he is writing of his memories forty years back. The great year of the South Sea Bubble was, as every one knows, 1720.

retrospective dalliance has gone on enlarging its sphere, till, from at first embracing little save the monk-and-baron-haunted relics of the middle ages, it has come more recently to invest with a romance of its own every pile of human habitation connected with noticeable peculiarities of past life and character. It is in this department that Leigh Hunt—dubbed on other grounds the King of Cockneydom—distinguished himself, and that play is given to the fancies of so vast a company of sentimental topographers and biographers, and of humorists more or less worthy of the title, in our day.¹ It is in this department especially that the genius of Charles Dickens has found its happiest exercise. Dickens's conceptions of individual character are extravagant and grotesque; but his sketches of locality, and of class life as connected with locality, are wonderfully graphic and powerful. That they abound in every volume of his writings it is unnecessary to state, for who is not well acquainted with undoubtedly the most popular serials of the serial-loving Victorian era? And that in the pedigree of literary ideas they owe their style and colouring to the previous inspiration of Charles Lamb, will be, we think, sufficiently obvious to any reader of such passages as the following, taken almost at random from the two earliest of his tales. The first is a description of London inns in the old days of the road, before the establishment of the fast-coach system, which, when *Pickwick* was written, had not yet broken down before the inexorable advance of steam and rail, though its days were already numbered, and its sphere contracted:—

"There are in London several old inns, once the head-quarters of celebrated coaches, in the days when coaches performed their journeys in a graver and more solemn manner than they do in these times, but which have now degenerated into little more than the abiding and booking-places of country waggons. The reader would look in vain for any of these ancient hostelries among the Golden Crosses and Bull and Mouths which rear their stately fronts in the improved streets of London. If he would light upon any of these old places, he must direct his steps to the obscurer quarters of the town; and there, in some secluded nooks, he will find several still standing with a kind of gloomy sturdiness amidst the modern innovations which surround them.

"In the Borough especially, there still remain some half-dozen old inns, which have preserved their external features unchanged, and which have escaped alike the rage for public improvement, and the encroachments of private speculation. Great, rambling, queer old places they are, with galleries and passages and staircases wide enough

¹ A glance, for instance, at the table of contents of such a book as Timbs's *Walks and Talks about London* (1865), will show how fertile a branch of the "bookmaker's" stock-in-trade the popular taste for antiquities supplies.

and antiquated enough to furnish materials for a hundred ghost-stories, supposing we should ever be reduced to the lamentable necessity of inventing any, and that the world should exist long enough to exhaust the innumerable veracious legends connected with old London Bridge, and its adjacent neighbourhood on the Surrey side."

Next let us glance at a sketch, in the true retrospective-picturesque, of an out-of-the-way square in the metropolis. The humour—of which we have space to give an inadequate notion only—is distinguished from that of Lamb by being broader, more farcical, less quaintly meditative; but it bears a like reference to the accessories of place and association :—

"Although a few members of the graver professions live about Golden Square, it is not exactly in anybody's way to or from anywhere. It is one of the squares that have been; a quarter of the town that has gone down in the world, and taken to letting lodgings. . . .

"In that quarter of London in which Golden Square is situated, there is a bygone, faded, tumble-down street, with two irregular rows of tall, meagre houses, which seem to have stared each other out of countenance years ago. The very chimneys appear to have grown dismal and melancholy, from having had nothing better to look at than the chimneys over the way. Their tops are battered, and broken, and blackened with smoke; and here and there some taller stack than the rest, inclining heavily to one side, and toppling over the roof, seems to meditate taking revenge for half a century's neglect, by crushing the inhabitants of the garrets beneath. The fowls who peck about the kennels, jerking their bodies hither and thither with a gait which none but town fowls are ever seen to adopt, and which any country cock or hen would be puzzled to understand, are perfectly in keeping with the crazy habitations of their owners. . . .

"To judge from the size of the houses, they have been at one time tenanted by persons of better condition than their present occupants; but they are now let off by the week in floors or rooms, and every door has almost as many plates or bell-handles as there are apartments within. The windows are for the same reason sufficiently diversified in appearance, being ornamented with every variety of common blind and curtain that can easily be imagined; while every doorway is blocked up and rendered nearly impassable by a motley collection of children and porter pots of all sizes, from the baby in arms and the half-pint pot, to the full-grown girl and half-gallon can."

And here we would revert to the earlier portion of our argument, and take occasion, from examples such as these, to remind the reader how different from anything to be found in the works of our elder wits and essayists is the tone of humour adopted by these favourite popular writers of our day—different just in this attribute of local sentiment and association. To make the contrast more appreciable, we recommend the reader to turn to two numbers of the famous periodical already so

often cited. We cannot dip into the pages of the *Spectator*, and not perceive that Addison was as true a lover of the London of his time as Charles Lamb was at a later epoch, and felt, like that delightful writer, and others who have caught his spirit, the genuine humorist's delight in speculating upon life and character in spots where men do congregate, and the humorist's solace in forgetting the burden of self-contemplation in sympathy for the moving crowds. Some of his pleasantest papers are descriptive of the population and the localities as he knew them. Thus, in one he sketches the distinctive politics of the different quarters of the metropolis. A report being spread of the death of Louis XIV., whose wars and ambitions had made him as great a bugbear to England then, as a mightier conqueror on the throne of France became a century afterwards, the short-faced gentleman takes occasion to visit the various coffee-houses of the town and city. At St. James's he finds an inner knot of theorists collected round the steam of the coffee-pot, disposing of the whole Spanish monarchy, and providing for all the line of Bourbon in less than a quarter of an hour. At St. Giles's a board of disaffected French gentlemen "sit" upon the life and death of the *Grand Monarque*, and discuss their own and their friends' chances of re-established fortunes from his demise. At Will's, the resort of wits and authors, the names of Boileau, Racine, and Corneille, are brought in with reference to the event, and regrets are expressed that they had not lived to lament it in fitting elegies. At a coffee-house near the Temple two young lawyers debate *pro* and *con*, with professional acumen, the claims to the Spanish succession, of the Emperor of Austria, and the Duke of Anjou. In Fish Street, the fishmonger politician anticipates an improved sale of pilchards in consequence of the event. In Cheapside, the bank-speculator laments his recent sale out of the Funds, which the French monarch's death would infallibly send upwards; and so on. The scenery in the background, the London haunts specified, had, it is evident, their charm for Addison, but it was an unconscious charm; to make them matter of definite literary description would not have occurred to him as relevant to the tastes of his readers. It was on the figures of the piece that the beholder's eye was to be riveted; the localities were dashed in as necessary but subordinate adjuncts. And the same remark applies to another paper to which, for a moment, we invite the reader's attention, where he narrates a peregrination by boat and coach through the thoroughfares of the metropolis, and describes the different classes of the population, high and low, pursuing their several avocations during several portions of the twenty-four hours. "The hours of the day and night are taken up in the

cities of London and Westminster by people as different from each other as those who are born in different centuries. Men of six of the clock give way to those of nine; they of nine to the generation of twelve; and they of twelve disappear and make room for the fashionable world, who have made two of the clock the noon of the day." It is a really graphic description: the fleet of market-gardeners plying the river with their goods for sale; the night hackney-coachmen dispersing in the Strand; the young fruit-buyers jostling each other in Covent Garden; the eager bustle of the Exchange; the ragged ballad-singer at the corner of Warwick Street; the fine ladies flaunting from shop to shop through St. James's Street and Long Acre. And it is precisely the material which supplies food for what we have called the "romance of brick" in our days; for the men and women of Queen Anne's time have for us that very ancestral prestige which we think so much of, and their haunts are consecrated ground to our fancy. But the description itself, as penned by Addison, was not inspired by any analogous sentiment. For aught that we can see, the contemplative moralist of the eighteenth century's morning, never spent a thought or a care on what his forefathers of the Tudor and Stuart days, not to mention times more remote, ordinarily imagined or enacted in the scenes through which his own daily footsteps led him. Or if such thoughts may have suggested themselves from time to time, it would seem that, not having been yet worked up into literary "staple," they were considered wholly inappropriate to be put forth in works designed to attract the popular sympathies. It might be curious matter of speculation, perhaps, to guess how many and what kind of thoughts even now float before the twilight moods of our mind, which make no present impression, but belong to a class of ideas destined to form the literary "staple" of another age. But this by the way. We think it is very evident, as regards our eighteenth century ancestors aforesaid, that the estimate they formed of their relation to *their* ancestors, was, on the whole, that of a self-satisfied superiority, which scorned any reference to the past, as possessing, in the mere fact of its historical existence, special grounds for our sympathy or curiosity. On this subject Johnson himself was, in some moods of his pugnacious mind, very little of a philosopher. "Great abilities," he said, "are not requisite for an historian, for in historical composition all the greatest powers of the human mind are quiescent. He has facts ready to his hand, so that there is no exercise of invention. Imagination is not required in any high degree,—only about as much as is used in the lower kinds of poetry. Some penetration, accuracy, and colouring will fit a man for

the task, if he can give the application which is necessary."¹ He would have been content with Faust's summary of the matter which constitutes history :—

"Ein Kehrrichtfasz und eine Rumpelkammer,
Und höchstens eine Haupt-und Staatsaction,
Mit trefflichen pragmatischen Maximen,
Wie sie den Puppen wohl im Munde ziemen."

Once more. Of Addison's graver essays none has been more vaunted for its solemn grace than that on visiting the tombs in Westminster Abbey. But in reading it one cannot fail to mark how devoid its tone and treatment are of any of the antiquarian sentiment professed by the moralists of our time. The thoughts which the contemplation of that venerable pile suggest to Addison, grand and impressive thoughts though they are, have reference to mortality in the general sense, in its moral and religious aspects only ; local or historical circumstance have no place in them, save as enlarging the accessories of time and space within which the philosopher regards our human fate. The sermon is in the buried dust, but not in the stones which encase it.

Still there were places, and there were occasions, which could hardly fail to awaken in some measure the dormant instinct of romantic association with the older chapters of English life, even in those non-retroverting days ; and it will not perhaps be without amusement to exhibit somewhat in detail a comparison of sentiment between successive observers on visiting the most famous and venerable and picturesque of all our provincial cities ; the home of Britain's choicest learning, from the first dawning rays of the middle ages to the broad daylight of these latter times ; the seat of "that ancient institution," to use the recent words of one of her most gifted sons while smarting from her unkindness, where are "represented, more nobly perhaps, and more conspicuously than in any other place, at any rate with more remarkable concentration, the most prominent features that relate to the past of England."² Sir Richard Steele's description of his visit to Oxford, with which we begin, is, as might be anticipated, the least coloured by any tincture of antiquarian sentiment ; but then it should be mentioned that his purpose in this essay is ironical, and is properly a satire upon certain ill-maintained pretensions to learning in the academicians of his day :—

"As I am called forth by the immense love I bear to my fellow-creatures, and the warm inclination I feel within me, to stem, as far as I can, the prevailing torrent of vice and ignorance, so I cannot more

¹ *Life*, by Boswell (Croker's edition), vol. i. p. 438.

² Gladstone's speech at the South Lancashire election, July 18, 1865.

properly pursue that noble impulse than by setting forth the excellency of virtue and knowledge in their native and beautiful colours. For this reason I made my late excursion to Oxford, where those qualities appear in their highest lustre, and are the only pretences to honour and distinction. Superiority is there given in proportion to men's advancement in wisdom and learning; and that just rule of life is so universally received among those happy people, that you shall see an Earl walk bareheaded to the son of the meanest artificer, in respect to seven years' more worth and knowledge than the nobleman is possessed of. In other places they bow to men's fortunes, but here to their understandings. It is not to be expressed how pleasing the order, the discipline, the regularity of their lives is to a philosopher who has by many years' experience in the world, learned to contemn everything but what is revered in this mansion of select and well-taught spirits. The magnificence of their palaces, the greatness of their revenues, the sweetness of their groves and retirements, seem equally adapted for the residence of princes and philosophers; and a familiarity with objects of splendour, as well as places of recess, prepares the inhabitants with an equanimity for their future fortunes, whether humble or illustrious. How was I pleased when I looked round at St. Mary's, and could, in the faces of the ingenuous youth, see ministers of state, chancellors, bishops, and judges! Here only is human life! Here only the life of man is a rational being! Here men understand, and are employed in works worthy their noble nature. This transitory being passes away in an employment not unworthy of a future state,—the contemplation of the great decrees of Providence. Each man lives as if he were to answer the questions made to Job: 'Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? Who shut up the sea with doors, and said, Hitherto thou shalt come and no farther?' Such speculations make life agreeable, make death welcome."¹

Next we have Pope describing, in somewhat ornate and careful language, a visit to Oxford from Nuneham, Lord Harcourt's seat, where at times he was wont to reside. Pope assuredly was not without the poetic sympathy which yearns towards the past; but to him it was an emotion calling for elaborate display, scarcely the overflow of habitual thought:—

"The moon rose in the clearest sky I ever saw; by whose solemn light I paced on slowly, without company, or any interruption to the range of my thoughts. About a mile before I reached Oxford, all the bells toll'd in different notes; the clocks of every college answered one another, and sounded forth (some in a deeper, some a softer tone) that it was eleven at night. All this was no ill preparation to the life I have led since, among those old walls, venerable galleries, stone porticoes, studious walks, and solitary scenes of the university. I wanted nothing but a black gown and a salary to be as mere a book-worm as

¹ *Tatler*, No. 39.

any there. I conformed myself to the college hours, was rolled up in books, lay in one of the most ancient, dusky parts of the university, and was as dead to the world as any hermit of the desert. If anything was alive or awake in me, it was a little vanity, such as even those good men used to entertain when the monks of *their own order* extolled their piety and abstraction. For I found myself received with a sort of respect, which this idle part of mankind, the learned, pay to their own species, who are as considerable here as the busy, the gay, and the ambitious are in your world."¹

The next pilgrim we summon from the land of shades is Horace Walpole, writing in 1753. The spirit of retrospective sympathy is conspicuously at work in the few sentences in which he sums up his observations:—

"On my way I dined at Park Place, and lay at Oxford. As I was quite alone, I did not care to see anything; but as soon as it was dark I ventured out, and the moon rose as I was wandering through the colleges, and gave me a charming venerable Gothic scene, which was not lessened by the monkish appearance of the old Fellows stealing to their pleasures. . . . The whole air of the town charms me; and what remains of the true Gothic *un-Gibbs'd* and the profusion of painted glass, were entertainment enough to me. . . . We passed four days most agreeably, and I believe saw more antique holes and corners than Tom Hearne did in threescore years. You know my rage for Oxford. If King's College would not take it ill, I don't know but I should retire thither, and profess Jacobitism, that I might enjoy some venerable set of chambers."

Lastly, let us linger and dream with mellifluous Lamb, and hear him, in his own unrivalled music, declare the nature of the spell which gave the glory to *his* vision:—

"To such a one as myself, who has been defrauded in his young years of the sweet food of academic institution, nowhere is so pleasant to while away a few idle weeks at, as one or other of the universities. Their vacation too, at this time of the year, falls in so pat with *ours*. Here I can take my walks unmolested, and fancy myself of what degree or standing I please. I seem admitted *ad eundem*. I fetch up past opportunities. I can rise at the chapel-bell, and dream that it rings for *me*. In moods of humility, I can be a sizar, or a servitor. When the peacock vein rises, I strut a gentleman-commoner. In graver moments, I proceed Master of Arts. Indeed, I do not think I am much unlike that respectable character. I have seen your dim-eyed vergers, and bedmakers in spectacles, drop a bow or curtsy as I pass, wisely mistaking me for something of the sort. I go about in black, which favours the notion. Only in Christ Church reverend quadrangle, I can be content to pass for nothing short of a scraphic doctor.

¹ Pope's *Letters*, I. 133.

"The walks at these times are so much one's own—the tall trees of Christ's, the groves of Magdalen! The halls deserted, and with open doors, inviting one to slip in unperceived, and pay a *devoir* to some founder, or noble or royal benefactress (that should have been ours), whose portrait seems to smile upon their overlooked beadsman, and to adopt me for their own. Then to take a peep in by the way at the butteries and sculleries, redolent of antique hospitality; the immense caves of kitchens, kitchen fireplaces, cordial recesses; ovens whose first pies were baked four centuries ago, and spits which have cooked for Chaucer! Not the meanest minister among the dishes but is hallowed to me through his imagination, and the cook goes forth a manacle.

"Antiquity! thou wondrous charm, what art thou?—that, being nothing, art everything! When thou wert, thou wert not antiquity; then thou wert nothing, but hadst a remoter *antiquity*, as thou calledst it, to look back to with blind veneration; thou thyself being to thyself flat, jejune, *modern*! What mystery lurks in this retroversion? or what half-Januses are we that cannot look forward with the same idolatry with which we for ever revert! The mighty future is as nothing, being everything! the past is everything, being nothing!"¹

From what has been said, it will be evident, we apprehend, that the sympathetic interest in the past which Lamb thus eloquently describes, had been a growing taste since the middle of the eighteenth century, and was not wholly the result of that startling catastrophe which is wont to stand before literary historians as the great gulf fixed between old-world and modern ways of thinking. That it was helped forward and received a more definite character by that event we do not dispute. Undoubtedly the overthrow of old institutions and authoritative creeds did tend, in imaginative natures, to endue past things and persons with that tincture of romance to which the prosaic present seldom attains. But the mine had been opened; revived Gothicism had won its disciples; the rising literature of Germany, with all its fascinating mysteries of chivalry and legend, would have found its vent, war or no war. We should have missed some inspired flights, some kindling imaginations. On the other hand, we might have antedated the calmer investigations of a later day. "ANTIQUITY, THOU WONDROUS CHARM!" we should still have exclaimed, with Charles Lamb.

And will not the time come when antiquity too shall have ceased to exert its witching spell? Not, indeed, on the most imaginative minds, on those to whom the past, the present, and the future each possess imperishable sources of ideal power, but on the multitude who think their thoughts at second hand, and require a certain amount of freshness in the ground-work of

¹ *Essay on Oxford in the Vacation.*

their mental entertainment. Does not the rapid disappearance of one after another crazy monument of the elder days, and the re-clothing in modern brilliancy of others, point to a time when present inventiveness will be all in all, past achievements nothing? Even now, when wandering through the aisles of some renovated cathedral, or witnessing, in some specimen of nineteenth-century Gothic, the imitative skill of a Pugin or a Scott, is it the retrospective sentiment that kindles in us most, or is it the admiration of tact and design in the adaptations that have supplied former decay, and raised the old art to life in modern combinations? New houses of Parliament have sprung up where the old halls of St. Stephen's once stood. New offices are displacing the dingy tenements where Walpole and Bolingbroke once swayed the destinies of Britain. Trim railway stations obliterate the memory of old-world hostelries, and steam movement gives travellers scant time or opportunity to think on local traditions, or on anything save the business of the passing moment and the prospects of the future. And so the lingering fancy that dwells among the ghosts of dead generations may—it is no impossible contingency—cease one day to fascinate the busy world. Nay, will the genuine faculty of humour itself find the leisure which seems indispensable to its subsistence, when the culminating point shall have been reached of that material civilisation which, though now it aids and impels discovery of earth's buried secrets, threatens in its own imperious demands to absorb more and more man's small span of life and force of brain in the schemes and competitions of the moment?

ART. VII.—THE CATTLE PLAGUE.

1. *First Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Origin and Nature of the Cattle Plague.* Presented to Her Majesty, 9th November 1865.
2. *Reports to the Lord Provost and Magistrates of Edinburgh on the Cattle Plague.* October 1865.
3. *Sur les Résultats de l'Inoculation de la Peste Bovine, effectuée en Russie depuis l'année 1853.* Paris, 1863.

PLAGUES among cattle, like plagues among men, have in all ages excited marked attention in the countries which they have attacked. "A grievous murrain" which smote the cattle of Egypt was one of the means employed to soften the heart of the obdurate Pharaoh. Classical authors frequently allude to pests among oxen, as every one who has read Homer, Plutarch, Livy, and Virgil will well remember. Even the contagious character of these plagues is described by Columella, in his *De Re Rustica*, at the beginning of the Christian era; while Vegetius, three centuries later, enlarges upon this theme, and prescribes the course adopted by our rulers in the nineteenth century, that plague-stricken beasts should "with all diligence and care be separated from the herd, and be put apart by themselves, and that their carcasses should be buried."¹ It is not, however, our purpose to describe the frequent plagues which have devastated Europe in the middle ages. The ninth century was particularly afflicted with them, Charlemagne having sown their seeds broadcast during the movements of his army, as Fracastorius and Weierus have fully recorded. We would leap over the history of these ancient plagues altogether, were it not that we find incidental notices of some of them even in this country.

The fourteenth century was particularly remarkable in England for the frequent occurrence of human plagues. Fifteen times at least, during that century, did black death and its kindred plagues ravage Europe, sometimes preceded, sometimes followed, by grievous murrains among cattle. In the two years 1348-1349 a plague of great intensity attacked the horned cattle in England. They died by thousands, and the herdsmen, panic-stricken, fled from their herds, which roamed wildly about the country, carrying the plague into every district. Many attempts were made to confine the diseased cattle, but with little effect, owing to the belief that they could communi-

¹ In the year 376 the cattle plague was all over Europe, and Cardinal Baronius assures us that no cattle escaped, except such as were marked on the forehead with the sign of the Cross.

cate the plague to man. The harvest in these years was luckily plentiful, but, notwithstanding the abundance of grain, the dearth of cattle was severely felt, and the horrors of famine were added to those of the plagues among men and beasts. About a century later the murrain among cattle was prevalent throughout Europe, and once more fell upon this country. It was again accompanied by a plague among men. But on this occasion the human plague, or "sweating sickness," chiefly fell upon the middle and upper classes of society, who were thus punished for their gluttony and riotous living; and its accompanying murrain among cattle does not appear to have caused such panic in the poorer classes as on the occasion of its previous visit, when their spirits were weighed down by repeated assaults of black death. The years 1348 and 1480 produced no chroniclers of these murrains, so that we are unable either to identify or to differentiate between them and the cattle plague of our own time. The preventive measures used by the Governments of both periods are however identical. The separation of diseased from sound stock, so long since recommended by Vegetius, was then adopted as now; and the free use of the pole-axe to slaughter suspected animals was encouraged then, as it has been in the Order of Council during the present year.

Till the last year of the reign of Queen Anne, our country was not again visited by any extensive murrain among cattle. This plague, like its successors in 1745, 1768, and 1865, first appeared in the neighbourhood of London, and swept off many cattle. But the pole-axe was used unsparingly; the slaughtered cattle were buried deep under the earth; and the plague was soon stamped out, without extending its ravages much beyond the home counties. Thirty years later the plague once more invaded the country and held it with a firm grip for twelve years; but before recounting the evil that it did then, and the experience which it has left for our guidance now, it is necessary to become acquainted with its general prevalence in Europe during the eighteenth century, for it is from this period that our scientific knowledge of the murrain begins to be developed.

The wars which prevailed during the eighteenth century diffused the plague all through Europe, as a natural consequence of the parks of cattle which were formed in the rear of the armies. The years 1711 to 1714 were especially remarkable for the mortality caused by the plague in Western Europe, no less than one million five hundred thousand cattle having perished by the murrain during these years. On the 17th August 1711, Count Trajan Borromeo, a canon of Padua, saw a stray and way-worn ox upon his estate, and, instigated by humane motives, gave

it shelter in a cowshed. This ox was soon reclaimed by its owner, who stated that it had strayed from an Hungarian herd belonging to the commissariat of the Austrian army. About a week after this unlucky visit, the cattle in the shed which had sheltered the Hungarian beast began to sicken, and shortly afterwards died of a malignant pest. The season was fine, and unusually dry; but the pest spread rapidly through the Count's herds, and from them extended widely, passing on to Milan, Ferrara, the Campagna of Rome and Naples, travelled through Sardinia and Piedmont, then through Dauphiny into France, traversed Switzerland, scaled the Mountains of the Tyrol, spread over Germany, and penetrated into Holland, from whence it is supposed to have been imported into England. Italy did not get rid of it for seven years. Pope Clement XI. lost 30,000 cattle in his States during this period, and was so affected by the losses, that he published regulations for the suppression of the plague, on which our own Privy Council, during the existing attack, have made little improvement. The Pope ordered diseased cattle to be slaughtered, their hides to be slashed, so that they might not be used for making leather, and their carcasses to be buried along with quicklime. But, instead of the £20 penalty which our Privy Council exact for an infringement of the order, the Pope ordained that every man infringing these rules should be sent to the gallows if he were a laic, and to the galleys if he were an ecclesiastic. And yet, with these Draconic laws, it took the Pope seven years to expel the plague from his States. During this period, Piedmont lost 80,000 oxen, and the neighbouring countries in a like proportion.

The wars of Louis XIV., until his death in 1715, aided much in the propagation of the murrain. The armies of the Allies, under Marlborough and Prince Eugene, frequently carried it in their train, or received it in the capture of commissariat cattle from the French. Holland, from 1713 to 1723, lost more than 200,000 cattle, and then had a period of repose from its ravages. In almost every instance during this century, we find the plague spreading with violence whenever Russian and Austrian troops penetrated westward, or when the troops of other countries commingled with the former, either in war or peace. This was specially observed in the War of Succession, on the death of Charles VI. in 1740. It is familiar to every reader of history, that the Hungarians warmly espoused the cause of Maria Theresa, and as the tide of war surged backwards and forwards, the Hungarian cattle used to feed the Austrian armies, carried with them the seeds of the plague, and again spread them broadcast over Europe. Frederick the Great, in his frequent encounters with the Austrians and Russians, took back this cattle plague, as his Nemesis, to Prussia. In eight years after

the death of the Emperor Charles VI., the west and centre of Europe alone lost three millions of horned beasts. This was a period of interest to England, and demands careful consideration.

Late in the year 1744, or more probably early in 1745, a murrain broke out among English cattle. The writers of that period, especially Mortimer, the secretary of the Royal Society, and Layard, the eminent physician, agree in ascribing its importation to two white calves brought over from Holland by a farmer living at Poplar near London. Shortly after the arrival of these calves, some cows on the same farm sickened. The distemper spread among the cattle in the lower part of Essex, and soon reached London, which now, through the metropolitan market, passed it into different parts of the country. Still it did not travel rapidly, for, although the Government issued a Commission in November to prevent its spread, the powers of the Commission extended only to Middlesex. Inspectors, who were butchers and cowkeepers, were appointed to examine cowsheds, in order to separate sick and sound beasts. The former were killed and buried twelve feet under ground, their hides being well slashed, and their carcasses covered with two bushels of quicklime. A compensation by the Government of forty shillings, or about half the average price of cattle at the period, was given for each slaughtered beast. The progress of the distemper was so slow that Government did not treat it as a national evil until one year after its outbreak. In February 1746, an Act was passed, enabling the King to issue Orders in Council for its suppression, and the first Order is dated on the 12th of March in that year. This Order states that his Majesty had consulted the learned men of his dominion, who agreed that they knew of no cure for the disease; and it even deprecates the attempts at cure, "for while means are used to save the sick, the disease spreads among the sound, and is increased more and more in proportion to the numbers seized with it." Hence the pole-axe was made the radical cure in 1746, as it has been by our present Government one hundred and twenty years afterwards. This first Order in Council then proceeds to give directions, which have obviously dictated those issued in the present year, and are little more than a transcript of the rules laid down by Pope Clement XI.¹ Plague-stricken beasts are

¹ But the Pope stole his ideas from Vegetius, who took them from Virgil, and he from Varro :—

"At length whole herds to death at once it sweeps;
High in the stalls it piles the loathsome heaps,
Dire spectacle! till sage experience found
To bury deep the carrion in the ground.
Useless their hides; nor from the flesh the flame
Could purge the filth, nor steams the savour tame."—

VIRGIL, *Georg.* iii. 556.

to be killed and buried with lime ; the litter infected by them must be burned, and the sheds in which they died are to be cleansed, fumigated with sulphur or gunpowder, and washed over with vinegar and water. Men who tended ailing beasts are not to go near sound stock till they have changed their clothes and washed their bodies. Convalescent cattle are not to be brought in contact with sound stock for a month. Travelling cattle are to be stopped on the highways for examination, and the sick beasts must be slaughtered. The local authorities, who are intrusted with the execution of this order, may appoint inspectors to see the rules enforced. Eight months passed, but the local authorities failed to justify the confidence reposed in them. So a second Order in Council laments the want of local co-operation, and directs that, after the 27th December 1746, "No person do send or drive any ox, bull, cow, calf, steer, or heifer, to any fair, market, or town in England ; or do buy, sell, or expose to sale, any ox, etc., except fat cows and oxen ready for immediate slaughter." The Order further directs that no fattened cattle shall be allowed to be taken from an infected herd ; and to insure this order being obeyed, all cattle going for slaughter must be provided with passes, or clean bills of health, given by a Justice of the Peace, upon information sworn by oath. No such passes shall be issued unless the distemper has ceased for six weeks on the pastures or sheds of the cattle-owner. These measures produced a very partial effect, so that a new Act was passed in 1747, giving to the King increased powers. This Act was followed by continuing and extending Acts up to 1757. Many other Orders in Council were issued during this period, bewailing local apathy, and urging increased exertion. Sometimes all the fairs in the country are stopped for two or three months ; at other times the stoppage is limited to country fairs, fat stock being still allowed to be exposed for immediate slaughter. A few counties got rid of the pestilence, but the neighbouring counties harboured it, and passed it over to the adjacent ones ; so now arose a war of county against county, the healthy district proscribing the infected one, watching its roads and every outlet, so that no beasts, either sick or sound, should be allowed to pass. In the second year of the plague, 100,000 head of cattle perished in Lincolnshire ; in the third year, Nottinghamshire lost 40,000, and Cheshire 30,000, while many other counties suffered in similar proportion. In the face of these heavy losses, the Government gathered itself up for a desperate effort, and at the end of 1749 prohibits the movement of all stock, whether fat or lean ; permitting slaughter only within two miles of where any beast may be, on the 14th January 1750. The object of this prohibition was to let the

disease burn itself out without the possibility of extension. But London and Westminster made a huge clamour, fearing a famine, for roads were then few and bad, and dead meat could not reach these cities in good condition. The opposition to the Order became so great that it was revoked before it came into operation. The Privy Council now became faint-hearted, and left the war to counties, only interfering now and then in cases of grave evil-doing. So the disease wore itself out by pure exhaustion, the animals susceptible to its influence having mostly perished, until, in February 1759, a general thanksgiving announced its cessation, no cases having occurred in the previous year, and a few only in 1757.

There is no record of the losses which the country experienced during these twelve years. The system of compensation for slaughtered animals would appear to offer a means of record, but it was soon abandoned, as it led to the most serious frauds. Every animal suffering from disease of any kind was knocked on the head, and classed as a plague-stricken beast, in order to insure Government compensation. A more serious evil still resulted; for the payment of losses diminished the motive to exertion, on the part of local authorities, for the extirpation of the murrain. The Treasury records, therefore, afford no clue to the number of cattle which succumbed to the plague, but it must have reached to upwards of 500,000.

It is curious to read the *Gentleman's Magazine* from 1745 to 1757, and see how history repeats itself. We find in it apparently the same energetic correspondents who now send their lucubrations to the *Times*, protesting against the use of the pole-axe, advocating or opposing the system of compensation for slaughtered cattle, framing insurance societies, fighting against ideas of contagion and importation of the disease, and describing all kinds of cure. We have not yet seen one method of cure tried in 1865 which was not tried and found wanting in the plague of 1745. Even Miss Burdett Coutts' liberal treatment of the cows at Holly Lodge, with calomel, yeast, castor-oil, porter, port, brandy, and whisky, is to be found in these old chronicles. Copious bleeding and setons in the neck were, of course, from the habit of the time, much resorted to; two quarts of blood, morning and evening, being not thought too much, till it was observed that bled beasts never recovered. Even Mr. Graham's sweating system was well known, but did not yield favourable results. We do not recollect to have seen any proofs that the disorder made its way over to Ireland during this period, though there are some customs now extant among the Irish peasantry which incline us to believe that they at one time suffered from the murrain. Thus, lighting bonfires on the eve

of St. John's Day, and pitching into them, probably as a sacrifice, live hedgehogs, those traditional cow-suckers, and chasing cattle with burning wisps of straw, show the old methods of burning a plague out of a country, and getting up perspiration in affected beasts.

It will be seen that the experience of the plague of 1745 is highly valuable, though most discouraging, both as to the use of preventive and curative measures. It is certain that the distemper then was entirely identical with that prevailing now, for the old descriptions of the symptoms, and of the morbid anatomy, do not leave the least ground for doubt.

With this description of the long plague in England, and referring to Dossie's essay of 1771 for an account of the short outbreak in 1768, we must conclude our historical retrospect, and pass to subjects more immediately interesting to us. We may merely mention, as the result of careful inquiries by Dr. Faust, that, from 1711 to 1796, when he ended his statistical inquiry, more than two hundred millions of horned cattle were cut off by the disorder in Western Europe.

The plague followed, as we have seen, in the wake of Russian and Austrian armies, and was propagated by them to allied or opposing armies. The questions now arise :—Are these plagues the natural consequence of aggregations of cattle following in the rear of armies, under circumstances of over-marching and bad feeding; or have they a common birthplace from which they spread? The first question may safely be answered in the negative, for armies operating at a distance from Russian and Austrian commissariats never experience this form of disease. During the warlike reigns of Louis XIV. and Louis XV., the pest was six times in France, but from 1800 to 1814 it was free from the scourge, although still engaged in active warfare. The distemper was only again introduced when the French armies came into collision with the Austrian and Russian troops; and it left France in 1816, after the withdrawal of the allied forces. During this time Germany was grievously smitten with the plague. A further answer to the question is obtained by the experience of the wars in India, Algiers, and America,¹ where no cattle plague appears as a consequence of moving armies. But English commissariat cattle were seized with it in the Crimea as soon as we came in contact with Russian troops.

We come now to the second question, Has this plague a birthplace? The experience of a century tells us that the steppes of European Russia form either its birthplace or its nursery. The lower third part of the Dnieper, with its numerous affluents, until

¹ America, indeed, claims credit for having extirpated the plague recently in Massachusetts; but on reading the description it is clear that this attack was not the rinderpest but pleuro-pneumonia.

it empties itself into the Black Sea, is surrounded by Russian provinces, which breed about eight millions of cattle to feed on the luxuriant herbage of the steppes. Among these herds this cattle plague or "Rinderpest" constantly prevails, though by no means so virulently as it does when it penetrates Western Europe. As soon as the good season begins, merchants, who are generally Jews, buy up cattle in the steppes and carry them to fairs for sale. Some of the most notable of these fairs are held in Beltzy in Bessarabia, Elizabetgrad in Kerson, Balta in Podolia, and Berdichev in Volhynia. Balta has at least 500,000 head of cattle at its fairs in a single season. From these centres of traffic, great herds of cattle are driven to feed the populations of Russia Proper, Poland, and Hungary with its dependencies. Our interest in the cattle which are distributed through Russia is limited, for, with the exception of the famous Revel cargo, we have no direct dealings in live cattle with that empire, though it may be well to mention that the steppe cattle rarely reach as far as St. Petersburg. But it is otherwise as regards Poland and Hungary, for the former receives infected stock, which may pass the Prussian frontiers, and the latter supplies weekly the metropolitan market with the long-horned breed of oxen. The Russian provinces of Podolia, the Ukraine, and Volhynia, annually supply Poland with about 30,000 head of cattle of the steppe kind; and though Poland fights manfully against the introduction of the pest, it frequently crosses over her borders and commits devastation among the native herds. Cattle for immediate slaughter are admitted into Poland after three days' quarantine, but lean cattle, and those destined for exportation, undergo twenty-one days' detention. Our Consul at Warsaw, writing on 4th April 1857, draws the attention of the Foreign Office to this subject:—"I beg very particularly to draw your Lordships' attention to this part of the subject, it being beyond doubt that vast numbers of steppe cattle find their way, in consequence of the railway extension, to all parts of Germany, a few days after the Austrian and Prussian frontier has been passed by them. The trade in live stock is very active, and every new mile of railway tends to produce, on the Continent of Europe, an equalization in the price of cattle, similar to what we have already seen in England on a smaller scale." Luckily for this country, Prussia, when she is at peace, has hitherto been a rampart against the extension of the plague, for the police measures to destroy diseased cattle, and even dogs and birds, which might carry infection over the borders, are prompt and severe. But smuggling still takes place, so that the disease occasionally breaks out in the border villages. Round these military cordons are drawn, and the pest is stamped out with merciless rigour.

Austria has never been so successful in her preventive measures. Nearly a hundred thousand steppe cattle are believed to pass annually into Galicia and Hungary. Every six or seven years the pest appears to ravage the herds of the latter country. In the three years 1849-1851, it attacked 300,000 head of cattle, while in 1863 it was more severe than on any previous occasion, having seized on 14 per cent. of all the cattle in Austria, with the exception of Silesia, Bohemia, Upper Austria, Salzburg and the Tyrol, Kurnthen and Venice. At this moment it is still in Hungary, and has attacked sheep as well as horned beasts. This has been a peculiarity of the recent irruption of the pest, for before 1863 Poland also had never experienced its extension to sheep.

We draw attention to these facts, because it must be apparent that the completion of the two great lines of railway which, traversing Southern and Central Germany, connect Rotterdam and Hamburg with Pesth and Lemberg, have opened up to us the supplies of Hungary and Galicia, and have vastly increased the danger of a constant importation of this plague. In fact, through Rotterdam, and under the name of Dutch beasts, we have of late frequently recognised in the metropolitan market the long-horned oxen of Hungary. If we have been rightly informed by an official on the Galician railway, there is scarcely any quarantine for beasts destined for exportation, the old rules being now found inapplicable to the modern demands of speedy transit. It seems to be quite certain that steppe oxen can carry about on their hides the virus of the plague, without themselves being necessarily smitten by it, although, on being overdriven, underfed, or badly watered on their journey, the plague breaks out with virulence. Scientific men have kept this poisonous matter for three, six, and even eleven months without any deterioration of its properties, the proof being that it still possessed the power of communicating the distemper to an ox by inoculation. It is quite possible, therefore, that an animal might carry about the poison in a dry state on its skin, hoofs, or horns, and that the *contagium* only begins to reproduce itself under favourable conditions for its growth.

There are not a few people in this country, who, in spite of the evidence of men of science, persist in believing that the murrain which now prevails is a disease of spontaneous origin, or of home growth, quite different from the plague of 1745, and not identical with the cattle distemper of Germany called *Rinderpest*, or, as it is known in France, the *typhus contagieux des bêtes à cornes*. It is necessary to convince such people of the absolute identity of these murrains, otherwise all the experience so dearly won by England in the last century will be

lost to them, and that acquired by foreign States, who, unhappily for them, are more familiar with the disease than this country, cannot be brought to bear for the common advantage of the public. To remove such doubts, we insert descriptions of the symptoms of the plague at present in the country, of that in Poland by Professor Seifman, and of the old plague of 1745, by Dr. Layard, from his Essay of 1757. The official description used in the Orders in Council, and understood to be drawn up by Professor Simonds, is as follows :—

“The cattle show great depression of the vital powers, frequent shivering, staggering gait, cold extremities, quick and short breathing, drooping head, reddened eyes, with a discharge from them, and also from the nostrils, of a mucous nature, raw-looking places on the inner side of the lips, and roof of the mouth, diarrhoea or dysenteric purging.”

The Polish Professor's description of the symptoms, as displayed in pest-stricken beasts of his country, is similar, though differently expressed :—

“The beast eats little, stops its rumination, becomes nervous; the mucous membranes, gum, mouth, etc., throw out pimples; there is a running at the eyes and nose, and this running after a time gives out an offensive smell; an offensive diarrhoea ensues, the beast coughs, becomes thinner, sometimes grinds its teeth, lies down with its head at one side, and dies without effort.”

Layard, in his *Essay On the Contagious Distemper among the Horned Cattle*, anno 1757, p. 24, says :—

“The first appearance of this infection is a decrease of appetite; a poking out of the neck, implying some difficulty in deglutition; a shaking of the head as if the ears were tickled, a hanging down of the ears, a dulness of the eyes. After that, a stupidity and unwillingness to move, great debility, total loss of appetite, a running at the eyes and nose. . . . A constant diarrhoea, roofs of their mouths and barbs ulcerated. They groan much, are worse in the evening, and mostly lie down.”

Of the three accounts, we prefer that of old Layard as being the best description of the disease as most frequently seen by us, although there are small variations; for example, the outward eruptions, which Layard states were not unfrequent along the limbs, are not so characteristic of the present attack. We might, in the same way, give three anatomical descriptions, which would show the identity of the disease in the time of Layard with that now prevalent in England and abroad, but these might be too much for the patience of the general reader. We refer with approbation to the description of the dissections

given by Dr. Smart in the excellent and practical Report of the Edinburgh Committee, over which Dr. Andrew Wood presided. This committee worked with uncommon energy, and produced a report in about a week after they were appointed by the Lord Provost and Magistrates—a report which, in reality, contains the best description of the morbid anatomy that has yet been published in this country. The disease is justly described as chiefly affecting the mucous membranes, there being a general congestive but non-inflammatory vascularity of these membranes, especially in the alimentary tract. The disease is not analogous either to typhoid or typhus fever, as has been often asserted; but more so to an internal mucous scarlatina. The stomachs of the animal generally contain an enormous mass of dry undigested food, often amounting to one or two hundred pounds in weight, so that this acts as a sponge to absorb new liquid food or medicine, and resists their absorption into the system. The complete arrest of the digestive functions is one of the marked characteristics of the disease.

The mode in which the distemper is communicated from sick to sound beasts is more interesting to us at present than either its diagnosis or pathology. No one, who has given to it a real study, can doubt for a moment that it is eminently contagious. By this we mean that there is a specific entity which causes the disease, and has the power of propagating its own species rapidly under favouring circumstances. Rather than give our own views on this head, we prefer to quote those very clearly expressed by Dr. Simon, the medical officer of health to the Privy Council:—

“The several zymotic diseases are ætiologically quite distinct from one another. How their respective first contagia arose is, as regards nearly all of them, quite unknown. This, in pathology, is just such a question as in physiology is ‘the origin of species.’ Indeed, it is hardly to be assumed as certain that these apparently two questions may not be only two phases of one. Hourly observation tells us that the contagium of small-pox will breed small-pox, that the contagium of typhus will breed typhus, that the contagium of syphilis will breed syphilis, and so forth; that the process is as regular as that by which dog breeds dog, and cat cat, as exclusive as that by which dog never breeds cat, nor cat dog; and, prospectively, we are able to predict the results of certain exposures to contagion as definitely as the results of any other chemical experiment. But, retrospectively, we have not the same sort of certainty, for we cannot always trace the parentage of a given case of small-pox or measles. And here, notwithstanding the obvious difficulties of proof either way, some persons will dogmatize that there must have been an overlooked inlet for contagium, while others will dogmatize that there must have been in the patient’s body an independent origination of the specific chemical change. Presum-

ing (as may pretty confidently be presumed) that in the history of mankind there was once upon a time a first small-pox case, a first typhus case, a first syphilis case, etc., and admitting our entire ignorance as to the combination of circumstances under which those first cases respectively came into existence, we have no scientific reasons for denying that new 'spontaneous generations' of such contagia may take place. But as regards some of the diseases, there are conclusive reasons against supposing that this is of frequent occurrence. Where we can observe isolated populations (this applies just as much to measles as to small-pox), we find very long periods elapse without any new rise of certain 'species' of disease (and 120 years have elapsed in the case of the murrain, and the same thing occurred with regard to the measles in the Faroe Islands). For instance, in 1846, the contagium of measles was imported by a sick sailor into one of the Faroe Islands, and led to an epidemic which attacked more than 6000 out of the 7782 inhabitants, sparing only the persons who previously had had the disease, and 1500 who were kept out of reach of contagion; but before that time there had not for sixty-five years been in those islands a single case of measles. It is the same thing in the steppe murrain."

In fact, nothing can be more definite than the contagious virus of the cattle plague. It has been known from remote antiquity, for, whenever we have an accurate description of it, the characters of the pest are essentially the same; it reproduces itself with as much definiteness as one mushroom gives birth to another. The contagion is swift and subtle in the highest degree, and travels about with such stealthiness that its presence is often unsuspected, until it has passed into the blood of its victims, and manifests itself by terribly destructive effects. At first there is no difficulty in tracking the course of the distemper, for it travels with animals, which have come from some known centre of infection, to other sound beasts which have sojourned with them. But, after a time, its spread cannot be clearly traced. Dogs and sheep which have been near infected cattle have been known to carry the contagion to great distances; even pigeons and hens, which have looked for grains in the excrements of diseased cattle, have become the unsuspected media to pass over the contagion to sound oxen. The attendants on sick beasts carry the contagious virus on their clothes, hands, and even their hair, to healthy cattle; the veterinary surgeon does not escape from being considered a dreaded vehicle of infection. Still waters and running streams, which have received the drainage of infected sheds or pastures, become channels for propagating the contagium; and the wind carries with it particles of virus from one farm to another, at least for a distance of two hundred yards. The public roads on which sick cattle have travelled become alto-

gether infected for sound cattle which may be driven over them. This subtle poison enters into the body of a beast, and incubates for a fixed time. The period of incubation is usually from five to seven days, although, occasionally, it varies from three to nine days; during this time the animal enjoys nearly its usual health, and might readily be sold and transported as a sound beast. It is alleged that an animal in the incubative stage may communicate the disease.

We have as yet not indicated the amount of the mortality of the plague, for it, in fact, varies much in different countries. One law has been made out with tolerable certainty,—that the more the bovine plague advances from the Russian steppes to the north or west, the more its malignity increases. This is only consonant with the experience of other diseases, such as small-pox, which proves fatal enough with us, but acts as the most malignant pest when it deserts its usual source, and sojourns among the South Sea islanders or American Indians. The Rinderpest, in its native steppes, carries off about one-half, or 50 per cent., of the cattle which it attacks; when it reaches Hungary, the mortality rises to 65 per cent.; and in our own country it is upwards of 90 per cent.

Numerous attempts have been made to mitigate the severity of the disease by inoculation. This was extensively practised in the last century all over Europe, but with such bad results that it was forbidden by law in various countries. A sound animal may easily be inoculated by scarifying the skin, and rubbing into the wound some of the mucous matter which runs from the eyes or from the nose. It is usual to do this in the inside of the ear, but sometimes a hollow needle is introduced into the dewlap, the matter being passed in by this means. When a beast has been thus inoculated, the period of incubation is the same as when it receives the poison by contagion. The symptoms are generally as severe, and the mortality is not lessened. But there is this advantage, that an infected herd may be made to pass through the disease in eight days, instead of having it lingering about the premises for a month or two, with increased chances of spreading the infection through the country. The inoculating matter, if protected from air, can, as we have already stated, be kept for several months unchanged.

Although our own experience in inoculation is very discouraging, that of Russia is much more favourable, and holds out the hope that in time the pest may be as much repressed at its birthplace, as the small-pox has been by vaccination. Professor Jessen of Dorpat has given the results of Russian experiments in the pamphlet which we have placed at the head of this article, and other scientific investigators, such as Haller, Vieq

d'Azyr, Abildgaard, Adami, Viborg, and Kausch have added considerably to our knowledge of this important subject. One of their main results is, that the intensity of the inoculating virus decreases, according as it passes through a succession of beasts, or, as it is technically termed, through successive "generations." Thus, at the Veterinary School of Charkow 50 per cent., or the normal number, of steppe oxen died at the first inoculation, but after the inoculating matter had passed through six cows, the seventh generation, or running from the nose of the sixth inoculated cow, only produced one death in thirteen cases. In 1853 upwards of a thousand beasts were inoculated with matter of the seventh generation, and not more than sixty died. In 1854 it was determined to inoculate oxen in the steppes themselves, and a large number were so treated, with the astonishing success that not a single animal died. This was a peculiarly favourable year; but, notwithstanding the exceptional character of the result, it holds out hopes that means may be discovered to mitigate the intensity of the virus. Although none of these inoculated animals died in 1854, and few even sickened, they were all found to be efficiently protected against future attacks of the disease. Many of them were confined in the same sheds with beasts suffering from the Rinderpest at intervals for several years, but none of them received the contagion. In 1857 the Grand Duchess Helen founded an institution for inoculation on her property of Karlowka in Poltava, with such success that only 3 per cent. of the inoculated animals died. It must, however, be distinctly borne in mind that these favourable results have only been obtained with oxen of the steppe race. Cattle of other races are much more unfavourably disposed to inoculation. Before mitigation of the virus appears in their case, it must pass through from thirteen to fifteen generations. Drouyn de L'Huys, in his proposal for a Sanitary Congress at Constantinople, with the view of damming up cholera at its source, so that it may not reach Europe, has given us a hint which might be well applied to the cattle plague. Why should Central and Western Europe be periodically devastated by this murrain, when it might be prevented by the inoculation of the cattle in the steppes? We may mention, in conclusion of this part of our subject, that sheep and goats may readily be inoculated from cattle. Sometimes they resist the disease; but in six cases, tried under our own inspection, all the sheep took the distemper in its most virulent form, and all of them died. Unfortunately, according to Professor Röhl of Vienna, there is no mitigation of the disease, when the inoculating virus is taken from the sheep, and passed back again to cattle.

Having now become acquainted with an outline of the history of the pest and of its general characters, we are in a position to examine with advantage the irruption which it has made into our country this year, the best and speediest means of getting rid of it, and the precautions which ought to be adopted to prevent its recurrence.

The disease first appeared in this country at Lambeth, in the metropolis, on the 24th of June, and subsequently, on the 27th of June, in two other dairies in Islington and Hackney. But all of these dairies had, on the 19th of June, bought fresh cows in the metropolitan market, so that the source of contagion was clearly traceable to it, the usual variations in the period of incubation being allowed. But how came the seeds of the disease into the London market? The veterinary surgeons, led by Spooner, Simonds, and Gamgee, reply without hesitation that it was introduced by a cargo of Russian cattle which had been imported from Revel a short time before the plague was manifested; and it becomes important to examine this case closely, for doubtless this was the first cargo of Russian cattle which reached England, and one part of Russia, though a part far removed from Revel, is the seat of the distemper. Twenty-six days before the first outbreak, and eighteen before the cows had been bought in the metropolitan market, a portion of the Revel cargo had been exposed and sold, though none of them went to the infected dairies, as they were only fit for immediate slaughter. The cargo numbered originally 321 head of cattle, besides sheep. They were all bought in the province of Esthonia except thirteen, that province being quite free from the plague. These thirteen animals came from St. Petersburg, according to the agent, although his principal denies this statement. St. Petersburg is some distance from Revel, and notwithstanding that they came in four horse waggons, a week must have lapsed in their march, for the distance is 200 miles. The pest had been in the neighbourhood of the capital last November, though not for several months previous to the transaction. The agent found four of the beasts not in a condition to travel with him, so they were sold at Revel to butchers; the nature of their illness does not appear. On the 23d of May the cargo started from Revel, and arrived at Hull upon the 28th. One beast sickened on the route, but recovered on the administration of brandy. On the arrival of the steamer, the cattle were specially examined by two veterinary surgeons, who passed them as sound and free from disease. At Hull 146 cattle were sold and sent to the Midland Counties, into none of which did they introduce the disease. The remaining 175 were sent to London and sold on the 2d of June. We are already aware that the period of

incubation of the contagion is eight days, but during the nine days of transit from Revel to London these oxen showed no plague. The Customs authorities were on the alert, and had sent special instructions to Hull for the examination of this particular cargo, so that the two highly intelligent veterinary inspectors who examined them could not have failed to have detected the plague had it been present in the herd. This cargo left no infection on its departure from Hull, and took none with those cattle which were transmitted to the Midland Counties. Nor is it till eighteen days after their sale in the London market that the disease appears. The whole story breaks down; its only support having been the statements of the agent, who fancied that the sick oxen at Revel and the beast that showed signs of indisposition on board, *might* have had the plague. This man had never seen the disease, and his statement was an afterthought, made when he had quarrelled with his employer. The name of Russia frightened our veterinary surgeons, who for some years had foreseen the possibility of the importation of the pest, and naturally connected its appearance with this cargo; indeed, it is unfortunate for us that the explanation is not so simple. But we might be put off our guard altogether if we accepted a false solution of the problem, for it is perhaps more probable, and certainly more to be feared, that the disease may have come to us in our traffic with Galicia and Hungary, both of which pest-infected countries send to the London market constant supplies of cattle. Her Majesty's Consul-General at Hamburg states that Hungarian cattle did introduce the plague to Utrecht, in Holland, last May, and suggests that it may have passed from that country to England. Whether this be true or not, it is certain that the first beasts which were found to be afflicted with it in London were newly bought Dutch cows. It will be obvious that for the future, with the increasing facilities of railway traffic, it must be difficult to prevent the importation of the pest into this country. At the same time, Professor Röhl gives us a few grains of comfort by stating that, though often imported into Austria, the cases are sporadic in certain years, and that it only becomes generally diffused in years when contagious diseases among men show a severe type. Cholera has been hovering about Europe, and seems ready to take root in places favourable for its growth, so that we may hope, though only faintly, that this has been a year peculiarly favourable to the development of the murrain. We know that typhus fever propagates itself most extensively in dry seasons, and the dryness of the summer may have been one cause of the extension of the murrain throughout the country. The extent of the ravages of the plague is only

imperfectly known, for it is the interest of cowkeepers to keep their losses concealed lest their credit should suffer. It is true that, under penalty, they must report to the Council Office when plague attacks their sheds, but if the cowkeeper has fifty cattle he often allows forty-five to die or be slaughtered, and reports the remaining five to Government. If we are to believe the official reports, only 5086 cattle perished of the disease or were slaughtered in consequence of it in the metropolis up to the end of October; but competent authorities assert that this is considerably less than half the true number. In fact, of 15,000 head of cattle kept in London and its neighbourhood before the attack, it may be asserted without much misgiving that 12,000 have perished. Large establishments lost their whole stock, even when, as in the case of Lord Granville's and Miss Burdett Coutts' dairies, they were carefully tended.

Early in July the metropolitan market began to infect various parts of the country. In fact, all the first cases of the disease in the English counties were traceable to diseased beasts bought in London. One case must serve as an example: Mr. Leeds, of Whitwell, in Norfolk, bought twenty-six Dutch bullocks in the metropolitan market on the 1st of July; and Mr. Gooch, writing to Professor Simonds at the end of the month, says:—

“Mr. Leeds has lost thirteen out of the twenty-six Dutch beasts. When they first came home he divided them into two lots,—one at Whitwell of eighteen, and eight at Themblethorpe, about four miles distant. First, as regards the Whitwell lot, they have all had the disease, and eight are dead; the remaining ten appear to be recovering: some have been very bad. They were mixed with four others, which have all taken it, and one has died, one better, the other two suffering, and I do not think they will live. At Whitwell there is a common adjoining Mr. Leeds with about thirty cattle on it; two are attacked and are not likely to recover, the others showing symptoms of the disease. Out of the other lot five are dead, and the three are recovering. I have been called to two farms in that locality where the disease has broken out,—one dead and several others bad; and have heard of another farmer having it. I find at North Walsham a dealer bought thirty-eight Irish buds, about £5 each. Thirty-six are dead; and from this lot it has spread to several farms adjoining where these laid, and the stock are dying fast. I have not at present heard about any more in Norfolk, if I should I will write and say how it goes on.”

Norfolk fought valiantly against the disease, stopped its markets, established an insurance society, and stamped the disease out wherever it could; but about a thousand beasts have already been returned to the Government as attacked by the

distemper; how many more may have been without being included in the returns we have no means of judging. The influence of the London market was not confined to the neighbourhood of the metropolis, but extended to great distances, even Scotland having first received its infection directly from some foreign cows bought in London and sent to Edinburgh. As the disease progressed, however, so many local centres were created that the influence of the London market became less perceptible. Up to the end of October, 18,000 cases of disease had been reported to Government throughout the country, although, for the reasons we have stated, this estimate is far under the truth. Of all the animals in the farms or sheds into which the distemper entered, 44 per cent. have been already attacked, and of this only a trifle above 4 per cent. have recovered, the rest having died from the disease, or having been slaughtered in anticipation of it, or being still under its influence, with a fate undetermined at the date of the return. Although these figures are ghastly enough as representing the mere beginning of a murrain, which has not yet gathered headway in the country, they would not be alarming if they represented the finality of the plague, for little more than one in a thousand of the cattle in the kingdom have succumbed to the attack. But believing that we are only at the beginning of our troubles, the plague assumes to us an aspect of more than ordinary gravity.

The number of horned cattle in this country is supposed to be between seven and eight millions, and their estimated value may be taken at £70,000,000. We can only conjecture our probable losses by the experience of other countries, when the plague has passed over their borders, and taken up its abode with them for several years. Austria is in this unhappy position at present, for the plague penetrated into it in 1861, was partially repressed in 1862, and broke out with increased virulence in 1863, during which year Hungary and its dependencies had the plague in 14 per cent. of all their cattle. Can we expect a more favourable result? Austria has excellently organized measures for the suppression of the pest, and this cannot be said of our country; her cattle are both less susceptible to its influence, and take it in a less malignant form than our cattle. England is deficient in organization to combat the invasion, has neither in number nor in quality an army of veterinary surgeons fitted to take the field against the invader, so that there is nothing to justify us in the expectation that we shall be dealt with less severely than Austria. Hence it is highly probable that, in the third year of the murrain, we also may have, like Austria, 14 per cent. of all our cattle

attacked in a single year. This extension of the distemper, with a mortality of 90 per cent., would produce a money loss of upwards of £8,000,000. It may be argued that our comparison is unfair, because the plague is almost naturalized in Hungary. It is quite true that the plague is very frequently in Austria and but rarely in England, but this is simply owing to the proximity of the former country to the Russian nursery of the contagion. We have already shown that the history of the plague in 1865 is but a close repetition of its history in 1745, when it dwelt among us for twelve years. Then, as now, the people grumbled at the Government interference with cattle traffic, even a year after the plague broke out, but most bitterly did they in the end regret that they did not aid that Government to extirpate the murrain when its proportions rendered repressive measures possible.

This leads us to consider what the Government of the present day have already done, and what it is proposed they should do, to expel the murrain from our shores. We cannot give information on the first head more concisely than Mr. Arthur Helps, the Clerk of the Council, has done in the following passage:—

“The date of the first notice to me of the outbreak was the 10th of July. I immediately requested Professor Simonds to institute an inquiry into it. I received his report on the 14th of July. I was then directed by the Lords of the Council to ask the law-officers to draw up an Order in Council so as somewhat to embrace the views of Professor Simonds; they were twofold: first, that all persons, cow-keepers and others, where there was disease, should give notice of it; and, secondly, that a power should be given to inspectors to examine. The Lords of the Council had several meetings, and on the 24th of July they issued their first order; that was the order which directed that all persons having any diseased animal should report the fact to the Clerk of the Privy Council, and that he should appoint inspectors, and that these inspectors should have power to enter the premises and examine. The disease increased, and went beyond the metropolitan district, upon which, on the 11th of August, the Lords of the Council issued another order, still applying only to the metropolitan district. In that order the chief additional provision was that no animal labouring under the disorder should be removed from the premises on which the disorder had broken out without the license of an inspector. The disease still kept spreading, and on the 11th of August an order was published which applied to the remaining parts of England and Wales, other than the Metropolitan Police district. In this order the local authority was defined, and the principal local authority in the country were the Justices acting in and for the petty sessional division of the county. They were allowed in cases where the disease had appeared within their jurisdiction to appoint an inspector. Then certain rules

were given for the inspector, similar to those which had existed in the metropolitan district, namely, that no person should remove, without the license of the said inspector, any animal labouring under the disease. There was, however, in this order a very important provision made with respect both to the burial and the disinfection of the premises. On the 18th of August the provisions which had been made for England and Wales were extended to Scotland. On the 25th of August there was an order passed affecting Ireland, namely, that no cattle (and it is stated that 'the word cattle shall be interpreted to mean any cow, heifer, bull, bullock, ox, or calf') were to be removed 'from any port or place within that part of the United Kingdom called Great Britain, to any port or place within that part of the United Kingdom called Ireland.' On the 26th of August another order was passed, of which the important part was this, not only that the Justices should have power to name an inspector when the disease was absolutely in the district, but when they should 'have reason to apprehend the approach of the said disease to the district.' There was also in this order a power given to the inspector 'to seize and slaughter, or cause to be slaughtered, any animal labouring under such disease.' There were then minor orders passed, forbidding the importation of skins into Ireland. Lastly, on the 22d of September, an order was passed consolidating all the previous orders, modifying them in some small matters, and adding two important provisions, one affecting the metropolitan cattle market, and the other giving the local authority the power to prevent the animals defined, or some specified description thereof, from entering a market or a fair within the jurisdiction of that local authority. The disease was then supposed to extend to sheep and lambs, upon which an order was passed prohibiting sheep or lambs from being imported into Ireland from Great Britain. There was then a smaller order passed for the island and barony of Lewis in the county of Ross, protecting it from cattle of any kind coming into that island. Those were all the orders which were passed."

It will be seen from the above passage that no cause of complaint on the ground of apathy can be laid to the charge of the Privy Council, or of its indefatigable clerk, Mr. Helps. Their action was prompt and in advance of public opinion, which even yet has not comprehended the magnitude of the danger. The Council wisely, in our opinion, did not establish a system of compensation for cattle slaughtered with the view of stamping out the disease, but, without such compensation, were they justified in empowering inspectors to slaughter? The importance of stamping out the disease, in its incipient stage, might have justified this measure at the outset, but it has been too long persisted in. Even Continental Governments, with their arbitrary powers, only slaughter when the number of affected cattle does not exceed ten, although exceptions to this rule are sometimes permitted, and then the owners are

compensated either directly by the Government, or through a system of compulsory mutual insurance. Besides, such strong measures can only be intrusted to the administration of skilled and discreet men, and the supply of these in the country was not equal to the demand. Upon a failure of veterinary surgeons, butchers and shoemakers have been appointed inspectors. It is not wonderful that owners of pedigree stock, or even common farmers, should look with alarm on extensive powers vested in such irresponsible and ignorant men. When veterinary surgeons could be procured, were they always sufficient for the trust reposed in them? Our Veterinary Colleges have excellent men as professors, and have educated excellent pupils. This could not be otherwise with such men as Professors Spooner, Simonds, Dick, Varnell, and Gamgee in the English and Scotch colleges,—men who dignify their profession and obtain for it the respect of men of science. But the race of pupils which they are creating have not yet rendered extinct the cow-leech and horse-doctor, who, under the name of veterinary surgeons, are not unfrequently appointed inspectors by local authorities. It is not therefore surprising that the hardship to the farmer of slaughtering his cattle without compensation has become unsupportable. The pole-axe is certainly the most radical of cures when one or two cattle have been seized for the first time in a new district; but it becomes unmitigated barbarism when applied to a whole country over which the murrain has been diffused; for it must be borne in mind that it is already in thirty-five out of the forty English counties, and in twenty out of the thirty-two Scotch counties. We are not objecting to the slaughtering of cattle by the farmers to insure their use as dead meat before the disease lays hold of them, but to the compulsory powers of slaughter by unskilled inspectors. The latter ought certainly to have more powers than they now possess to proscribe districts and insure their isolation when infected, and not to liberate them till they have clean bills of health; but we find that we are anticipating a future branch of our subject.

The Privy Council having failed in preventing the extension of the plague, found it advisable to recommend to the Queen that a Royal Commission should be issued to investigate into the origin and nature of the disease, and to frame regulations with the view of preventing its spread and of averting any future outbreak of it. This commission was issued by Her Majesty on the 29th of September, and was addressed to certain members of both Houses of Parliament and men of scientific and medical attainments.¹ The Commissioners did not allow

¹ The names of Her Majesty's Commissioners are as follows:—Earl Spencer, K.G., Lord Cranborne, M.P., Right Hon. Robert Lowe, M.P.,

the grass to grow under their feet; they sat daily for a month after their appointment, and on the 31st October issued their first report, unaccompanied, however, by the mass of evidence which it is understood they have collected from all parts of the kingdom and from abroad, and which is now in the hands of the printer. Unfortunately the Commissioners have not been unanimous in their report, Lords Spencer and Cranborne, Mr. Read and Dr. Bence Jones, being dissentients from one important recommendation in it, while Mr. M'Cleane holds aloof altogether, and makes a separate report, to the effect that there is no reason for alarm, and therefore no cause for action. We will endeavour to indicate their general conclusions, with a running commentary upon them.

After referring to the history of the plague and its remarkably contagious nature, the Commissioners point out that the disease, widely extended as it now is, can only be arrested by stopping for a time the movements of cattle. The majority of the Commissioners desire that this stoppage should be absolute; the minority are contented with preventing movement of lean or store stock, while they would permit fat cattle to go to fairs and markets for immediate slaughter. Both the majority and minority agree that the traffic in lean stock must be prevented for a period; they diverge only on the policy of applying these restrictions to cattle fit for the butcher. Let the majority of the Commissioners speak for themselves, even at some length:—

“To interfere with the circulation of fat stock is to interfere directly with the meat market; and to embarrass it is to raise, for a time at least, the price of meat. To require that every bullock sold for slaughter shall be slaughtered on the premises of the seller, will undoubtedly in a multitude of cases be inconvenient to both farmer and butcher. There will be difficulties about the actual slaughtering, about the disposal of hides and offal, about transport; and these difficulties appear still more serious when we consider the manner in which the live-meat trade is now carried on through salesmen and jobbers, and the vast quantities of fat cattle continually in motion to and from London, and from one market to another, throughout the midland and northern counties. A large system of trade and transport will have to be deranged, and many new arrangements to be made, and the cost of effecting these changes on the spur of the moment must fall to a considerable extent on the consumer of meat.

“If the distinction be admitted, however, many other questions arise. In the first place, how is it to be enforced? If a privilege is conceded to cattle destined for the butcher, how are we to make sure that a particular animal is really destined for the butcher, or that he

Lyon Playfair, C.B., C. S. Read, M.P., R. Quain, M.D., Bence Jones, M.D., E. A. Parkes, M.D., Thomas Wormald, President of College of Surgeons, Robert Ceely, Surgeon, Charles Spooner, Principal of Veterinary College, and J. R. M'Cleane, President of Institution of Civil Engineers, with Mr. Montagu Bernard, Secretary.

will be slaughtered immediately, or slaughtered at all ; or that he will not scatter infection on his road ? May he be driven home by the nearest country butcher who will buy him, or must he be sent to market ? May he go to any market, or only to one where conveniences for slaughtering and for careful inspection are or can be provided ? May he, if unsold, be sent home again, or transported from one market to another, or, if not, what chance will the seller have, should the market be over-stocked, of making a fair bargain ? In considering these points, it must be borne in mind that a butcher has, as some witnesses have remarked to us, facilities which a farmer has not for concealing infection ; and that he has not those motives for being on his guard against it which the farmer has. A farmer who brings home a diseased animal may probably lose his whole herd. But it is often the butcher's interest to ask no questions.

"Answers more or less complete may be furnished on all the points above enumerated, and precautions may be devised with a view to each of them. In general terms, it may be stated that such precautions must in the main rest on some or all of the following expedients :—On a modified adoption of the *Cordon* system ; on the imposition of new and peculiar legal obligations upon butchers, and probably upon drovers, railway companies, and the authorities in charge of markets ; lastly, on a system, more or less extensive, of permits, certificates, or declarations. We ought not, however, to shrink from distinctly saying that no answers can be given which, in our judgment, are perfectly satisfactory, and no precautions invented on which it is possible entirely to rely ; and that we believe it to be best for the country, and even for the interests which will suffer most in the first instance, that the prohibition against the circulation of cattle should be maintained in its integrity.

"We have stated frankly the difficulties and sacrifices for which the country must be prepared, should this proposition be carried into effect. Of these difficulties, the one which will probably be felt most strongly relates to the supply of food to the great towns. Fears have been expressed that to close the metropolitan market, for instance, against the influx of cattle from the country, would create a famine. We have already seen that the attempt to close the markets of London and Westminster during the plague which raged here in the reign of George II. was given up on account of the clamour which it created ; and it may be argued that the same thing would happen now. Circumstances, however, have widely changed. In the days of George II., meat could only be transported to London alive ; even the roads along which the cattle travelled were what we should now think few and bad ; there was little or no importation from abroad, and some difficulty must have been often found in supplying the wants of the metropolis by the ordinary means of communication. Now, every place where fat cattle are fed in large numbers is approached by railways, which can transport dead as well as live meat ; and it seems no unreasonable demand to require that, for the sake of averting a calamity of almost incalculable magnitude, London should be content to be supplied with dead meat from the provinces, instead of consti-

tuting herself a hotbed of infection by receiving twice a week great throngs of living cattle. This change is indeed in itself economical and advantageous, and appears to be gradually taking place as a natural consequence of the extension of the railway system. There is obviously an immense waste of labour in bringing the live animal to London, in order that certain portions of its carcass may be consumed as human food; dead meat is more easily carried than the living creature, and it seems quite as reasonable to carry the butcher to the ox as to bring the ox to the butcher. We are informed that, from Aberdeen alone, which is distant from London (by cattle-train) some thirty-six hours, upwards of 1000 carcasses are sent up weekly during eight months of the year, and 300 or 400 during the remaining four months, and special cattle-trains leave Aberdeen on this errand five days in the week. Nor is it to be forgotten that London is at present fed in a great measure with foreign cattle. From the 16th September to the 18th October last, both inclusive, the number of English beasts in the market was but 14,645 to 20,185 foreign. It must further be observed—and this is the most important point—that a general prohibition is capable of being thoroughly enforced. The mere presence of a beast on any highway will be sufficient to prove the infraction of the rule. Any plan which, while laying down the general prohibition, admits exceptions in favour of cattle removed to particular places or for particular purposes, must rest upon the ascertainment of facts more or less complicated, to be proved by certificates from local authorities, upon the accuracy of which, experience warns us, little reliance can be placed. The liberty to remove cattle for particular purposes is sure to be extended and abused for other purposes. A man has only to profess an intention in accordance with the law, in order, by a little dexterity, to obtain under such a system the utmost facility for violating the law. It will be a long time before the rules are understood, and the period in which they are violated through ignorance will be succeeded by the period in which they are evaded by design. England is probably the worst country in the world for the working of a system of certificates, permits, licenses, and passports; and the temptation to violate the rules will be very great, for the thought that naturally occurs to every one whose herd is attacked is to conceal the existence of the disease until he has got rid of those animals which do not yet show symptoms of its presence. To the objection, true as far as it goes, that the embarrassment thus thrown in the way of trade will probably tend to raise the price of meat, it may be answered, first, that such a rise in the price of meat will afford, at the expense of the community, the means of reimbursing the trade for the sacrifices it has made for the common benefit; and, secondly, that the immense destruction of cattle which such a measure alone is calculated to prevent is likely to raise the price of meat to a higher point, and for a longer time, than a regulation which really does little more than change the place of slaughter from large towns to grazing districts. In the period from 1745 to 1757, almost every measure, short of the one which we are considering, was tried in vain. The disease at first advanced slowly, but it lasted twelve years, and then

died out, apparently for want of animals susceptible of its influence, although the difficulty of communication from one part of England to another offered at that time the fairest chance for the success of palliative measures. England has now to contend with the plague under disadvantages never experienced by any other country. The density of her population, the large quantity of her horned stock, and, above all, the enormous facility of communication by railroad, make her peculiarly liable to the ravages of a contagious disorder, and render the prospect of eradicating it within any reasonable time, either by slaughter or by curative and disinfecting measures, almost hopeless. For these reasons we feel ourselves compelled to recommend to Your Majesty that such measures shall be taken as may be requisite to invest, with as little delay as possible, some high officer of Your Majesty's Government with the power of suspending for a limited time the movement of cattle from one place in Great Britain to another, for extending or shortening such period, and for renewing the prohibition as often as circumstances may render necessary."

The case is excellently and tersely placed before us, and we should be at once in a position to deal with it, were it not necessary to describe the alternative propositions of the minority of the Commission. This minority has the support of Earl Spencer, the chairman of the Commission, who is said to have conducted its inquiries with much skill and judgment. The dissentients admit that the temporary stoppage of all movement in cattle would be more effectual in extirpating the disease than any measure which could be proposed, but they do not believe it to be practicable, and contend that it would involve an interference with the course of trade at variance with our national habits, and would involve difficulties and dangers of the most formidable kind. They therefore support the alternative measures of the report by which fat cattle markets are alone to be permitted. Cattle, however, are only to go to such markets from healthy districts, and therefore they must have passes, or clean bills of health, before markets or railways will be permitted to receive them. Unhealthy districts are to be put under ban by notice in the *Gazette*, and all egress of cattle from them is to be strictly prohibited.

We have now the two main recommendations of the report before us. The report of the minority relies wholly on the measures pursued from 1745 to 1757, and which were then found signally inoperative. Referring to that period, Youatt tells us that "the restrictions with regard to the sale or removal of cattle, and communication between different districts, were so frequently evaded, that it was either impossible or impolitic to exact the penalties." Certainly we are in no more favourable position now to enforce such measures. If they were found inoperative at a time when transit was comparatively difficult, how are they to be carried out now in a country inter-

sected everywhere with highways and railroads, and coasted by steamers? The very system of passes is so obnoxious to the feelings of our population, that it could not be sufficiently explained within the next three months so as to make it understood, or, if understood, adopted, with the determination of local authorities that the passes should not be evaded. Such measures must degenerate, as they did in the years from 1750 to 1757, into petty wars between counties, one county proscribing another because it is infected. The meeting in Forfarshire, presided over by Lord Dalhousie in October, shows that this disposition to exclude stock from other counties is growing. Argyleshire has already got a prohibition against importation, and Forfarshire was on the verge of trying to obtain similar restrictions, while Elgin has petitioned for them. Such local efforts will be both irritating and useless unless they are part of a general and well-conceived plan. Restraints on the usual business and traffic of a country must be of brief continuance if they are to be strictly enforced; but they must be large and sweeping if they are to be brief. Such are the restraints urged by the majority of the Commissioners, and we proceed to refer to them.

The total stoppage of movement of cattle is a simple idea, one readily understood, and only capable of evasion by palpable contumacy, but it must be accompanied by many difficulties and inconveniences which the Commissioners have foreseen, and by many more which cannot be foreseen. Is the sacrifice which the country is called upon to make not greater than the evil which is to be averted by it? An answer to this question depends upon the impression of the magnitude of the danger with which we are threatened. Those who point to the small number of animals which have hitherto perished, as a proof that the plague has terrified us beyond measure, will scout at the recommendation of the Commission, and consider it the presumptuous scheme of theoretical men, unacquainted with the realities and necessities of the world in which they live. Farmers, cattle-dealers, butchers, jobbers, drivers, and even the market committees of our corporations, will aid them in the cry against this despotic interference with business and traffic. This race of men have shown singular incredulity as to the reality of the plague, till it actually reached their own localities, and even then consoled themselves with the belief that it was a mere summer attack, which would leave the country as soon as the cold weather came. But the cold weather has come, and the plague increases, for this is one of its peculiarities, that it advances with equal strides, sometimes even at a greater rate, in cold as in warm weather. We, on the other hand, who consider that the distemper has not yet got headway, and has not yet gathered itself up for its raid through the country, welcome

any measure which proposes to deal radically with the murrain, before its proportions become unmanageable. The object of the Commission is the same as that of a fire-brigade when brought on the scene of an extensive conflagration. They know how hopeless it is to extinguish the flames till the combustibles on fire are consumed, so they at once proceed to cut off all communication from surrounding parts, leaving the fire to burn itself out without extending the area of its mischief. Three months of stoppage of movement of cattle would do this effectually in the case of the plague. But these will be three months of suffering to some, of great inconvenience to many, and of high price of meat to all. Surely this would be more tolerable than an equally high price of meat for a long term of years. If the sacrifice be made, it must be begun at once, for it is only in cold weather that we can get a sufficient supply of dead meat from abroad to aid us in our deficiencies at home, and to enable our home supplies also to be conveyed from place to place. It is in winter too that the stoppage of movement will cause the least inconvenience to farmers, as there is comparatively little transit of store or lean cattle at this period of the year.

We must not forget, however, that the suspension of cattle traffic is only a means to an end. To understand how that end is to be reached, it will be well to follow out the analogy of the fire somewhat more closely. It would be useless to cut off the communications from a conflagration, if, on the first cessation of the outburst of the flames, we proceed to build a new combustible house on the red-hot embers as a foundation, and have all our former dangers renewed. Our chief objection to the report of the Commissioners is that they have not been sufficiently strong in the representation of this important fact, although they do make a passing allusion to it in the following sentence, not in the body of the report, but in a supplement to it:—

“Every one who has had the plague in his premises should feel the responsibility which rests upon him to destroy, by careful cleaning and disinfection, every trace of the disorder which may be left on his pastures or stalls, or on his cattle, their horns, hides, manure, and litter. Under favourable circumstances for its preservation, the contagious poison has been kept, with all its virulence unimpaired, for many months. Unless, therefore, each person uses his utmost effort to extinguish the seeds of the plague which lurk about his farm, they may become a centre of contagion, which will again spread it abroad through the country, and render unavailing the sacrifice necessary for the speedy suppression of this terrible scourge.”

This in fact is the end to be attained, while the suspension of traffic is only the means of securing it. Yet we find in the report no single recommendation on the subject. The whole of the first part of the report may be considered as a homily on

the text, "Put not your trust in local authorities." We have shown that, in the reign of George II., the Privy Council then found they did not respond in a prompt and energetic manner to the appeals of the Government. And yet the Commissioners would apparently leave to individuals, without aid or supervision, the task of destroying all the seeds of contagion after death has reaped its harvest. But if local authorities, even under the influence of public opinion, cannot be roused from their apathy, or quickened into intelligence, in the face of a great crisis, it is less likely that individual farmers throughout the country will be uniformly equal to the trust reposed in them. Observe what will be the consequence of a single case of neglect. We have seen that in all probability the disorder was introduced into this country by a single infected beast. Now if, on the liberation of cattle traffic, a single farm, nay, even a single cowshed, remains unpurified without disinfection, the country has been called upon for a great sacrifice in vain, for the foul place will become the new centre from which contagion will radiate. It was in fact from such infected localities that the disease sprang up so continually, after being subdued, during the last century. Let us see what Layard says on the subject, even in 1757, the twelfth year of the plague:—

"The disease, thank God, is considerably abated: and only breaks out now and then in such places where, for want of proper cleansing after the infection, or carelessness in burying the carcasses, the putrid *fomes* is still preserved, and is ready, at a proper constitution of the air, or upon being uncovered, to disperse such a quantity of effluvia, that all the cattle which have not had it will be liable to infection."—LAYARD, *The Distemper among Horned Cattle*, p. xx.

It is quite clear that it will be useless for the Government to order a stoppage in the movement of cattle, until they are provided with a proper organization to take advantage of the opportunity offered to them. Unquestionably they cannot do otherwise than trust largely to local authorities, but there must be, at the same time, a system of intelligent supervision on the part of Government, with the view of instructing localities as to their duties during the short period at their disposal, and there must be an efficient inspection to see that sanitary resources have been properly applied. And when the country is liberated from the interdict as to traffic, there must be a keen eye to detect the spots which are sure to be found with the seeds of disease lurking in them, and a prompt hand to pluck them out at the moment of germination. For this purpose Government ought to possess the power to proclaim large districts, even whole counties, as infected, and to exclude them from liberation, should a single case of the distemper appear

within a month of the general liberation of traffic ; for, by thus making a whole county responsible for the eradication of the murrain, a weight of public opinion will be brought to bear on supine districts and individuals. It may be useful here to give the methods by which disinfection may be effected, according to the Commissioners :—

“ 1. When animals attacked with the plague have become convalescent, they ought to be kept apart from sound beasts for three weeks, and even then not to be permitted to associate with them till they have been thoroughly washed with (Macdougall's) disinfecting soap, or with a weak tepid solution of chloride of lime. The whole body, hoofs and horns, should be thoroughly washed, and the nostrils and mouth sponged out.

“ 2. During all the time that animals suffer from the disease, the litter fouled by them, with the dung and discharge on it, should be burned, and not be allowed to mix with other manure. It contains the poison in a concentrated form, and it is questionable whether it can be disinfected efficiently.

“ 3. The sheds in which the diseased animals have been must be thoroughly purified and disinfected. The roof and walls should be washed with lime. The floor and wood-work, after being thoroughly washed with water containing washing soda, should be again washed all over with a solution of chloride of lime, containing 1 lb. to a pailful.

“ 4. The hides and horns of animals which have died of the disease ought to be buried with the animal, according to the Orders in Council. But the hides and horns of those which have been killed to escape the spread of the inspection must be dipped in, or thoroughly mopped all over, and, in the case of the hides, on both sides, with water containing 4 lbs. of chloride of lime to three pailfuls of water. Unless this be done with care, a most fertile source of contagion will be preserved.

“ 5. The attendants upon diseased beasts should not be allowed to go near the sound animals in the same farm.”

We have little doubt in our own minds that, though this disease is of foreign importation, its rapid growth and spread is owing to our gross neglect of sanitary laws as regards our cattle. They are looked upon by the farmer in the double light of flesh-making and manure-producing beasts. This is right and natural, but it is neither natural nor right that the stalls in which the beasts are fed should be made the storehouse for this manure. Even when this is not done, it is heaped up in the yard in close proximity to the cattle. The animal economy is much the same in men and beasts. If men herd among the manure voided by themselves, we know how soon pestilence would ravage them. In the middle ages, when men were stalled like oxen on rush-covered floors, “ black death ” swept them away with its terrible scythe. This disease ceased to visit the country altogether when improvements in our social and

civic habits removed the personal and public filth, which formed the soil, in which the seeds of plague were sown and fructified from fifteen to seventeen times in one century. The seeds of this human pest are as plentiful now as ever, but the soil is wanting for their development. We no longer fear their importation even in the porous cotton which comes to us from plague-infected Egypt. These facts are certain, though there are still a very few medical men who contend that the disappearance of plague from this country is owing "to large cycles of chemical changes in the atmosphere," and not to our hygienic improvements. A fine-sounding phrase is this to drop like the veil of Isis between learned physicians and the vulgar, in order to persuade the latter that there is priestly mystery behind it. When an old plague re-appears, as the diphtheria has done after the lapse of a hundred years, be assured that we are punished for the violation of some sanitary law, which we would do well to discover and obey, without waiting for "cyclical changes" to unravel the mystery. There is much to be done, however, before we can get our cattle into a sanitary condition sufficient to resist even great plagues. Our cattle, besides being housed filthily, are made gluttons by their mode of fattening, and are thus rendered prone to disease. When the upper classes in the thirteenth century lived a gluttonous and unruly life, black death put on a disguise, and came to them in the garb of "sweating sickness," but with a scythe quite as keen for cutting down the well-conditioned members of society as it had used for the poorer classes. Here is our difficulty in impressing farmers with the necessity of improving the hygienic condition of their cattle. They point to the cattle-sheds of Lord Granville and Miss Burdett Coutts, or like examples, and say the plague attacks the well-kept cattle as well as those which are foully kept. The same arguments were used in the middle ages, when the poor beggar in the street and the alderman at his civic feast were struck down together. Set fire to a poor man's house and that of his rich neighbour is likely to join in the conflagration. Introduce into this country an intensely contagious pest among cattle, and the force of the plague will extend to all sides presenting fuel to it. What we want to achieve is, to make our cattle incombustible to this fire, as we have already done with men in the case of human plague. Yet vast must be our hygienic improvements before we can look tranquilly at the murrain in its native steppes. We may proceed, however, to indicate some sanitary ameliorations in the words of the Commissioners:—

"1. As no successful plan of treatment has yet been proposed, the owners of cattle must, in the meantime, rely chiefly upon those hygienic measures which the experience acquired in other diseases shows to be

important in preventing the spread of contagion, and in diminishing the intensity and area of an attack, when, in spite of such measures, they invade a locality hitherto uninfected. In the case of the cattle plague it is certain that no sanitary precautions can prevent the spread of the disease when it is actually introduced; still, from analogy, we may draw the conclusion that some effect may be produced on the rapidity of the spread, or on the virulence of the disease, by placing cattle in the conditions most favourable to health.

"2. With this view it is important to secure strict cleanliness, good drainage, efficient ventilation, and to prevent overcrowding in all cattle-sheds and cowhouses. No accumulations of litter fouled by the voidings of animals should be permitted in, or even close to, the houses or sheds in which cattle are kept. Chloride of lime, carbolic acid, or the powder containing carbolate of lime, and sulphite of lime (in plain English, 'Macdougall's Disinfecting Powder,') should be used. The latter is probably the best; it contains a well-known disinfecting substance which is formed when sulphur is burned, and also a strongly antiseptic material, kreasote, from coal tar. The sheds themselves should be swept and washed daily, and sprinkled with disinfectants. But such purification of the air of cattle-sheds or houses will be insufficient to preserve health if the cattle be overcrowded. Pure air and nourishing diet are of great importance in protecting animals from the attacks of disease. Pure water, derived from sources uncontaminated by drainage from surrounding dung-heaps, or from the absorption of vitiated air which hovers around them and in the sheds of cattle, is equally essential.

"Every farmer should look to the housing of his cattle in the present emergency, as he would look to the housing of his own family, if cholera or other formidable disease were in his neighbourhood. Thorough cleanliness of the houses, good drainage, freedom from evil smells, nourishing diet with pure air and water, cannot give immunity from the disease, but they may offer obstacles to its propagation."

These are far from all the sanitary improvements necessary. The mode in which cattle are transported by railway and steamer to our great public markets is a disgrace to our civilized nation. Trucks of the rudest description are used on our railways, and into them the poor unwilling beasts are driven by savage force, being huddled together indiscriminately, and often remain in them thirty or forty hours, in some cases fifty hours, without fodder and without drink. When the poor, thirsty, bellowing beasts are driven into a siding in sight of water, they often become quite frantic in hopeless efforts to reach this necessary of life. A cabman in London is fined if he keeps his horse too long without water, but railway directors escape with impunity for their inhumane treatment of the cattle intrusted to their charge. It is true that they try to throw the responsibility off their own shoulders, by offering to the owners of the cattle that the trains may stop at certain

stations, where the cattle may be taken out to be fed and watered. At the same time, they are well aware that the inconvenience of loading and unloading the trucks is too great to permit of this resource. The real difficulty lies in the vile nature of the trucks themselves. Small ingenuity would be required to place cattle in trucks so that they might drink out of troughs attached to them, and which might be filled with water while the engine itself is taking in a fresh supply. But such a simple device is much beyond the humanity of railway directors, who, as long as they can obtain cattle according to the present rude system of transport, choose to consider them as inanimate objects, to be treated with as little consideration as bales of merchandise. Nor is the system of transport by steamers much better, as regards comfort and accommodation, even should the weather remain favourable. Some steamers there are, wholly devoted to cattle traffic, in which fair accommodation is provided, but, as a rule, it is as wretched as can well be conceived. Even in the case of well-appointed ships, the beasts suffer severely in bad weather. Two vessels reached Lowestoft in 1863, having embarked 608 beasts and 800 sheep; on their arrival 300 beasts and 230 sheep were dead. These cattle broke loose on the long voyage and trampled each other to death.

Urgent as are these sanitary questions, we are unable to pursue them further. We have shown that, both on the higher ground of humanity, and on the lower ground of self-interest, it is important that we should take advantage of the calamity under which we suffer, by improving the hygienic conditions of the cattle which form so large a part of our daily food. Most reverently do we look upon this murrain among our flocks as a judgment, though not in the light of a fatalist, who would bow helplessly under it; or as a fanatic, who conceives it has been brought on in consequence of some irrelevant sin against which he has a personal abhorrence. The God of the human race, "whose are the cattle on a thousand hills," governs this world by wise and beneficent laws, which are sufficient, when obeyed, to insure the wellbeing of His creatures. The violation of these laws inflicts upon us the penalties attached to their transgression, and it is our duty to discover, understand, and obey them. By the public prayers which we now make that this plague may be removed from us, we hope to have our minds enlarged, so as in some measure to comprehend the wisdom of the Creator, and to follow His rules with simple obedience. By this means we may again place ourselves in harmony with the laws which govern the animal economy.

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